ELIZABETH MEADE.

Perc. 114

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When this v
The grief v
Smote Dan
Twas and oh it
Beg * Sad was the
The 2 And Sad
With But oh! for
When * Such woe
Sad
* [illegible]
For our Ther
Each hour
Fe[illegible] our

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he heard a distant drum
Funk Maid invaded
the Justice of her eye
Heavy Jaded
night, and with the ray
ron her Cross pleasing
Face my native land
one yet remaining
Their Face Where thei * *
Sotet Never drum my
e to Preston heading
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MINSTRELSY

OF THE

SCOTTISH BORDER.

IN THREE PARTS.

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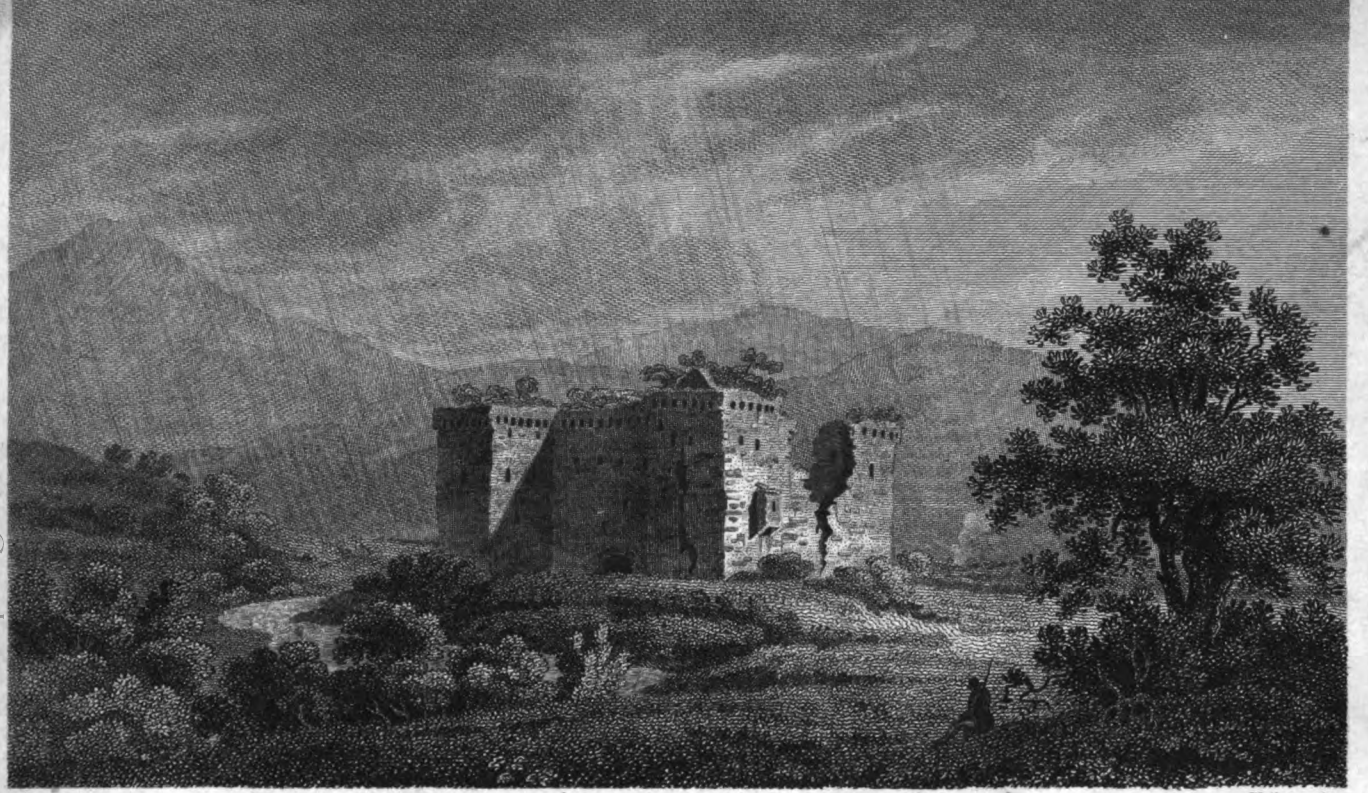

Williams del. *Walker sculp.*

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MINSTRELSY

OF THE

SCOTTISH BORDER:

CONSISTING OF

HISTORICAL AND ROMANTIC BALLADS,

COLLECTED

IN THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES OF SCOTLAND; WITH A FEW OF MODERN DATE, FOUNDED UPON LOCAL TRADITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

The songs, to savage virtue dear,
That won of yore the public ear;
Ere Polity, sedate and sage,
Had quench'd the fires of feudal rage.

KELSO:

PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE,

FOR T. CADELL JUN. AND W. DAVIES, STRAND, LONDON;
AND SOLD BY MANNERS AND MILLER, AND
A. CONSTABLE, EDINBURGH.

1802.

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TO

HIS GRACE,

HENRY,

DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, &c. &c. &c.

THESE TALES,

WHICH,

IN ELDER TIMES, HAVE CELEBRATED THE PROWESS,

AND

CHEERED THE HALLS,

OF

HIS GALLANT ANCESTORS,

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

HIS GRACE'S MUCH OBLIGED

AND

MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

WALTER SCOTT.

EDINBURGH, *Dec.* 31. 1801.

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INTRODUCTION.

From the remote period when the Roman Deity, TERMINUS, retired behind the ramparts of SEVERUS, until the union of the kingdoms, the borders of Scotland formed the stage, upon which were presented the most memorable conflicts of two gallant nations. The inhabitants, at the commencement of this æra, formed the first wave of the torrent, which assaulted, and finally overwhelmed, the barriers of the Roman power in Britain. The subsequent events, in which they were engaged, tended little to diminish their military hardihood, or to reconcile them to a more civilized state of society. We have no occasion to trace the state of the borders during the long and obscure period of Scotish history, which preceded the accession of the Stuart family. To illustrate a few ballads, the earliest of which

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is hardly coeval with JAMES V. such an enquiry would be equally difficult and vain. If we may trust the Welch bards, in their accounts of the wars betwixt the Saxons of DEIRA and the Cumraig, imagination can hardly form any idea of conflicts more desperate, than were maintained, on the borders, between the ancient British and their Teutonic invaders. Thus, the Gododin describes the waste and devastation of mutual havoc, in colours so glowing, as strongly to recall the words of Tacitus, "*Et ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*"*

At a later period, the Saxon families who fled from the exterminating sword of the Conqueror, with many of the Normans themselves, whom discontent and intestine feuds had driven into exile, began to rise into eminence upon the Scotish borders. They brought with them arts, both of peace and of war, unknown

* In the spirited translation of this poem, by JONES, the following verses are highly descriptive of the exhausted state of the victor army.

At Madoc's tent the clarion sounds,
With rapid clangour hurried far;
Each echoing dell the note rebounds—
But when return the sons of war!
Thou born of stern necessity,
Dull peace! the desert yields to thee,
And owns thy melancholy sway.—

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in Scotland; and, among their descendents, we soon number the most powerful border chiefs. Such, during the reign of the last ALEXANDER, were Patrick, 1249
Earl of MARCH, and Lord SOULIS, renowned in tradition; and such were, also, the powerful COMYNS, who soon acquired the principal sway upon the Scotish marches. In the civil wars betwixt BRUCE and 1300
BALIOL, all those powerful chieftains espoused the unsuccessful party. They were forfeited and exiled; and, upon their ruins, was founded the formidable house of DOUGLAS. The borders, from sea to sea, were now at the devotion of a succession of mighty chiefs, whose exorbitant power threatened to place a new dynasty upon the Scotish throne. It is not my intention to trace the dazzling career of this race of heroes, whose exploits were alike formidable to the English, and to their sovereign.

The sun of DOUGLAS set in blood. The murders of the sixth Earl, and his brother, in the castle of Edinburgh, were followed by that of their successor, poignarded at Stirling by the hand of his prince. His brother, Earl JAMES, appears neither to have possessed the abilities nor the ambition of his ancestors. He

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drew, indeed, against his prince, the formidable sword of DOUGLAS, but with a timid and hesitating hand. Procrastination ruined his cause; and he was deserted, at Abercorn, by the Knight of Cadzow, chief of the Hamiltons, and by his most active adherents, after they had ineffectually exhorted him to commit his fate
1453 to the issue of a battle. The border chiefs, who longed for independence, shewed little inclination to
1455 follow the declining fortunes of DOUGLAS. On the contrary, the most powerful clans engaged and defeated him, at Arkinholme, in Annandale, when, after a short residence in England, he again endeavoured to gain a footing in his native country*. The spoils of

* At the battle of Arkinholme, the Earl of ANGUS, a near kinsman of DOUGLAS, commanded the royal forces; and the difference of their complexion occasioned the saying, "that the *Black Douglas* had put down the *Red*." The MAXWELLS, the JOHNSTONES, and the SCOTTS, composed his army. Archibald, Earl of MURRAY, brother to DOUGLAS, was slain in the action; and Hugh, Earl of ORMOND, his second brother, was taken and executed. His captors, Lord CARLISLE, and the Baron of JOHNSTONE, were rewarded with a grant of the lands of Pittinane, upon Clyde.—*Godscroft, Vol. 1st. p.* 375.—*Balfour's MS. in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh.*—*Abercrombie's Atchievements, Vol. 2d. p.* 361. *folio Ed.* The other chiefs were also distinguished by royal favour. By a charter, upon record, dated 25th February, 1458, the King grants to WALTER SCOTT of Kirkurd, ancestor of the house of Buccleuch, the lands of Abbintown, Pharcholm, and Glentonan creig, in Lanarkshire, "*Pro suo fideli servitio* "*nobis impenso et pro quod interfuit in conflictu de Arkenholme in occisione et* "*captione nostrorum rebellium quondam Archibaldi et Hugonis de Douglas* "*olim Comitum Moraviæ et de Ormond et aliorum rebellium nostrorum in es-*

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DOUGLAS were liberally distributed among his conquerors, and royal grants of his forfeited domains effectually interested them in excluding his return. An attempt on the east borders, by "*the Percy and* 1457
the Douglas, both together," was equally unsuccessful. The Earl, grown old in exile, longed once more to see his native country, and vowed, that upon St Magdalen's day, 1483, he would deposit his offering on the high altar at Lochmaben. Accompanied by the banished Earl of ALBANY, with his usual ill fortune, he entered Scotland. The borderers assembled to oppose him, and he suffered a final defeat at Burns-

"*rum comitiva existen: ibidem captorum et interfectorum.*"—Similar grants of land were made to FINNART and ARRAN, the two branches of the house of HAMILTON; to the chiefs of the BATTISONS; but, above all, to the Earl of ANGUS, who obtained from royal favour a donation of the lordship of Douglas, and many other lands, now held by Lord DOUGLAS, as his representative. There appears, however, to be some doubt, whether, in this division, the Earl of ANGUS received more than his natural right. Our historians, indeed, say, that William I. Earl of DOUGLAS, had three sons; 1. James, the 2d Earl, who died in the field of Otterburn; 2. Archibald, the Grim, 3d Earl; and 3. George, in right of his mother, Earl of ANGUS. Whether, however, this Archibald was actually the son of William, seems very doubtful; and Sir DAVID DALRYMPLE has strenuously maintained the contrary. Now, if Archibald, the Grim, intruded into the Earldom of DOUGLAS, without being a son of that family, it follows that the house of ANGUS, being kept out of their just rights for more than a century, were only restored to them after the battle of Arkinholme. Perhaps, this may help to account for the eager interest taken by the Earl of ANGUS against his kinsman.—*Remarks on History of Scotland*, Edinburgh, 1773. P. 121.

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wark, in Dumfries-shire. The aged Earl was taken in the fight, by a son of KIRKPATRICK of Closeburn, one of his own vassals. A grant of lands had been offered for his person: "Carry me to the King!" said DOUGLAS to KIRKPATRICK: "thou art well entitled "to profit by my misfortune; for thou wast true to me, "while I was true to myself." The young man wept bitterly, and offered to fly with the Earl into England. But DOUGLAS, weary of exile, refused his proffered liberty, and only requested, that KIRKPATRICK would not deliver him to the King till he had secured his own reward. KIRKPATRICK did more: he stipulated for the personal safety of his old master. His generous intercession prevailed; and the last of the DOUGLASSES was permitted to die, in monastic seclusion, in the abbey of Lindores.

After the fall of the house of DOUGLAS, no one chieftain appears to have enjoyed the same extensive supremacy over the Scotish borders. The various barons, who had partaken of the spoil, combined in resisting a succession of uncontrouled domination. The Earl of ANGUS alone seems to have taken rapid steps in the same course of ambition, which had been pursued by

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his kinsmen and rivals, the Earls of DOUGLAS. Archibald, sixth Earl of ANGUS, called *Bell-the-Cat*, was, at once, warden of the east and middle marches, lord of Liddesdale, and Jedwood Forest, and possessed of the strong castles of Douglas, Hermitage, and Tantallon. Highly esteemed by the ancient nobility, a faction which he headed shook the throne of the feeble JAMES III. whose person they restrained, and whose minions they led to an ignominious death. The King failed not to shew his sense of these insults, though unable effectually to avenge them. This hastened his fate; and the field of Bannockburn, once the scene of a more glorious conflict, beheld the combined chieftains of the border counties arrayed against their sovereign, under the banners of his own son. The King was supported by almost all the barons of the north; but the tumultuous ranks of the highlanders were ill able to endure the steady and rapid charge of the men of Annandale and Liddesdale, who bare spears, two ells longer than were used by the rest of their countrymen. The yells, with which they accompanied their onset, caused the heart of JAMES to quail within him. He deserted his host, and fled towards Stirling; but, falling from his 1488
horse, he was murdered by the pursuers.

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JAMES IV. a monarch of a vigorous and energetic character, was well aware of the danger which his ancestors had experienced, from the preponderance of one overgrown family. He is supposed to have smiled internally, when the border and highland champions bled and died in the savage sports of chivalry, by which his nuptials were solemnized. Upon the waxing power of ANGUS he kept a wary eye; and, embracing the occasion of a casual slaughter, he compelled that Earl, and his son, to exchange the lordship of Liddesdale, and the castle of Hermitage, for the castle and lordship of Bothwell*. By this policy, he prevented the house of ANGUS, mighty as it was, from rising to the height whence the elder branch of their family had been hurled.

Nor did JAMES fail in affording his subjects on the marches marks of his royal justice and protection.
1510 The clan of TURNBULL having been guilty of unbounded excesses, the King came suddenly to Jedburgh, by a night march, and executed the most rigid justice upon the astonished offenders. Their submis-

* SPENS of Kilspindie, a renowned cavalier, had been present in court, when the Earl of ANGUS was highly praised for strength and valour. "It

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sion was made with singular solemnity. Two hundred of the tribe met the King, at the water of Rule, holding in their hands the naked swords with which they had perpetrated their crimes, and having each around his neck the halter which he had well merited. A few were capitally punished, many imprisoned, and the rest dismissed, after they had given hostages for their future peaceable demeanour.—*Holinshed's Chronicle.*—*Lesly.*

The hopes of Scotland, excited by the prudent and spirited conduct of JAMES, were doomed to a sudden

may be," answered SPENS, "if all be good that is upcome;" insinuating, that the courage of the Earl might not answer the promise of his person. Shortly after, ANGUS, while hawking near Borthwick, with a single attendant, met KILSPINDIE. "What reason had ye," said the Earl, "for "making question of my manhood? thou art a tall fellow, and so am I; "and, by St Bride of DOUGLAS, one of us shall pay for it!"—"Since it may "be no better," answered KILSPINDIE, "I will defend myself against "the best Earl in Scotland." With these words they encountered fiercely, till ANGUS, with one blow, severed the thigh of his antagonist, who died upon the spot. The Earl then addressed the attendant of KILSPINDIE: "Go thy way: tell my gossip, the King, that here was nothing but fair "play. I know my gossip will be offended; but I will get me into "Liddesdale, and remain in my castle of the Hermitage till his anger be abated." *Godscroft*, 2d Vol. P. 59. The price of the Earl's pardon seems to have been the exchange mentioned in the text. Bothwell is now the residence of Lord DOUGLAS. The sword, with which ARCHIBALD, *Bell-the-Cat*, slew SPENS, was, by his descendent, the famous Earl of MORTON, presented to Lord LINDSAY of the Byres, when about to engage in single combat with BOTHWELL, at Carberry hill. *Godscroft*, V. 2. P. 175.

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and fatal reverse. Why should we recapitulate the painful tale of the defeat and death of a high spirited prince? Prudence, policy, the prodigies of superstition, and the advice of his most experienced counsellors, were alike unable to subdue in JAMES the blazing zeal of romantic chivalry. The monarch, and the flower of his nobles, precipitately rushed to the fa-
1513 tal field of Flodden, whence they were never to return.

The minority of JAMES V. presents a melancholy scene. Scotland, through all its extent, felt the truth of the adage, that the country is hapless whose prince is a child. But the border counties, exposed from their situation to the incursions of the English, deprived of many of their most gallant chiefs, and harrassed by the intestine struggles of the survivors, were reduced to a wilderness, inhabited only by the beasts of the field, and by a few more brutal warriors. Lord HOME, the chamberlain and favourite of JAMES IV. leagued with the Earl of ANGUS, who married the widow of his sovereign, held, for a time, the chief sway upon the east border. ALBANY, the regent of the kingdom, bred in the French court, and more accustomed to wield

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the pen than the sword, feebly endeavoured to controul a lawless nobility, to whom his manners appeared strange, and his person despicable. It was in vain 1516
that he inveigled the Lord HOME to Edinburgh, where he was tried and executed. This example of justice, or severity, only irritated the kinsmen and followers of the deceased baron; for though, in other respects, not more sanguinary than the rest of a barbarous nation, the borderers never dismissed from their memory a deadly feud, till blood for blood had been exacted to the uttermost drachm*. Of this, the fate of ANTHONY D'ARCEY, seigneur De la Bastie, affords a melancholy example. This gallant French cavalier was appointed warden of the east marches, by ALBANY, at his first disgraceful retreat to France. Though DE LA BASTIE was an able statesman, and a true son of chivalry, the choice of the regent was nevertheless unhappy. The new warden was a foreigner, placed in the office of Lord HOME, as the delegate of the very

The statute 1594, cap. 231. ascribes the disorders on the border in a great measure to the "counselles, directions, receipt, and partaking, of chieftains "principalles of the branches, and houshalders of the saids surnames and "clannes, quhilkis beares quarrel, and seeks revenge for the least hurting or "slauchter of ony ane of their unhappy race, although it were ordour of jus-"tice, or in rescuing and following of trew mens geares stollen or reft."

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1517 man who had brought that baron to the scaffold. A stratagem, contrived by HOME of Wedderburn, who burned to avenge the death of his chief, drew DE LA BASTIE towards Langton, in the Merse. Here he found himself surrounded by his enemies. In attempting, by the speed of his horse, to gain the castle of Dunbar, the warden plunged into a morass, where he was overtaken, and cruelly butchered. WEDDERBURN himself cut off his head, and, in savage triumph, knitted it to his saddle-bow, by the long flowing hair which had been admired by the dames of France.—*Pitscottie, Edit.* 1728, p. 130.—*Pinkerton's history of Scotland,* Vol. 2. p. 169.

The Earl of ARRAN, head of the house of Hamilton, was appointed to succeed DE LA BASTIE in his perilous office. But the DOUGLASSES, the HOMES, and the KERRS, proved too strong for him upon the border.
1520 He was routed by these clans, at Kelso, and afterwards in a sharp skirmish, fought betwixt his faction and that of ANGUS, in the high street of the metropolis*.

* The particulars of this encounter are interesting. The HAMILTONS were the most numerous party, drawn chiefly from the western counties. Their leaders met in the palace of arch-bishop BEATON, and resolved to

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The return of the regent was followed by the banishment of ANGUS, and by a desultory warfare with England, carried on with mutual incursions. Two gallant armies, levied by ALBANY, were dismissed without any exploit worthy notice, while SURREY, at the head of 10,000 cavalry, burned Jedburgh, and laid waste all Tiviotdale. This general pays a splendid tribute to the gallantry of the border chiefs. He terms them "the "boldest men, and the hottest, that ever I saw any na- 1523
"tion."—*Pinkerton*, Vol. 2. p. 220.

apprehend ANGUS, who was come to the city to attend the convention of estates. GAWAIN DOUGLAS, bishop of Dunkeld, a near relation of ANGUS, in vain endeavoured to mediate betwixt the factions. He appealed to BEATON, and invoked his assistance to prevent bloodshed. "On my con-"science," answered the arch-bishop, "I cannot help what is to happen." As he laid his hand on his breast, at this solemn declaration, the hauberk, concealed by his rocket, was heard to clatter: "Ah! my Lord!" retorted DOUGLAS, "your conscience sounds hollow." He then expostulated with the secular leaders, and Sir PATRICK HAMILTON, brother to ARRAN, was convinced by his remonstrances; but Sir JAMES, the natural son of the Earl, upbraided his uncle with reluctance to fight. "False bastard!" answered Sir PATRICK, "I will fight to day where thou darest not be seen." With these words, they rushed tumultuously towards the high street, where ANGUS, with the prior of Coldinghame, and the redoubted WEDDERBURN, waited their assault, at the head of 400 spearmen, the flower of the east marches. The advantage of the ground, and the disorder of the HAMILTONS, soon gave the day to ANGUS. Sir PATRICK HAMILTON, and the Master of MONTGOMERY, were slain. ARRAN and Sir JAMES HAMILTON escaped with difficulty, and with no less difficulty was the military prelate of GLASGOW rescued from the ferocious borderers, by the generous interposition of GAWAIN DOUGLAS. The skirmish was long remembered in Edinburgh, by the name of *Cleanse the Causeway.*—*Pinkerton's History*, Vol. 2. p. 181.—*Pitscottie, Edit.* 1728. P. 120.—*Life of Gawain Douglas, prefixed to his Virgil.*

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Disgraced, and detested, ALBANY bade adieu to Scotland for ever. The Queen-mother, and the Earl of ARRAN, for some time swayed the kingdom. But their power was despised on the borders, where ANGUS, though banished, had many friends. SCOT, of Buccleuch, even appropriated to himself domains, belonging to the Queen, worth 4000 merks yearly, *(Pinkerton*, V. 2. p. 228*)* being probably the castle of Newark, and her jointure lands in Ettrick forest. This chief, with KERR of Cessford, was committed to ward, from which they escaped, to join the party of the
1525 exiled ANGUS. Leagued with these, and other border chiefs, ANGUS effected his return to Scotland, where he shortly after acquired possession of the supreme power, and of the person of the youthful King. "The "ancient power of the DOUGLASSES," says the accurate historian whom I have so often referred to, "seemed to "have revived; and, after a slumber of near a centu-"ry, again to threaten destruction to the Scotish mo-"narchy."—*Pinkerton*, V. 2. p. 277.

In fact, the time now returned, when no one durst strive with a DOUGLAS, or with his follower. For, al-

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though ANGUS used the outward pageant of conducting the King around the country, for punishing thieves and traitors, yet, says PITSCOTTIE, none were found greater than were in his own company. The high spirit of the young King was galled by the ignominious restraint under which he found himself; and, in a progress to the border, for repressing the ARMSTRONGS, he probably gave such signs of dissatisfaction, as excited the laird of BUCCLEUCH to attempt his rescue. 1526

This powerful baron was the chief of a hardy clan, inhabiting Ettrick forest, Eskdale, Ewsdale, the higher part of Tiviotdale, and a portion of Liddesdale. In this warlike district he easily levied a thousand horse, comprehending a large body of ELLIOTS, ARMSTRONGS, and other broken clans, over whom the laird of BUCCLEUCH seems to have exercised an extensive authority. The Earl of ANGUS, with his reluctant ward, had slept at Melrose, and the clans of HOME and KERR, under the Lord HOME, and the Barons of CESSFORD, and FAIRNIHIRST, had taken their leave of the King, when, in the gray of the morning, BUCCLEUCH and his band of cavalry were discovered, hanging like a thunder-cloud upon the neighbouring hill of Hali-

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den*. A herald was sent to demand his purpose, and to charge him to retire. To the first point he answered, that he came to shew his clan to the King, according to the custom of the borders; to the second, that he knew the King's mind better than ANGUS.—When this haughty answer was reported to the Earl, "Sir," said he to the King, "yonder is BUCCLEUCH, with "the thieves of Annandale and Liddesdale, to bar "your grace's passage. I vow to God they shall either "fight or flee. Your grace shall tarry on this hil- "lock, with my brother George; and I will either clear "your road of yonder banditti, or die in the attempt." The Earl, with these words, alighted, and hastened to the charge; while the Earl of LENNOX (at whose instigation BUCCLEUCH made the attempt) remained with the King, an inactive spectator. BUCCLEUCH and his followers likewise dismounted, and received the assailants with a dreadful shout, and a shower of lances. The encounter was fierce and obstinate; but the HOMES and KERRS, returning at the noise of battle, bore down

* Near Darnick. By a corruption from Skirmish field, the spot is still called the Skinnerfield. Two lines of an old ballad on the subject are still preserved.

"There were sick belts and blows,
The Mattous Burn ran blood—"

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and dispersed the left wing of BUCCLEUCH's little army. The hired banditti fled on all sides; but the chief himself, surrounded by his clan, fought desperately in the retreat. The Laird of CESSFORD, chief of the Roxburgh KERRS, pursued the chace fiercely; till, at the bottom of a steep path, ELLIOT of Stobs, a follower of BUCCLEUCH, turned, and slew him with a stroke of his lance. When CESSFORD fell, the pursuit ceased.—But his death, with those of BUCCLEUCH's friends who fell in the action, to the number of eighty, occasioned a deadly feud betwixt the names of SCOTT and KERR, which cost much blood upon the marches*.—See *Pitscottie*, *Lesley*, and *Godscroft*.

Stratagem at length effected what force had been unable to accomplish; and the King, emancipated from the iron tutelage of ANGUS, made the first use of his authority by banishing from the kingdom his late lieutenant, and the whole race of DOUGLAS. This command was not enforced without difficulty; for the power of 1528

BUCCLEUCH contrived to escape forfeiture, a doom pronounced against those nobles who assisted the Earl of LENNOX in a subsequent attempt to deliver the King by force of arms. "The Laird of BUKCLEUGH has a respecte, and is not forfeited; and will get his pece, and was in Leithquo, both Sondaye, Mondaye and Tewisday last, which is grete displeasure to the Carres." *Letter from Sir C. Dacre to Lord Dacre, 2d December*, 1526.

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ANGUS was strongly rooted in the east border, where he possessed the castle of Tantallon, and the hearts of the HOMES and KERRS. The former, whose strength was proverbial*, defied a royal army; and the latter, at the Pass of Pease, baffled the Earl of ARGYLE's attempts to enter the Merse, as lieutenant of his sovereign. On this occasion, the borderers regarded with wonder and contempt the barbarous array, and rude equipage, of their northern countrymen. GODSCROFT has preserved the beginning of a scoffing rhyme made upon this occasion.

The Earl of Argyle is bound to ride
From the border of Edgebucklinbrae†;
And all his habergeons him beside,
Each man upon a sonk of strae.

They made their vow that they would slay—

* * * * * *

Godscroft, V. 2. p. 104. *Ed.* 1743.

The pertinacious opposition of ANGUS to his doom irritated to the extreme the fiery temper of JAMES, and

* "To ding down Tantallon, and make a bridge to the Bass," was an adage expressive of impossibility. The shattered ruins of this celebrated fortress still overhang a tremendous rock on the coast of East Lothian.

† Edgebucklin near Musselburgh.

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he swore in his wrath that a DOUGLAS should never serve him; an oath which he kept in circumstances, under which the spirit of chivalry which he worshipped* should have taught him other feelings.

While these transactions, by which the fate of Scotland was influenced, were passing upon the eastern border, the Lord MAXWELL seems to have exercised a most uncontrouled domination in Dumfries-shire.—Even the power of the Earl of ANGUS was exerted in vain, against the banditti of Liddesdale, protected and bucklered by this mighty chief. Repeated complaints are made by the English residents, of the devastation occasioned by the depredations of the ELLIOTS, SCOTS, and ARMSTRONGS, connived at and encouraged by MAXWELL, BUCCLEUCH, and FAIRNIHIRST. At a convention of border commissioners, it was agreed, that the King of England, in case the excesses of the Liddesdale freebooters were not duly redressed, should be at 1528

* I allude to the affecting story of DOUGLAS of Kilspindie. This gentleman had been placed by ANGUS about the King's person, who, when a boy, loved him much, on account of his singular activity of body, and was wont to call him his *Graysteil*, after a champion of chivalry, in a romance now unknown. He shared, however, the fate of his chief, and for many years served in France. Weary at length of exile, the aged warrior, recollec-

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liberty to issue letters of reprisal to his injured subjects, granting "power to invade the said inhabitants of Lid-"desdale, to their slaughters, burning, heirships, rob-"bing, reifing, despoiling and destruction, and so to "continue the same at his grace's pleasure," till the attempts of the inhabitants were fully attoned for. This impolitic expedient, by which the Scotish prince, unable to execute justice on his turbulent subjects, committed to a rival sovereign the power of unlimited chastisement, was a principal cause of the savage state of the borders. For the inhabitants, finding that the sword of revenge was substituted for that of justice, were loosened from

ting the King's personal attachment to him, resolved to throw himself on his clemency. As JAMES returned from hunting in the park at Stirling, he saw a person at a distance, and, turning to his nobles, exclaimed, "Yonder is my *Graysteil*, Archibald of Kilspindie!" As he approached, DOUGLAS threw himself on his knees, and implored permission to lead an obscure life in his native land. But the name of DOUGLAS was an amulet, which steeled the King's heart against the influence of compassion and juvenile recollection. He passed the suppliant without an answer, and rode briskly up the steep hill, towards the castle. KILSPINDIE, though loaded with a hauberk under his cloaths, kept pace with the horse, in vain endeavouring to catch a glance from the implacable monarch. He sat down at the gate, weary and exhausted, and asked for a draught of water. Even this was refused by the royal attendants. The King afterwards blamed their discourtesy, but KILSPINDIE was obliged to return to France, where he died of a broken heart; the same disease which afterwards brought to the grave his unrelenting sovereign. Even the stern HENRY VIII. blamed his nephew's conduct, quoting the generous saying, "*A King's face should give grace.*"—*Godscroft, Vol. 2d. p.* 107.

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their attachment to Scotland, and boldly threatened to carry on their depredations, in spite of the efforts of both kingdoms.

JAMES V. however, was not backward in using more honourable expedients to quell the banditti on the borders. The imprisonment of their chiefs, and a noted expedition in which many of the principal thieves were executed, (see introduction to the ballad, called *Johnie Armstrong*) produced such good effects, that, according to an ancient picturesque history, "there- "after there was great peace and rest a long time, "where through the King had great profit; for he had "ten thousand sheep going in the Ettrick forest, in "keeping by ANDREW BELL, who made the King so "good count of them, as they had gone in the bounds "of Fife."—*Pitscottie*, p. 153. 1529

A breach with England interrupted the tranquillity of the borders. The Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND, a formidable name to Scotland, ravaged the middle marches, and burned Branxholm, the abode of BUCCLEUCH, the hereditary enemy of the English name. BUCCLEUCH, with the Barons of CESSFORD and FAIRNI-

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HIRST, retaliated by a raid into England, where they
1533 acquired much spoil. On the east march, Fowberry was destroyed by the SCOTS, and Dunglas castle by D'ARCEY, and the banished ANGUS.

A short peace was quickly followed by another war, which proved fatal to Scotland, and to her King. In the battle of Haddenrig, the English, and the exiled DOUGLASSES, were defeated by the Lords HOME and HUNTLY; but this was a transient gleam of success. Kelso was burned, and the borders ravaged, by the
1542 Duke of NORFOLK; and finally, the rout of Solway moss, in which ten thousand men, the flower of the Scotish army, were dispersed and defeated by a band of five hundred English cavalry, or rather by their own dissentions, broke the proud heart of JAMES. A death, more painful a hundred fold than was met by his father in the field of Flodden.

When the strength of the Scotish army had sunk, without wounds, and without renown, the principal chiefs were led captive into England. Among these was the Lord MAXWELL, who was compelled, by the

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menaces of HENRY, to swear allegiance to the English monarch. There is still in existence the spirited instrument of vindication, by which he renounces his connection with England, and the honours and estates which had been proffered him, as the price of treason to his infant sovereign. From various bonds of manrent, it appears, that all the western marches were swayed by this powerful chieftain. With MAXWELL, and 1543
the other captives, returned to Scotland the banished Earl of ANGUS, and his brother, Sir GEORGE DOUGLAS, after a banishment of fifteen years. This powerful family regained at least a part of their influence upon the borders, and, grateful to the kingdom which had afforded them protection during their exile, became chiefs of the English faction in Scotland, whose object it was to urge a contract of marriage betwixt the young Queen, and the heir apparent of England. The impetuosity of HENRY, the ancient hatred betwixt the nations, and the wavering temper of the governor, ARRAN, prevented the success of this measure. The wrath of the disappointed monarch discharged itself in a wide-wasting and furious invasion of the east marches, conducted by the Earl of HERTFORD. SETON, HOME, and BUCCLEUCH, hanging on

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the mountains of Lammermoor, saw with ineffectual regret the fertile plains of Merse and Lothian, and the metropolis itself, reduced to a smoking desert. HERTFORD had scarcely retreated with the main army, when EVERS and LATOUN laid waste the whole vale of Tiviot, with a ferocity of devastation hitherto unheard of*. The same "lion mode of wooing," being pursued during the minority of EDWARD VI. totally alienated the affections even of those Scots who were most attached to the English interest. The Earl of ANGUS, in particular, united himself to the governor, and gave the
1545 English a sharp defeat at Ancram moor, a particular account of which action is subjoined to the ballad, entituled, "*The Eve of St. John.*" Even the fatal defeat at Pinky, which at once renewed the carnage of Flodden, and the disgrace of Solway, served to prejudice

* In HAYNES' state papers, from p. 43 to p. 64, is an account of these destructive forays. One list of the places burned and destroyed enumerates

Monasteries and Free houses	7
Castles, towres, and piles	16
Market townes	5
Villages	243
Mylnes	13
Spytells and hospitals	3

See also official accounts of these expeditions in DALYELL's fragments.

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the cause of the victors. The borders saw, with dread and detestation, the ruinous fortress of Roxburgh once more receive an English garrison, and the widow of Lord HOME driven from his baronial castle to make room for the *Southern Reivers*. Many of the barons 1547
made a reluctant submission to SOMERSET; but those of the higher part of the marches remained among their mountains, meditating revenge. A similar incursion was made on the west borders by Lord WHARTON, who, with 5000 men, ravaged and overran Annandale, Nithsdale, and Galloway, compelling the inhabitants to receive the yoke of England*.

* PATTEN gives us a list of those east border chiefs who did homage to the Duke of SOMERSET, on the 24th of September, 1547, namely; the lairds of Cessfoorth, Fernyherst, Grenched, Hunthill, Hundely, Makerstone, Bymerside, Bounjedworth, Ormeston, Mellestains, Warmesay, Synton, Egerston, Merton, Mowe, Rydell, Beamerside. Of gentlemen, he enumerates George Tromboul, Jhon Haliburton, Robert Car, Robert Car of Greyden, Adam Kirton, Andrew Meyther, Saunders Purvose of Erleston, Mark Car of Littledean, George Car of Faldenside, Alexander Mackdowal, Charles Rutherford, Thomas Car of the Yere, Jhon Car of Meynthorn (Nenthorn), Walter Holyburton, Richard Hangansyde, Andrew Car, James Douglas of Cavers, James Car of Mersington, George Hoppringle, William Ormeston of Edmerden, John Grymslowe.—*Patten, in Dalyell's fragments, p.* 87.

On the west border, the following barons and clans submitted and gave pledges to Lord WHARTON, that they would serve the King of England, with the number of followers annexed to their names.

ANNERDALE		NITHSDALE	
Lard of Kirkmighel - -	222	Mr Maxwell and more -	1000
Rose - - -	165	Laird of Closeburn - -	403

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The arrival of French auxiliaries, and of French gold, rendered vain the splendid successes of the English. One by one, the fortresses which they occu-

ANNERDALE	
Hempsfield - -	163
Home Ends - -	162
Wamfrey -	102
Dunwoddy - -	44
Newby and Gratney	122
Tinnel (Tinwald) -	102
Patrick Murray -	203
Christie Urwen (Irving) of Coveshawe - -	102
Cuthb. Urwen of Robbgill	34
Urwens of Sennersack	40
Wat Urwen - -	20
Jeffrey Urwen -	93
T. Johnston of Crackburn	64
James Johnston of Coites	162
Johnstons of Craggyland	37
Johnstons of Driesdell	46
Johnstones of Malinshawe	65
Gawen Johnston -	31
Will Johnston, the laird's brother - -	110
Robin Johnston of Lochmaben - -	67
Lard of Gillersbie	30
Moffits - -	24
Bells of Tostints -	142
Bells of Tindills -	222
Sir John Lawson -	32
Town of Annan -	33
Roomes of Tordephe -	32
NITHSDALE	
Lag - -	202
Cransfield - -	27
Mr Ed. Creighton -	10
Lard of Cowhill -	91
Maxwells of Brackenside and vicar of Carlaverick - -	310
ANNERDALE and GALWAY	
Lord Carlisle -	101
ANNERDALE and CLIDSDALE	
Lard of Applegirth	242
LIDDESDALE and DEBATEABLE LAND	
Armstrongs -	300
Elwoods (Elliots) -	74
Nixons - -	32
GALLOWAY	
Lard of Dawbaylie -	41
Orcherton - -	111
Carlisle - -	206
Loughenwar - -	45
Tutor of Bombie -	140
Abbot of Newabbey	141
Town of Dumfries -	201
Town of Kircubrie -	36
TIVIDALE	
Lard of Drumlire -	364
Caruthers - -	71
Trumbells - -	12
ESKDALE	
Batisons and Thomsons	166

Total 7008 men under English assurance.

Nicolson, from Bell's MS. Introduction to History of Cumberland, p. 65.

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pied were recovered by force, or by stratagem; and the vindictive cruelty of the Scotish borderers made dreadful retaliation for the injuries they had sustained. An idea may be conceived of this horrible warfare from the memoirs of BEAUGE, a French officer, serving in Scotland.

The castle of Fairnihirst, situated about three miles above Jedburgh, had been taken and garrisoned by the English. The commander and his followers are accused of such excesses of lust and cruelty, as would, says BEAUGE, have made to tremble the most savage moor in Africa.- A band of Frenchmen, with the laird of FAIRNIHIRST, and his borderers, assaulted this for- 1549
tress. The English archers showered their arrows down the steep ascent, leading to the castle, and from the outer wall by which it was surrounded. A vigorous escalade, however, gained the base court, and the sharp fire of the French arquebusiers drove the bowmen into the square keep, or dungeon of the fortress. Here the English defended themselves, till a breach in the wall was made by mining. Through this hole the commandant creeped forth; and, surrendering himself to DE LA MOTHE-ROUGE, implored protection from the

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vengeance of the borderers. But a Scotish marchman, eying in the captive the ravisher of his wife, approached him ere the French officer could guess his intention, and, at one blow, carried his head four paces from the trunk. Above a hundred Scots rushed to wash their hands in the blood of their oppressor, bandied about the severed head, and expressed their joy in such shouts, as if they had stormed the city of London. The prisoners, who fell into their merciless hands, were put to death, after their eyes had been torn out; the victors contending who should display the greatest address in severing their legs and arms, before inflicting a mortal wound. When their own prisoners were slain, the Scotish, with an unextinguishable thirst for blood, purchased those of the French; parting willingly with their very arms, in exchange for an English captive. "I myself,"—says BEAUGE, with military sang froid,—"I myself sold them a prisoner for a small "horse. They laid him down upon the ground, gal- "loped over him with their lances in rest, and wound- "ded him as they passed. When slain, they cut his "body in pièces, and bore the mangled gobbets, in "triumph, on the points of their spears. I cannot "greatly praise the Scotish for this practice. But the

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"truth is, that the English tyrannized over the borders "in a most barbarous manner, and I think it was but "fair to repay them, according to the proverb, in their "own coin."—*Campagnes de Beaugé.*

A peace, in 1551, put an end to this war; the most destructive which for a length of time had ravaged Scotland. Some attention was paid by the governor, and Queen mother, to the administration of justice on the border; and the chieftains, who had distinguished themselves during the late troubles, received the honor of knighthood*.

At this time, also, the Debateable Land, a tract of country situated betwixt the Eske and Sarke, claimed by both kingdoms, was divided by royal commissioners, appointed by the two crowns. By their award, this land of contention was separated by a line, drawn from east to west, betwixt the rivers. The upper half was adjudged to Scotland, and the more eastern part to 1552

* These were the lairds of BUCCLEUCH, CESSFORD, and FAIRNIHIRST, LITTLEDEN, GRENEHED, and COLDINGKNOWS. BUCCLEUCH, whose gallant exploits we have noticed, did not long enjoy his new honors. He was murdered in the streets of Edinburgh, by his hereditary enemies, the KERRS, anno 1552.

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England. Yet the Debateable Land continued long after to be the residence of the thieves and banditti, to whom its dubious state had afforded a desirable refuge*.

In 1557, a new war broke out, in which rencountres on the borders were, as usual, numerous, and with varied success. In some of these, the too famous BOTHWELL is said to have given proofs of his courage, which was at other times very questionable†. About this time the Scotish borderers seem to have acquired some ascendency over their southern neighbours.—*Strype*, V. 3. p. 437.—In 1559, peace was again restored.

The flame of reformation, long stifled in Scotland, now burst forth with the violence of a volcanick eruption. The siege of Leith was commenced by the combined forces of the congregation and of England.

* The jest of JAMES VI. is well known, who, when a favourite cow had found her way from London, back to her native country of Fife, observed, "that nothing surprised him so much as her passing uninterrupted through "the Debateable Land!"

† He was lord of Liddesdale, and keeper of the Hermitage castle. But he had little effective power over that country, and was twice defeated by the ARMSTRONGS, its lawless inhabitants.—*Border History*, 584. Yet the

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The borderers cared little about speculative points of religion; but they shewed themselves much interested in the treasures which passed through their country, for payment of the English forces at Edinburgh.—Much alarm was excited least the marchers should intercept these weighty protestant arguments; and it was probably by voluntarily imparting a share in them to Lord HOME, that he became a sudden convert to the new faith*.

Upon the arrival of the ill-fated MARY in her native country, she found the borders in a state of great disorder. The exertions of her natural brother (afterwards the famous regent, MURRAY,) were necessary to restore some degree of tranquillity. He marched to Jedburgh, executed twenty or thirty of the trangressors, burned many houses, and brought a number of priso-

unfortunate MARY, in her famous apology, says, "that in the weiris a-"gainis England he gaif proof of his vailzeantnes, courage, and gude con-"duct," and praises him especially for subjugating "the rebellious subjectis in-"habiting the cuntreis lying ewest the marches of England."—*Keith, p.* 388. He appears actually to have defeated Sir HENRY PERCY, in a skirmish, called the Raid of Haltwellswire.

* This nobleman had shortly before threatened to spoil the English east march; "but," says the Duke of Norfolk, "we have provided such sauce

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ners to Edinburgh. The chieftains of the principal clans were also obliged to grant pledges for their future obedience. A noted convention (for the particulars of which, see *Border Laws*, p. 84.) adopted various regulations, which were attended with great advantage to the marches*.

The unhappy match, betwixt HENRY DARNLY and his sovereign, led to new dissentions on the border. The HOMES, KERRS, and other east marchers, hastened to support the Queen, against MURRAY, CHATELHERAULT, and other nobles whom her marriage had offended. For the same purpose, the JOHNSTONES, JARDINES, and clans of Annandale, entered into bonds of confederacy. But Liddesdale was under the influence of England; in so much that RANDOLPH, the English minister, proposed to hire a band of *strapping Elliots*, to find HOME business at home, in looking after his corn and cattle.—*Keith*, p. 265. *App.* 133.

" for him that I think he will not deal in such matter; but if he do fire but " one hay-goff, he shall not go to Home again without torch-light, and per- " adventure, may find a lanthorn at his own house."

* The commissioners on the English side were, the elder Lord SCROOPE of Bolton, Sir JOHN FOSTER, Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE, and Dr ROOKBY. On the Scotish side appeared, Sir JOHN MAXWELL of Terreagles, and Sir JOHN BALLENDEN.

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This storm was hardly over-blown, when BOTHWELL received the commission of lieutenant upon the borders. But, as void of parts as of principle, he could not even recover to the Queen's allegiance his own domains in Liddesdale.—*Keith, App.* 165. The Queen herself advanced to the borders to remedy this evil, and to hold courts at Jedburgh. BOTHWELL was already in Liddesdale, where he had been severely wounded in an attempt to seize JOHN ELLIOT, of the Parke, a desperate freebooter; and happy had it been for MARY, had the dagger of the mosstrooper struck more home. BOTHWELL being transported to his castle of Hermitage, the Queen, upon hearing the tidings, hastened thither. A dangerous morass, still called the *Queen's Mire**, is pointed out by tradition as the spot where the lovely MARY, and her white palfrey, were in danger of perishing. The distance betwixt Hermitage and

* The *Queen's Mire* is still a pass of danger, exhibiting in many places the bones of the horses which have been entangled in it. For what reason the Queen chose to enter Liddesdale by the circuitous route of Hawick, does not appear. There are two other passes from Jedburgh to Hermitage castle; the one by the *Note of the Gate*, the other over the mountain called Winburgh. Either of these, but especially the latter, is several miles shorter than that by Hawick, and the Queen's Mire. But by the circuitous way of Hawick, the Queen could traverse the districts of more friendly clans, than by going directly into the disorderly province of Liddesdale.

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Jedburgh, by the way of Hawick, is nearly twenty-four English miles. The Queen went and returned the same day. Whether she visited a wounded subject, or a lover in danger, has been warmly disputed in our latter days.

To the death of HENRY DARNLEY, it is said, some of the border lords were privy. But the subsequent marriage, betwixt the Queen and BOTHWELL, alienated from her the affections of the chieftains of the marches, most of whom aided the association of the insurgent barons. A few gentlemen of the Merse, however, joined the army which MARY brought to Carberry hill. But no one was willing to fight for the detested BOTHWELL, nor did BOTHWELL himself shew any inclination to put his person in jeopardy. The result to MARY was a rigorous captivity in Lochleven castle, and the name of BOTHWELL scarcely again pollutes the page of Scotish history.

The distress of a beautiful and afflicted princess softened the hearts of her subjects, and, when she escaped from her severe captivity, the most powerful ba-

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rons in Scotland crowded around her standard. Among these were many of the west border men, under the Lords MAXWELL and HERRIOT*. But the defeat at Langside was a death blow to her interest in Scotland.

The death of the regent MURRAY, in 1569, excited the party of MARY to hope and to exertion. It is probable that the design of BOTHWELHAUGH, who slew him, was well known upon the borders; for, the very day on which the slaughter happened, BUCCLEUCH and FAIRNIHIRST, with their clans, broke into England, and spread devastation along the frontiers with unusual ferocity. It is probable they well knew that the controuling hand of the regent was that day palsied by death. Besides these powerful chieftains, MARY numbered among her adherents, the MAXWELLS, the JOHNSTONES, and almost all the west border leaders, excepting DRUMLANRIG and JARDINE of Applegirth. On the eastern border, the faction of the infant King was more powerful; for, although deserted by Lord

* The followers of these barons are said to have stolen the horses of their friends, while they were engaged in the battle.

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HOME, the greater part of his clan, under the influence of WEDDERBURN, remained attached to that party. The laird of CESSFORD wished them well, and the Earl of ANGUS naturally followed the steps of his uncle MORTON. A sharp and bloody invasion of the middle march, under the command of the Earl of SUSSEX, avenged with interest the raids of BUCCLEUCH and FAIRNIHIRST. The domains of these chiefs were laid waste, their castles burned and destroyed. The narrow vales of Beaumont and Kale, belonging to BUCCLEUCH, were treated with peculiar severity; and the forrays of HERTFORD were equalled by that of SUSSEX. In vain did the chiefs request assistance from the government to defend their fortresses. Through the predominating interest of ELIZABETH in the Scotish councils, this was refused to all but HOME, whose castle nevertheless again received an English garrison. The bickerings which followed distracted the whole kingdom. One celebrated exploit may be selected as an illustration of the border fashion of war.

The Earl of LENNOX, who had succeeded MURRAY in the regency, held a parliament at Stirling, in 1571.

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The young King was exhibited to the great council of his nation. He had been tutored to repeat a set speech composed for the occasion; but, observing that the roof of the building was a little decayed, he interrupted his recitation, and exclaimed, with childish levity, "that there was a hole in the parliament,"—words which, in these days, were held to presage the deadly breach shortly to be made in that body by the death of him in whose name it was convoked.

Amid the most undisturbed security of confidence, the lords who composed this parliament were aroused at day-break, by the shouts of their enemies in the heart of the town. *God and the Queen!* resounded from every quarter, and, in a few minutes, the regent, with the astonished nobles of his party, were prisoners to a band of 200 border cavalry, led by Scot of Buccleuch, and to the Lord Claud Hamilton, at the head of 300 infantry. These enterprising chiefs, by a rapid and well concerted manœuvre, had reached Stirling in a night march from Edinburgh, and, without so much as being bayed at by a watch dog, had seized the principal street of the town. The fortunate obstinacy of

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MORTON saved his party. Stubborn and undaunted, he defended his house till the assailants set it in flames, and then yielded with reluctance to his kinsman BUCCLEUCH. But the time which he had gained effectually served his cause. The borderers had dispersed to plunder the stables of the nobility; the infantry thronged tumultuously together on the main street, when the Earl of MAR, issuing from the castle, placed one or two small pieces of ordnance in his own half-built house*, which commands the market place. Hardly had the artillery begun to scour the street, when the assailants, surprized in their turn, fled with precipitation. Their alarm was increased by the townsmen thronging to arms. Those, who had been so lately triumphant, were now, in many instances, asking the protection of their own prisoners. In all probability, not a man would have escaped death, or captivity, but for the characteristic rapacity of BUCCLEUCH's marauders, who, having seized and carried off all the horses in the town, left the victors no means of following the chace. The regent was slain by an officer named CAULDER, in order to prevent his being rescued.

* This building still remains in the unfinished state which it then presented.

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SPENS of Ormeston, to whom he had surrendered, lost his life in a generous attempt to protect him†. Hardly does our history present another enterprize, so well planned, so happily commenced, and so strangely disconcerted. To the licence of the marchmen the failure was attributed; but the same cause ensured a safe retreat.—*Spottiswoode, Robertson, Godscroft, Melville.*

The wily Earl of MORTON, who, after the short intervening regency of MAR, succeeded to the supreme authority, contrived, by force or artifice, to render the party of the King every where superior. Even on the middle borders, he had the address to engage in his cause the powerful, though savage and licentious, clans of RUTHERFORD and TURNBULL, as well as the citizens of Jedburgh. He was thus enabled to counterpoise his powerful opponents, BUCCLEUCH and FAIRNIHIRST, in their own country; and, after an unsuccessful attempt to surprize Jedburgh, even these warm adherents of MARY relinquished her cause in despair. 1572

† BIRREL says, that "the regent was shot by an unhappy fellow, while sitting on horseback behind the Laird of BUCCLEUCH."

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While MORTON swayed the state, his attachment to ELIZABETH, and the humiliation which many of the border chiefs had undergone, contributed to maintain good order on the marches, till JAMES VI. himself assumed the reins of government. The intervening skirmish of the Reidswire (see the ballad under that title) was but a sudden explosion of the rivalry and suppressed hatred of the borderers of both kingdoms. In truth, the stern rule of MORTON, and of his delegates, men unconnected with the borders by birth, maintained in that country more strict discipline than had ever been there exercised. Perhaps this hastened his fall.

The unpopularity of MORTON, acquired partly by the strict administration of justice, and partly by avarice and severity, forced him from the regency. In 1578, he retired, apparently from state affairs, to his castle of Dalkeith, which the populace, emphatically expressing their awe and dread of his person, termed the *Lion's Den.* But MORTON could not live in retirement, and, early in the same year, the aged lion again rushed from his cavern. By a mixture of policy and violence, he possessed himself of the fortress of

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Stirling, and of the person of JAMES. His nephew, ANGUS, hastened to his assistance. Against him appeared his old follower CESSFORD, with many of the HOMES, and the citizens of Edinburgh. Alluding to the restraint of the king's person, they bore his effigy on their banners, with a rude rhime, demanding liberty or death.—*Birrell's Diary, ad annum,* 1578. The Earl of MORTON marched against his foes as far as Falkirk, and a desperate action must have ensued, but for the persuasions of BOWES, the English ambassador. The only blood, then spilt, was in a duel betwixt TAIT, a follower of CESSFORD, and JOHNSTONE, a west border man, attending upon ANGUS. They fought with lances, and on horseback, according to the fashion of the borders. The former was unhorsed and slain, the latter desperately wounded.—*Godscroft,* V. 2. p. 261. The prudence of the late regent appears to have abandoned him, when he was decoyed into a treaty upon this occasion. It was not long before MORTON, the veteran warrior, and the crafty statesman, was forced to bend his neck to an engine of death, the use of which he himself had introduced into Scotland *.

* A rude sort of guillotine, called the *Maiden*. The implement is now in possession of the society of Scotish antiquaries.

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Released from the thraldom of MORTON, the King, with more than youthful levity, threw his supreme power into the hands of LENNOX and ARRAN. The religion of the first, and the infamous character of the second favourite, excited the hatred of the commons, while their exclusive and engrossing power awakened the jealousy of the other nobles. JAMES, doomed to be the sport of contending factions, was seized at Stirling by the nobles, confederated in what was termed the Raid of Ruthven. But the conspirators soon suffered their prize to escape, and were rewarded for their enterprize by exile or death.

In 1585, an affray took place at a border meeting, in which Lord RUSSELL, the Earl of BEDFORD's eldest son, chanced to be slain. Queen ELIZABETH imputed the guilt of this slaughter to THOMAS KERR of Fairnihirst, instigated by ARRAN. Upon the imperious demand of the English ambassador both were committed to prison; but the minion, ARRAN, was soon restored to liberty and favour: while FAIRNIHIRST, the dread of the English borderers, and the gallant defender of Queen MARY, died in his confinement of a broken heart.—*Spottiswoode*, p. 341.

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The tyranny of ARRAN becoming daily more insupportable, the exiled lords, joined by MAXWELL, HOME, BOTHWELL, and other border chieftains, seized the town of Stirling, which was pillaged by their disorderly followers, invested the castle, which surrendered at discretion, and drove the favourite from the King's council.

The King, perceiving the Earl of BOTHWELL among the armed barons to whom he surrendered his person, addressed him in these prophetic words; "Francis, "Francis, what moved thee to come in arms against "thy prince, who never wronged thee? I wish thee a "more quiet spirit, else I foresee thy destruction."--*Spottiswoode*, p. 343.

In fact, the extraordinary enterprizes of this nobleman disturbed the next ten years of JAMES's reign. FRANCIS STUART, son to a bastard of JAMES V. had been invested with the titles and estates belonging to JAMES HEPBURN, Earl of BOTHWELL, upon the forfeiture of

* The associated nobles seem to have owed their success chiefly to the border spearmen; for, though they had a band of mercenaries who used fire arms, yet they were such bad masters of their craft, that their captain was heard to observe, "that those who knew his soldiers as well as he did, would hardly chuse to *march before them*."—*Godscroft*, v. 2. p. 368.

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that infamous man; and consequently became lord of Liddesdale, and of the castle of Hermitage. This acquisition of power upon the borders, where he could easily levy followers willing to undertake the most desperate enterprize, joined to the man's native daring and violent spirit, rendered BOTHWELL the most turbulent insurgent that ever disturbed the tranquillity of a kingdom. During the King's absence in Denmark, BOTHWELL, swayed by the superstition of his age, had tampered with certain soothsayers and witches, by whose pretended art he hoped to atchieve the death of his monarch. In one of the courts of inquisition which JAMES delighted to hold upon the professors of the occult sciences, some of his cousin's proceedings were brought to light, for which he was put in ward in the castle of Edinburgh. Burning with revenge, he broke from his confinement, and lurked for some time upon the borders, where he hoped for the countenance of his son-in-law, BUCCLEUCH. Undeterred by the absence of that chief, who had prudently retired to France, BOTHWELL attempted the desperate enterprize of seizing the person of the king, while residing in his metropolis. At the dead of night, followed by a band of borderers, he occupied the court of the palace of

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Holyrood, and began to burst open the doors of the royal apartments. The nobility, distrustful of each other, and ignorant of the extent of the conspiracy, only endeavoured to make good the defence of their separate lodgings; but darkness and confusion prevented the assailants from profiting by their disunion. MELVILLE, who was present, gives a lively picture of the scene of disorder, transiently illuminated by the glare of passing torches: the report of fire arms, the clatter of armour, the din of hammers, thundering on the gates, and mingling wildly with the war cry of the borderers, who shouted incessantly, "Justice! Justice!" "A Bothwell! A Bothwell!" The citizens of Edinburgh at length began to assemble for the defence of their sovereign; and BOTHWELL was compelled to retreat, which he did without considerable loss.—*Melville, p.* 356. A similar attempt on the person of JAMES, while residing at Faulkland, also misgave; but the credit which BOTHWELL obtained on the borders, by these bold and desperate enterprizes, was incredible. "All Tiviotdale," says SPOTTISWOODE, "ran after him;" so that he finally obtained his object; and at Edinburgh, in 1593, he stood before JAMES, an unexpected apparition, with his naked sword in his hand.

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" Strike!"—said JAMES, with royal dignity,—" Strike! " and end thy work. I will not survive my dishonour." But BOTHWELL, with unexpected moderation, only stipulated for remission of his forfeiture, and did not even insist on remaining at court, whence his party was shortly expelled, by the return of the Lord HOME, and his other enemies. Incensed at this reverse, BOTHWELL levied a body of 400 cavalry, and attacked the King's guard in broad day, upon the Borough Moor, near Edinburgh. The ready succour of the citizens saved JAMES from falling once more into the hands of his turbulent subject*. On a subsequent day, BOTHWELL met the laird of CESSFORD riding near Edinburgh, with whom he fought a single combat which lasted for two hours. But his credit was now fallen: he retreated to England, whence he was driven by ELIZABETH, and then wandered to Spain and Italy, where he subsisted in indigence and obscurity on the bread which he earned by apostatising to the faith of Rome. So

* SPOTTISWOODE says, the king awaited this charge with firmness; but BIRREL avers that he fled upon the gallop. The same author, instead of " the firm deportment" of JAMES, when seized by BOTHWELL, describes " the king's majestie as flying down the back stair, with his breeches in his " hand, in great fear."—*Birrell, apud Dalyell, p.* 30. Such is the difference betwixt the narrative of the courtly archbishop, and that of the presbyterian burgess of Edinburgh.

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fell this agitator of domestic broils, whose name passed into a proverb, denoting a powerful and turbulent demagogue*.

While these scenes were passing in the metropolis, the borders were furiously agitated by civil discord. The families of CESSFORD and FAIRNIHIRST disputed their right to the wardenry of the middle marches, and to the provostry of Jedburgh; and WILLIAM KERR of Ancram, a follower of the latter, was murdered by the young chief of CESSFORD, at the instigation of his mother.—*Spottiswoode, p.* 383. But this was trifling, compared to the civil war, waged on the western frontier, between the JOHNSTONES and MAXWELLS, of which there is a minute account in the introduction to the ballad entituled *Maxwell's Goodnight*. Prefixed to that termed *Kinmont Willie*, the reader will find an account of the last warden raids performed upon the border.

My sketch of border history now draws to a close.

* Sir WALTER RALEIGH, in writing of ESSEX, then in prison, says, "Let the Queen hold *Bothwell* while she hath him."—*Murdin*, V. 2. p. 812.

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The accession of JAMES to the English crown converted the extremity into the center of his kingdom.

The east marches of Scotland were, at this momentous period, in a state of comparative civilization. The rich soil of Berwickshire soon invited the inhabitants to the arts of agriculture. Even in the days of LESLEY, the nobles and barons of the Merse differed in manners from the other borderers, administered justice with regularity, and abstained from plunder and depredation. —*Leslæi, de moribus Scotorum*, p. 7. But on the middle and western marches, the inhabitants were unrestrained moss-troopers and cattle drivers, knowing no measure of law, says CAMDEN, but the length of their swords. The sterility of the mountainous country, which they inhabited, offered little encouragement to industry; and, for the long series of centuries which we have hastily reviewed, the hands of rapine were never there folded in inactivity, nor the sword of violence returned to the scabbard. Various proclamations were in vain issued, for interdicting the use of horses and arms upon the west border of England and Scotland*.

* "Proclamation shall be made that all inhabiting within Tynedale and "Riddsdale, in Northumberland, Bewcastledale, Willgavey, the north part

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The evil was found to require the radical cure of extirpation. BUCCLEUCH collected under his banners the most desperate of the border warriors, out of whom he formed a legion, for the service of the States of Holland, who had as much reason to rejoice on their arrival upon the continent, as Britain to congratulate herself upon their departure. It may be presumed that few of this corps ever returned to their native country. The clan of GRÆME, a hardy and ferocious sept of freebooters, inhabiting chiefly the Debateable Land, by a very summary exertion of authority was transported to Ireland, and their return prohibited under pain of death. Against other offenders, measures, equally arbitrary, were without hesitation pursued.—Numbers of border riders were executed, without even

"of Gilsland, Eske, and Leven, in Cumberland; east and west Tividale, "Liddesdale, Eskdale, Ewsdale, and Annesdale, in Scotland; (saving no-"blemen and gentlemen unsuspected of felony and theft, and not being "of broken clans, and their household servants, dwelling within those se-"veral places, before recited), shall put away all armour and weapons, as "well offensive as defensive, as jacks, spears, lances, swords, daggers, steel-"caps, hack-buts, pistols, plate sleeves, and such like; and shall not keep "any horse, gelding, or mare, above the value of fifty shillings sterling, "or thirty pounds Scots, upon like pain of imprisonment."

Proceedings of the Border Commissioners, 1605—*Introduction to History of Cumberland*, *p.* 127.

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the formality of a trial; and it is even said, that, in mockery of justice, assizes were held upon them after they had suffered. For these acts of tyranny, see *Johnston*, p. 374, 414, 39, 93. The memory of DUNBAR's legal proceedings at Jedburgh, are preserved in the proverbial phrase, *Jeddart Justice*, which signifies trial after execution. By this rigour, though sternly and unconscientiously exercised, the border marauders were, in the course of years, either reclaimed or exterminated; though nearly a century elapsed e'er their manners were altogether assimilated to those of their countrymen *.

In these hasty sketches of border history, I have endeavoured to select such incidents as may introduce to the reader the character of the marchmen, more briefly and better than a formal essay upon their manners. If I have been successful in the attempt, he is already acquainted with the mixture of courage and

* See the acts 18 Cha. 2. 6. 3. and 30 Cha. 2. ch. 2. against the border moss-troopers.

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rapacity by which they were distinguished; and has reviewed some of the scenes in which they acted a principal part. It is therefore only necessary to notice, more minutely, some of their peculiar customs and modes of life.

Their morality was of a singular kind. The rapine, by which they subsisted, they accounted lawful and honourable. Ever liable to lose their whole substance, by an incursion of the English on a sudden breach of truce, they cared little to waste their time in cultivating crops to be reaped by their foes. Their cattle was, therefore, their chief property; and these were nightly exposed to the southern borderers, as rapacious and active as themselves. Hence, robbery assumed the appearance of fair reprisal. The fatal privilege of pursuing the marauders into their own country, for recovery of stolen goods, led to continual skirmishes. The warden also, when redress was not instantly granted by the opposite officer, for depredations sustained by his district, was entitled to retaliate upon England by a *Warden Raid*. In such cases, the moss-troopers, who crowded to his standard, found themselves pursuing their craft under legal authority,

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and became the favourites and followers of the military magistrate, whose duty it was to have checked and suppressed them.—See the curious history of *Geordie Bourne, App. No.* I. Equally unable and unwilling to make nice distinctions, they were not to be convinced that what was to-day fair booty, was to-morrow a subject of theft. National animosity usually gave an additional stimulus to their rapacity, although it must be owned that their depredations extended also to the more cultivated parts of their own country*.

SATCHELLS, who lived when the old border ideas of *meum* and *tuum* were still in some force, endeavours to draw a very nice distinction betwixt a freebooter and a thief. And thus sings he of the ARMSTRONGS:

> On that border was the Armstrongs, able men;
> Somewhat unruly and very ill to tame.
> I would have none think that I call them thieves,

* The armorial bearings, adopted by many of the border tribes, shew how little they were ashamed of their trade of rapine. Like *Falstaff*, they were "Gentlemen of the night, minions of the moon," under whose countenance they committed their depredations. Hence, the emblematic moons and stars, so frequently charged in the arms of border families. Their mottos, also, bear allusion to their profession.—"*Reparabit cornua Phœbe*," i. e. "We'll "have moon-light again," is that of the family of HARDEN. "Ye shall "want, ere I shall want," that of CRANSTOUN, &c.

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For, if I did, it would be arrant lies.

— — — —

Near a border frontier, in the time of war,
There's ne'er a man but he's a freebooter.

— — — —

Because to all men it may appear,
The freebooter he is a volunteer;
In the muster rolls he has no desire to stay;
He lives by purchase, he gets no pay.

— — — —

It's most clear a freebooter doth live in hazard's train;
A freebooter's a cavalier that ventures life for gain:
But, since King JAMES the sixth to England went,
There has been no cause of grief;
And he that hath transgress'd since then,
Is no FREEBOOTER, but a THIEF.

History of the name of Scott.

The inhabitants of the inland counties did not understand these subtle distinctions. Sir DAVID LINDSAY, in the curious drama published by Mr PINKERTON, introduces, as one of his Dramatis Personæ, *Common Thift*, a borderer, who is supposed to come to Fife to steal the Earl of ROTHES' best hackney, and Lord LINDSAY's brown jennet. *Oppression* also (another personage there introduced) seems to be connected with the borders; for, finding himself in danger, he exclaims—

War God that I were sound and haill,
Now liftit into Liddesdail;
The Mers sowld fynd me beiff and caill,
What rack of breid?

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War I thair lyftet with my lyfe,
The devill sowld styk me with a knyffe,
An' evir I cum agane in Fyfe,
Till I were deid.—

Pinkerton's Scotish Poems, VOL. II. p. 180.

Again, when *Common Thift* is brought to condign punishment, he remembers his border friends in his dying speech:

The widdefow wardannis tuik my geir,
And left me nowthir horse nor meir,
Nor ordly gud that me belangit;
Now, walloway! I mon be hangit.
— — — —
Adew! my bruthir Annan thieves,
That holpit me in my mischevis:
Adew! Grossars, Niksonis, and Bells,
Oft have we fairne owthreuch the fells:
Adew! Robsons, Howis, and Pylis,
That in our craft hes mony wylis:
Littlis, Trumbils, and Armestranges;
Adew! all theeves, that me belangis;
Bailyeowes, Erewynis, and Elwandis,
Speedy of flicht, and slight of handis:
The Scotts of Eisdail, and the Gramis,
I haif na time to tell your namis.

Ib. p. 156.

When *Common Thift* is executed (which is performed upon the stage), *Falset* (Falsehood), who is also brought forth for punishment, pronounces over him the following eulogy:

Waes me for thee, gude Commoun Thift!
Was never man made more honest chift,
His living for to win:

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Thair wes not, in all Liddesdail,
That kye mair craftelly could steil,
Whar thou hingis on that pin!

Ib. p. 194.

Sir RICHARD MAITLAND, incensed at the boldness and impunity of the thieves of Liddesdale in his time, has attacked them with keen iambicks. His satire, which I suppose had very little effect at the time, forms No. II. of the appendix to this introduction.

The borderers had, in fact, little reason to regard the inland Scots as their fellow subjects, or to respect the power of the crown. They were frequently resigned, by express compact, to the bloody retaliation of the English, without experiencing any assistance from their prince, and his more immediate subjects.—If they beheld him, it was more frequently in the character of an avenging judge, than of a protecting sovereign. They were, in truth, during the time of peace, a kind of outcasts, against whom the united powers of England and Scotland were often employed. Hence, the men of the borders had little attachment to the monarchs, whom they termed, in derision, the kings of Fife and Lothian, provinces which they

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were not legally entitled to inhabit*, and which, therefore, they pillaged with as little remorse as if they had belonged to a foreign country.

" What manner of cattle stealers they are, that inha-
" bit these valleys in the marches of both kingdoms,
" JOHN LESLEY, a Scotchman himself, and Bishop
" of Ross, will inform you. They sally out of their
" own borders, in the night, in troops, through unfre-
" quented bye-ways, and many intricate windings.—
" All the day time, they refresh themselves and their
" horses in lurking-holes they had pitched upon be-
" fore, till they arrive in the dark at those places they
" have a design upon. As soon as they have seized
" upon the booty, they in like manner return home in
" the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a
" compass. The more skilful any captain is to pass
" through those wild desarts, crooked turnings, and
" deep precipices, in the thickest mists and darkness,
" his reputation is the greater, and he is looked upon
" as a man of an excellent head. And they are so
" very cunning, that they seldom have their booty ta-

* By act 1587, c. 96, borderers are expelled from the inland counties, unless they can find security for their quiet deportment.

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"ken from them, unless sometimes, when, by the help "of blood-hounds following them exactly upon the "tract, they may chance to fall into the hands of their "adversaries. When being taken, they have so much "persuasive eloquence, and so many smooth insinua- "ting words at command, that if they do not move "their judges, nay, and even their adversaries (not- "withstanding the severity of their natures), to have "mercy, yet they incite them to admiration and com- "passion."—*Camden's Britannia.* The reader is requested to compare this curious account, given by LESLEY, with the ballad called *Hobbie Noble,* p. 168.

The inroads of the marchers, when stimulated only by the desire of plunder, were never marked with cruelty, and seldom even with bloodshed, unless in the case of opposition. They held, that property was common to all who stood in want of it; but they abhorred and avoided the crime of unnecessary homicide.—*Lesley,* p. 63. This was, perhaps, partly owing to the habits of intimacy betwixt the borderers of both kingdoms, notwithstanding their mutual hostility, and reciprocal depredations. A natural intercourse took place between the English and Scotish marchers, at border

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meetings, and during the short intervals of peace.—They met frequently at parties of the chace and foot-ball; and it required many and strict regulations, on both sides, to prevent them from forming intermarriages, and from cultivating too close a degree of intimacy. —*Scotish Acts*, 1587, c. 105; *Wharton's Regulations; 6th Edward VI.* The custom, also, of paying black mail, or protection-rent, introduced a connection betwixt the countries; for, a Scotish borderer, taking black mail from an English inhabitant, was not only himself bound to abstain from injuring such person, but also to maintain his quarrel, and recover his property if carried off by others. Hence, a union arose betwixt the parties, founded upon mutual interest, which counteracted in many instances the effects of national prejudice. The similarity of their manners may be inferred from that of their language. In an old mystery, imprinted at London, 1654, a mendicant borderer is introduced, soliciting alms of a citizen and his wife. To a question of the latter he replies, "Savying your honour, good maistress, I was "born in Redesdal, in Northomberlande, and come of "a wight riding sirname, call'd the ROBSONS: gude "honeste men and true, savyng a little shiftynge for

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" theyr livyng; God help them, silly pure men." The wife answers, " What doest thou here, in this coun- " trie? me thinke thou art a Scot by thy tongue."— *Beggar*—" Trowe me never mare then, good deam; " I had rather be hanged in a withie of a cow-taile, " for thei are ever fare and fase."—*Appendix to Johnstone's Sad Shepherd,* 1783, *p.* 188. From the wife's observation, as well as from the dialect of the beggar, we may infer that there was little difference between the Northumbrian and the border Scotish; a circumstance, interesting in itself, and decisive of the occasional friendly intercourse among the marchmen.— From all those combining circumstances arose the lenity of the borderers in their incursions, and the equivocal moderation which they sometimes observed towards each other in open war*.

* This practice of the marchmen was observed and reprobated by PATTEN. " Anoother maner have they (the English borderers), amoong them " of wearyng handkerchers roll'd about their armes, and letters brouder'd " (embroidered), upon their cappes: they said themselves the use thearof " was that ech of them might knowe his fellowe, and thearbye the sooner as- " semble, or in nede to ayd one another, and such lyke respectes; howbeit " thear wear of th' army amoong us (sum suspicious men perchaunce), that " thought thei used them for collusion, and rather bycaus thei might be " knowen to th' enemie, as the enemie's are knowen to them (for thei have " their markes too), and so in conflict either ech to spare oother, or gently " ech to take oother. Indede men have been mooved the rather to thinke " so, bycaus sum of their crosses (the English red cross) were so narrowe

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This humanity and moderation was, on certain occasions, entirely laid aside by the borderers. In the

" and so singly set on, that a puff of wynde might blowed them from their " brestes, and that thei wear found right often talking with the Skottish " prikkers within less than their gad's (spears), length asunder; and when " thei perceived thei had been espied, thei have begun one to run at anoother, " but so apparently perlassent (in parley), as the lookers on resembled their " chasyng lyke the running at base in an uplondish toun, whear the match " is made for a quart of good ale, or like the play in Robin Cookes scole (a " fencing school), whear bycaus the punies may lerne, thei strike fewe strokes " but by assent and appointement. I hard sum men say it did mooch aug- " ment thear suspicion that wey, bycaus at the battail thei sawe these prik- " kers so badly demean them, more intending the taking of prisoners, than " the suerty of victorye; for while oother men fought, thei fell to their " prey; that as thear wear but few of them but brought home his prisoner, " so wear thear many that had six or seven."

PATTEN's *Account of Somerset's Expedition, apud* DALYELL's *Fragments, p.* 76.

It is singular that, about this very period, the same circumstances are severely animadverted upon by the strenuous Scottishman who wrote the *Complaynt of Scotland*, as well as by the English author above quoted.— " There is nothing that is occasione of your adhering to the opinione of " Ingland contrar your natife cuntré, bot the grit familiarite that Inglis " men and Scottis hes had on baitht the boirdours, ilk ane witht utheris, " in marchandeis, in selling and buying hors and nolt, and scheip, outfang " and infang, ilk ane amang utheris, the whilk familiarite is expres contrar " the lauis and consuetudis baytht of Ingland and Scotland. In ald tymis it " was determit in the artiklis of the pace be the twa wardanis of the bordours " of Ingland and Scotland, that there suld be na familiarite betwix Scottis " men and Inglis men, nor marriage to be contrakit betwix them, nor con- " ventions on holydais at gammis and plays, nor merchandres to be maid " amang them, nor Scottis men till entir on Inglis grond, witht out the king " of Ingland's save conduct, nor Inglis men til entir on Scottis grond witht " out the king of Scotland's save conduct, howbeit that ther war sure pace

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case of deadly feud, either against an Englishman, or against any neighbouring tribe, the whole force of the offended clan was bent to avenge the death of any of their numbers. Their vengeance not only vented itself upon the homicide and his family, but upon all his kindred, on his whole tribe; on every one, in fine, whose death or ruin could affect him with regret.—*Lesley*, p. 63; *Border Laws passim*; *Scotish Acts*, 1594, c. 231. The reader will find, in the following collection, many allusions to this infernal custom, which always overcame the marcher's general reluctance to shed human blood, and rendered him remorselessly savage.

For fidelity to their word, LESLEY ascribes high praise to the inhabitants of the Scotish frontier. When an instance happened to the contrary, the injured person, at the first border meeting, rode through the field,

" betwix the twa realmes. Bot thir sevyn yeir bygane, thai statutis and " artiklis of the pace are adnullit, for there hes been as grit familiarite " and conventiones and makyng of merchandreis on the bordours, this " lang tyme betwix Inglis men and Scottis men, baytht in pac eand in " weir, as Scottis men usis amang theme selfis witht in the realme of " Scotland: and sic familiarite hes bene the cause that the kyng of In- " gland gat intelligence witht divers gentlemen of Scotland."

Complaynt of Scotland, *Edin.* 1801, *p.* 164.

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displaying a glove (the pledge of faith) upon the point of his lance, and proclaiming the perfidy of the person who had broken his word. So great was the indignation of the assembly against the perjured criminal, that he was often slain by his own clan, to wipe out the disgrace he had brought on them. In the same spirit of confidence, it was not unusual to behold the victors, after an engagement, dismiss their prisoners upon parole, who never failed either to transmit the stipulated ransom, or to surrender themselves to bondage, if unable to do so. But the virtues of a barbarous people, being founded, not upon moral principle, but upon the dreams of superstition, or the capricious dictates of ancient custom, can seldom be uniformly relied on.—We must not, therefore, be surprised to find these very men, so true to their word in general, using, upon other occasions, various resources of cunning and chicane, against which the border laws were in vain directed.

The immediate rulers of the borders were the chiefs of the different clans, who exercised over their respective septs a dominion, partly patriarchal, and partly feudal. The latter bond of adherence was, however, the

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more slender; for, in the acts regulating the borders, we find repeated mention of "Clannes having cap- "taines and chieftaines, whom on they depend, oftimes "against the willes of their landeslordes."—*Stat.* 1587, c. 95, *and the Roll thereto annexed.* Of course, these laws looked less to the feudal superior, than to the chieftain of the name, for the restraint of the disorderly tribes; and it is repeatedly enacted, that the head of the clan should be first called upon to deliver those of his sept, who should commit any trespass, and that, on his failure to do so, he should be liable to the injured party in full redress. *Ibidem*, and *Stat*, 1594, c. 231. By the same statutes, the chieftains and landlords, presiding over border clans, were obliged to find caution, and to grant hostages, that they would subject themselves to the due course of law. Such clans as had no chieftain of sufficient note to enter bail for their quiet conduct, became broken men, outlawed to both nations.

From these enactments, the power of the border chieftains may be conceived; for it had been hard and useless to have punished them for the trespasses of their tribes, unless they possessed over them unlimited au-

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thority. The abode of these petty princes by no means corresponded to the extent of their power. We do not find on the Scotish borders the splendid and extensive baronial castles, which graced and defended the opposite frontier. The Gothic grandeur of Alnwick, of Raby, and of Naworth, marks the wealthier and more secure state of the English nobles. The Scotish chieftain, however extensive his domains, derived no advantage, save from such parts as he could himself cultivate or occupy. Payment of rent was hardly known on the borders till after the Union*. All that the landlord could gain from those residing upon his estate, was their personal service in battle, and perhaps a share in the spoil which they acquired by rapine. This, with his herds of cattle and of sheep, and with the *black mail* which he exacted from his neighbours, constituted the revenue of the chieftain; and from funds so precarious he could rarely spare

* Stowe, in detailing the happy consequences of the Union of the crowns, observes "that the northerne borders became as safe, and peaceable, as any part of the entire kingdome, so as in the fourth yeare of the king's raigne, as well gentlemen as others, inhabiting the places aforesayde, finding the auncient wast ground to be very good and fruitefull, began to contende in lawe about their bounds, challenging then, that for their hereditarie right, which formerly they disavowed, only to avoyde charges of common defence."

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sums to expend in strengthening or decorating his habitation. Another reason is found in the Scotish mode of warfare. It was early discovered, that the English surpassed their neighbours in the arts of assaulting or defending fortified places. The policy of the Scotish, therefore, deterred them from erecting upon the borders buildings of such extent and strength, as, being once taken by the foe, would have been capable of receiving a permanent garrison*. To themselves, the woods and hills of their country were pointed out by the great BRUCE as their safest bulwarks; and the maxim of the DOUGLASSES, that *it was better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep*, was adopted by every border chief. For these combined reasons, the residence of the chieftain was commonly a large square battlemented† tower, called a Keep, or Peel; placed on a precipice, or on the banks of a tor-

* The royal castles of Roxburgh, Hermitage, Lochmaben, &c. form a class of exceptions to this rule, being extensive and well fortified.—Perhaps we ought also to except the baronial castle of Home.

† I have observed a difference in architecture betwixt the English and Scotish towers. The latter usually have upon the top a projecting battlement, with interstices, anciently called *machicoules*, betwixt the parapet and the wall, through which stones or darts might be hurl'd upon the assailants. This kind of fortification is less common on the south border.

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rent, and, if the ground would permit, surrounded by a moat. In short, the situation of a border-house, surrounded by woods, and rendered almost inaccessible by torrents, by rocks, or by morasses, sufficiently indicated the pursuits and apprehensions of its inhabitant.—" *Locus horroris et vastæ solitudinis, aptus ad* " *prædam, habilis ad rapinam, habitatoribus suis lapis* " *erat offensionis et petra scandali, utpote qui sti-* " *pendiis suis minime contenti totum de alieno parum* " *de suo possidebant—totius provinciæ spolium.*" No wonder, therefore, that JAMES V. on approaching the castle of Lochwood, the ancient seat of the JOHNSTONES, is said to have exclaimed, " that he who built " it must have been a knave in his heart." An outer wall, with some slight fortifications, served as a protection for the cattle at night. The walls of these fortresses were of an immense thickness, and they could easily be defended against any small force; more especially, as, the rooms being vaulted, each story formed a separate lodgement, capable of being held out for a considerable time. On such occasions, the usual mode adopted by the assailants, was to expell the defenders, by setting fire to wet straw in the lower apartments.—But the border chieftains seldom chose to abide in per-

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son a siege of this nature; and I have not observed a single instance of a distinguished baron made prisoner in his own house*.—PATTEN's *Expedition*, p. 35.—The common people resided in paltry huts, about the safety of which they were little anxious, as they contained nothing of value. On the approach of a superior force, they unthatched them, to prevent their being burned, and then abandoned them to the foe.—STOWE's *Chronicle*, p. 665. Their only treasures were a fleet and active horse, with the ornaments which their rapine had procured for the females of their family, of whose gay appearance the borderers were vain.

Some rude monuments occur upon the borders, the memorial of ancient valour. Such is the cross at Langraw, on the banks of the Liddel, said to have been erected in memory of the Chief of the ARMSTRONGS, murdered treacherously, by Lord SOULIS, while feasting in Hermitage castle. Such also, a rude stone, now broken, and very much defaced, placed upon a mount on the lands of Haugh-head, near the

* I ought to except the famous DAND KERR, who was made prisoner in his castle of Fairnihirst, after defending it bravely against Lord DACRES, 24th September, 1523.

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junction of the Kale and Teviot. The inscription records the defence made by HOBBIE HALL, a man of great strength and courage, against an attempt by the powerful family of KER, to possess themselves of his small estate *.

The same simplicity marked their dress and arms. PATTEN observes, that in battle the laird could not be distinguished from the serf; all wearing the same coat armour, called a jack, and the baron being only distinguished by his sleeves of mail, and his head-piece. The borderers, in general, acted as light cavalry; riding horses of a small size, but astonishingly nimble, and trained to move, by short bounds, through the

* The rude strains of the inscription little correspond with the gallantry of

A village HAMPDEN, who, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood.

It is in these words:

Here Hoby Hall boldly maintained his right,
'Gainst Reif, plain force, armed wi' awles might.
Full thirty pleughs, harnes'd in all their gear,
Could not his valiant noble heart make fear:
But, wi' his sword, he cut the foremost's soam
In two; and drove baith pleughs and pleughmen home.

1620.

Soam means the iron links which fasten a yoke of oxen to the plough.

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morasses with which Scotland abounds. Their offensive weapons were, a lance of uncommon length; a sword, either two-handed, or of the modern light size; sometimes a species of battle-axe, called a Jedburgh staff, and latterly dags, or pistols. Although so much accustomed to act on horseback, that they held it even mean to appear otherwise, the marchmen occasionally acted as infantry; nor were they inferior to the rest of Scotland in forming that impenetrable phalanx of spears, whereof it is said by an English historian, that "sooner shall a bare finger pierce through the skin of "an angry hedge-hog, than any one encounter the "brunt of their pikes." At the battle of Melrose, for example, the BUCCLEUCH's army fought upon foot.—But the habits of the borderers fitted them particularly to distinguish themselves as light cavalry; and hence the name of *prickers*, so frequently applied to them. At the blaze of their beacon fires, they were wont to assemble ten thousand horsemen in the course of a single day. Thus rapid in their warlike preparations, they were alike ready for attack and defence. For smaller predatory expeditions, they had signals, and places of rendezvous, peculiar to each tribe. If the party set forward before all the members had join-

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ed, a mark, cut in the turf, or on the bark of a tree, pointed out to the stragglers the direction which the main body had pursued *. Their warlike convocations were also frequently disguised, under pretence of meetings for the purpose of sport. The game of foot-ball, in particular, which was anciently, and still continues to be, a favourite border sport, was the means of collecting together large bodies of moss-troopers, previous to any military exploit. When Sir ROBERT CAREY was warden of the east marches, the knowledge that there was a great match of foot-ball at Kelso, to be frequented by the principal Scotish riders, was sufficient to excite his vigilance and his apprehension †. Previous also to the murder of Sir JOHN CARMICHAEL, (see page 105), it appeared at the trial of the perpetrators, that they had assisted at a grand foot-ball meeting, where the crime was concerted.

Upon the religion of the borderers there can very

* In the parish of Linton, in Roxburghshire, there is a circle of stones, surrounding a smooth plot of turf, called the *Tryst*, or place of appointment, which tradition avers to have been the rendezvous of the neighbouring warriors. The name of the leader was cut in the turf, and the arrangement of the letters announced to his followers the course which he had taken.—See *Statistical Account of the Parish of Linton.*

† See appendix.

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little be said. We have already noticed, that they remained attached to the Roman Catholic faith rather longer than the rest of Scotland. This probably arose from a total indifference upon the subject: for, we no where find in their character the respect for the church, which is a marked feature of that religion. The abbeys, which were planted upon the border, neither seem to have been much respected by the English, nor by the Scotish barons. They were repeatedly burned by the former, in the course of the border wars, and by the latter they seem to have been regarded chiefly as the means of endowing a needy relation, or the subject of occasional plunder. Thus, ANDREW HOME of Fastcastle, about 1488, attempted to procure a perpetual feu of certain possessions belonging to the abbey of Coldinghame; and being baffled, by the king bestowing that opulent benefice upon the royal chapel at Stirling, the HUMES and HEPBURNS started into rebellion; asserting, that the priory should be conferred upon some younger son of their families, according to ancient custom. After the fatal battle of Flodden, one of the KERRS testified his contempt for clerical immunities and privileges, by expelling from his house the abbot of Kelso. These bickerings

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betwixt the clergy and the barons were usually excited by disputes about their temporal interest. It was common for the churchmen to grant lands in feu to the neighbouring gentlemen, who, becoming their vassals, were bound to assist and protect them*. But, as the possessions and revenues of the benefices became thus intermixed with those of the laity, any attempts rigidly to enforce the claims of the church, were usually attended by the most scandalous disputes. A petty warfare was carried on for years, betwixt JAMES, abbot of Dryburgh, and the family of HALLIBURTON of Mertoun, or Newmains, who held some lands from that abbey. These possessions were, under various pretexts, seized and laid waste by both parties; and some bloodshed took place in the contest, betwixt the lay vassals and their spiritual superior. The matter was, at length, thought of sufficient importance to be terminated by a reference to his majesty; whose decree arbitral, dated at Stirling, the 8th of May, 1535, proceeds thus: "Whereas we, having been advised and knowing the "said gentlemen, the HALLIBURTONS, to be leal and

* These vassals resembled in some degree the Vidames in France, and the Vogten, or Vizedomen, of the German abbeys; but the system was never carried regularly into effect in Britain, and this circumstance facilitated the dissolution of the religious houses.

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"true honest men, long servants unto the saide ab-
"baye, for the saide landis, stoute men at armes, and
"goode borderers against England; and doe therefore
"decree and ordaine, that they sall be re-possess'd,
"and bruik and enjoy the landis and steedings they
"had of the said abbaye, paying the use and wonte:
"and that they sall be goode servants to the said ve-
"nerabil father, like as they and their predecessours
"were to the said venerabil father, and his predeces-
"sours, and he a good master to them*." It is unnecessary to detain the reader with other instances of the discord which prevailed anciently upon the borders, betwixt the spiritual shepherd and his untractable flock.

We learn from a curious passage in the life of

* This decreet was followed by a marriage betwixt the abbot's daughter, ELIZABETH STEWART, and WALTER HALLIBURTON, one of the family of Newmains. But even this alliance did not secure peace between the venerable father and his vassals. The offspring of the marriage was an only daughter, named ELIZABETH HALLIBURTON. As this young lady was her father's heir, the HALLIBURTONS resolved that she should marry one of her cousins, to keep her property in the clan. But as this did not suit the views of the abbot, he carried off by force the intended bride, and married her, at Stirling, to ALEXANDER ERSKINE, a brother of the laird of Balgony, a relation and follower of his own. From this marriage sprung the ERSKINES of Shielfield. This exploit of the abbot revived the feud betwixt him and the HALLIBURTONS, which only ended with the dissolution of the abbacy.—MS. *History of* HALLIBURTON *Family, penes editorem.*

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RICHARD CAMERON, a fanatical preacher during the time of what is called "the persecution," that some of the borderers retained to a late period their indifference about religious matters. After having been licensed at Haughhead, in Teviotdale, he was, according to his biographer, sent first to preach in Annandale. "He "said, 'how can I go there? I know what sort of peo- "ple they are.' 'But,' Mr WELCH said, 'go your "way, Richie, and set the fire of hell to their tails.'— "He went; and, the first day, he preached upon that "text, *How shall I put thee among the children, &c.* "In the application he said, 'Put you among the "children! the offspring of thieves and robbers! we "have all heard of Annandale thieves.' Some of them "got a merciful cast that day, and told afterwards, "that it was the first field meeting they ever attend- "ed, and that they went out of mere curiosity to see "a minister preach in a tent, and people sit on the "ground.'—*Life of* RICHARD CAMERON*.

* This man was chaplain in the family of Sir WALTER SCOTT of Harden, who attended the meetings of the indulged presbyterians; but CAMERON, considering this conduct as a compromise with the foul fiend, episcopacy, was dismissed from the family. He was slain in a skirmish at Airdsmoss, bequeathing his name to the sect of fanatics, still called Cameronians.

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But, though the church, in the border counties, attracted little veneration, no part of Scotland teemed with superstitious fears and observances more than they did. "The Dalesmen*," says LESLEY, "never "count their beads with such earnestness as when "they set out upon a predatory expedition." Penances, the composition betwixt guilt and conscience, were also frequent upon the borders. Of this we have a record in many bequests to the church, and in some more lasting monuments; such as the Tower of Repentance, in Dumfries-shire, and, according to vulgar tradition, the church of Linton†, in Roxburghshire. In the appendix to this introduction, No. III., the reader will find a curious league, or

* An epithet bestowed upon the borderers, from the names of their various districts; as Tiviotdale, Liddisdale, Eskdale, Ewsdale, Annandale, &c. Hence, ELDERTON distinguishes the north as the country,

"Where every river gives name to a dale."

Ex-ale-tation of Ale.

† This small church is founded upon a little hill of sand, in which no stone of the size of an egg is said to have been found, although the neighbouring soil is sharp and gravelly. Tradition accounts for this, by informing us, that the foundresses were two sisters, upon whose account much blood had been spilt in that spot; and that the penance imposed on the fair causers of the slaughter, was an order from the Pope to sift the sand of the hill, upon which their church was to be erected. This story may perhaps have some foundation; for, in the church-yard was discovered a single grave, containing no fewer than fifty skulls, most of which bore the marks of having been cleft by violence.

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treaty of peace, betwixt two hostile clans, by which the heads of each became bound to make the four pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite clan who had fallen in the feud. These were superstitions flowing immediately from the nature of the Catholic religion: but there was, upon the border, no lack of others of a more general nature.—Such was the universal belief in spells, of which some traces may yet remain in the wild parts of the country. These were common in the time of the learned Bishop NICOLSON, who derives them from the time of the Pagan Danes. "This conceit was the more "heightened, by reflecting upon the natural superstition "of our borderers at this day; who are much better "acquainted with, and do more firmly believe, their "old legendary stories of fairies and witches, than the "articles of their creed. And to convince me yet farther that they are not utter strangers to the black "art of their forefathers, I met with a gentleman in "the neighbourhood, who shewed me a book of spells, "and magical receipts, taken, two or three days before, in the pocket of one of our moss-troopers; "wherein, among many other conjuring feats, was "prescribed a certain remedy for an ague, by apply-

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" ing a few barbarous characters to the body of the " party distempered. These, methought, were very " near akin to WORMIUS's *Ram Runer*, which, he " says, differed wholly in figure and shape from the " common *runæ*. For, though he tells us, that these " *Ram Runer* were so called, *Eo quod molestias, dolores,* " *morbosque hisce infligere inimicis soliti sunt magi*; yet " his great friend ARNG. JONAS, more to our purpose, " says, that—*His etiam usi sunt ad benefaciendum, ju-* " *vandum, medicandum tam animi quam corporis mor-* " *bis; atque ad ipsos cacodæmones pellendos et fugandos.* " I shall not trouble you with a draught of this spell, " because I have not yet had an opportunity of learn- " ing whether it may not be an ordinary one, and to " be met with, among others of the same nature, in " PARACELSUS, or CORNELIUS AGRIPPA."—*Letter from* Bishop NICOLSON *to* Mr WALKER: *vide* CAMDEN's *Britannia, Cumberland.* Even in the editor's younger days, he can remember the currency of certain spells, for curing sprains, burns, or dislocations, to which popular credulity ascribed unfailing efficacy*. Charms, however, against spiritual enemies

* Among these may be reckoned the supposed influence of Irish earth, in curing the poison of adders, or other venomous reptiles. This virtue is ex-

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were yet more common than those intended to cure corporeal complaints. This is not surprising, as a fantastic remedy well suited an imaginary disease.

The idea, that the spirits of the deceased return to haunt the place, where on earth they have suffered, or have rejoiced, is, as Dr JOHNSON has observed, common to the popular creed of all nations. The just and noble sentiment, implanted in our bosoms by the Deity, teaches us, that we shall not slumber for ever, as the beasts that perish. Human vanity, or credulity, chequers with its own inferior and base colours, the noble prospect which is alike held out to us by philosophy and by religion. We feel, according to the ardent expression of the poet, that we shall not wholely die; but from hence we vainly and weakly argue, that the same scenes, the same passions, shall delight and actuate the disembodied spirit, which affected it while in its tenement of clay. Hence the popular belief, that the soul haunts the spot where the murdered body is interred; that its appearances are directed to bring

tended by popular credulity to the natives, and even to the animals, of Hibernia. A gentleman, bitten by some reptile, so as to occasion a great swelling, seriously assured the editor, that he ascribed his cure to putting the affected finger into the mouth of an Irish mare!

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down vengeance on its murderers; or that, having left its terrestrial form in a distant clime, it glides before its former friends, a pale spectre, to warn them of its decease. Such tales, the foundation of which is an argument from our present feelings to those of the spiritual world, form the broad and universal basis of the popular superstition regarding departed spirits; against which reason has striven in vain, and universal experience has offered a disregarded testimony.—These legends are peculiarly acceptable to barbarous tribes: and, on the borders, they were received with most unbounded faith. It is true, that these supernatural adversaries were no longer opposed by the sword and battle-axe, as among the unconverted Scandinavians. Prayers, spells, and exorcisms, particularly in the Greek or Hebrew languages, were the weapons of the borderers, or rather of their priests and cunning men, against their aerial enemy*. The belief

* One of the most noted apparitions is supposed to haunt Spedlin's castle, near Lochmaben, the ancient baronial residence of the JARDINES of Applegirth. It is said, that in exercise of his territorial jurisdiction, one of the ancient lairds had imprisoned, in the *Massy More*, or dungeon of the castle, a person named PORTEOUS. Being called suddenly to Edinburgh, the laird discovered, as he entered the west port, that he had brought along with him the key of the dungeon. Struck with the utmost horror, he sent back his servant to relieve the prisoner—but it was too late. The wretched being was found lying upon the steps descending from the door of the vault, starved

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in ghosts, which has been well termed the last lingering phantom of superstition, still maintains its ground upon the borders.

to death. In the agonies of hunger, he had gnawed the flesh from one of his arms. That his spectre should haunt the castle, was a natural consequence of such a tragedy. Indeed its visits became so frequent, that a clergyman of eminence was employed to exorcise it. After a contest of twenty-four hours, the man of art prevailed so far as to confine the goblin to the *many more* of the castle, where its shrieks and cries are still heard. A part, at least, of the spell, depends upon the preservation of the ancient black lettered bible employed by the exorcist. It was some years ago thought necessary to have this bible re-bound; but, as soon as it was removed from the castle, the spectre commenced his nocturnal orgies, with tenfold noise; and it is verily believed that he would have busrt from his confinement, had not the sacred volume been speedily replaced.

A Mass JOHN SCOTT, minister of Peebles, is reported to have been the last renowned exorciser, and to have lost his life in a contest with an obstinate spirit. This was owing to the conceited rashness of a young clergyman, who commenced the ceremony of laying the ghost, before the arrival of Mass JOHN. It is the nature, it seems, of disembodied spirits, as well as embodied, to increase in strength and presumption, in proportion to the advantages which they may gain over the opponent. The young clergyman losing courage, the horrors of the scene were increased to such a degree, that, as Mass JOHN approached the house in which it passed, he beheld the slates and tiles flying from the roof as if dispersed by a whirlwind. At his entry, he peceived all the wax-tapers (the most essential instruments of conjuration) extinguished, except one, which already burned blue in the socket.—The arrival of the experienced sage changed the scene: he brought the spirit to reason; but, unfortunately, while addressing a word of advice or censure to his rash brother, he permitted the ghost to obtain the *last word*; a circumstance which, in all colloquies of this nature, is strictly to be guarded against. This fatal oversight occasioned his falling into a lingering disorder, of which he never recovered.

A curious poem upon the laying of a ghost, forms article No. IV. of the appendix.

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It is unnecessary to mention the superstitious belief in witchcraft, which gave rise to so much cruelty and persecution during the seventeenth century. There were several executions upon the borders for this imaginary crime, which was usually tried, not by the ordinary judges, but by a set of country gentlemen, acting under commission from the Privy Council*.

Besides these grand articles of superstitious belief, the creed of the borderers admitted the existence of sundry classes of subordinate spirits, to whom were assigned peculiar employments. The chief of these were the Fairies, concerning whom the reader will find a long dissertation, VOL. II. p. 167. The Brownie formed a class of beings, distinct in habit and disposition from the freakish and mischievous elves. In the day time, he lurked in remote recesses of the old houses which he delighted to haunt; and, in the night, sedulously employed himself in discharging any laborious task which he thought might be acceptable to the family to whose service he had devoted himself. His name is

* I have seen the record of the trial of a witch, who was burned at Ducove, *penes* HUGH SCOTT, Esq. of Harden. She was tried in the manner mentioned above.

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probably derived from the *Portuni*, whom GERVASE of Tilbury describes thus: "*Ecce enim in Anglia dæmones "quosdam habent, dæmones, inquam, nescio dixerim, an "secretæ et ignotæ generationis effigies, quos Galli Nep- "tunos, Angli Portunos nominant. Istis insitum est quod "simplicitatem fortunatorum colonorum amplectuntur, et "cum nocturnas propter domesticas operas agunt vigilias, "subito clausis januis ad ignem califiunt, et ranunculas ex "sinu projectas, prunis impositas concedunt, senili vultu, "facie corrugata, statura pusilli, dimidium pollicis non "habentes. Panniculis consertis induuntur, et si quid "gestandum in domo fuerit, aut onerosi operis agendum, "ad operandum se jungunt citius humana facilitate ex- "pediunt. Id illis insitum est, ut obsequi possint et "obesse non possint.*"—OTIA IMP. p. 980. In every respect, saving only the feeding upon frogs, which was probably an attribute of the Gallick spirits alone, the above description corresponds with that of the Scotish Brownie. But the latter, although, like MILTON'S lubbar fiend, he loves to stretch himself by the fire*, does not drudge from the hope of recompence.

* — how the drudging goblin swet
To earn the cream bowl duly set;
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,

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On the contrary, so delicate is his attachment, that the offer of reward, but particularly of food, infallibly occasions his disappearance for ever*. We learn from

His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn,
That ten day lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,
E'er the first cock his matin rings.

L'Allegro.

When the menials in a Scotish family protracted their vigils around the kitchen fire, Brownie, weary of being excluded from the midnight hearth, sometimes appeared at the door, seemed to watch their departure, and thus admonished them: "Gang a' to your beds, Sirs, and dinna put out the wee "*grieshoch* (embers)."

* It is told of a Brownie, who haunted a border family, now extinct, that the lady having fallen unexpectedly in labour, and the servant who was ordered to ride to Jedburgh for the *sage femme*, shewing no great alertness in setting out, the familiar spirit slipt on the great coat of the lingering domestic, rode to the town on the laird's best horse, and returned with the midwife *en croupe*. During the short space of his absence, the Tweed, which they must necessarily ford, rose to a dangerous height. Brownie, who transported his charge with all the rapidity of the ghostly lover of *Lenoré*, was not to be stopped by this obstacle. He plunged in with the terrified old lady, and landed her in safety where her services were wanted. Having put the horse into the stable, (where it was afterwards found in a woeful plight,) he proceeded to the room of the servant, whose duty he had discharged; and finding him just in the act of drawing on his boots, he administered to him a most merciless drubbing with his own horse-whip. Such an important service excited the gratitude of the laird; who, understanding that Brownie had been heard to express a wish to have a *green coat*, ordered a vestment of that colour to be made, and left in his haunts. Brownie took away the green coat, but never was seen more. We may suppose, that, tired of his domestic drudgery, he went in his new livery to join the fairies.—*See Appendix, No. V.*

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OLAUS MAGNUS, that spirits, somewhat similar in their operations to the Brownie, were supposed to haunt the Swedish mines. The passage, in the translation of 1658, runs thus: "This is collected in briefe, that in "northerne kingdomes there are great armies of de- "vils, that have their services which they perform with "the inhabitants of these countries: but they are most "frequent in rocks and mines, where they break, cleave, "and make them hollow: which also thrust in pitch- "ers and buckets, and carefully fit wheels and screws, "whereby they are drawn upwards; and they shew "themselves to the labourers, when they list, like to "phantasms and ghosts." It seems no improbable conjecture, that the Brownie is a legitimate descendant of the *Lar Familiaris* of the ancients.

A being, totally distinct from those hitherto mentioned, is the Bogle, or Goblin; a freakish spirit, who delights rather to perplex and frighten mankind, than either to serve, or seriously to hurt them. This is the *Esprit Follet* of the French; and *Puck*, or *Robin Goodfellow*, though enlisted by SHAKESPEARE among the fairy band of *Oberon*, properly belongs to this class of phantoms. *Shellycoat*, a spirit who resides in the wa-

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ters, and has given his name to many a rock and stone upon the Scotish coast, belongs also to the class of bogles *. When he appeared, he seemed to be decked with marine productions; and, in particular, with shells, whose clattering announced his approach.—From this circumstance he derived his name.

Shellycoat must not be confounded with *Kelpy*, a water spirit also, but of a much more powerful and malignant nature. His attributes have been the subject of a poem in Lowland Scotish, by the learned Dr JAMIESON of Edinburgh, with which the editor proposes to adorn the intended third volume of this collection. Of *Kelpy*, therefore, it is unnecessary to say any thing at present.

* One of his pranks is thus narrated: Two men, in a very dark night, approaching the banks of the Ettrick, heard a doleful voice from its waves repeatedly exclaim—"Lost! lost!"—They followed the sound, which seemed to be the voice of a drowning person, and, to their infinite astonishment, they found that it ascended the river. Still they continued, during a long and tempestuous night, to follow the cry of the malicious sprite; and arriving, before morning's dawn, at the very sources of the river, the voice was now heard descending the opposite side of the mountain in which they arise. The fatigued and deluded travellers now relinquished the pursuit; and had no sooner done so, than they heard *Shellycoat* applauding, in loud bursts of laughter, his successful roguery. This spirit was supposed particularly to haunt the old house of Gorrinberry, situated on the river Hermitage, in Liddisdale.

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Of all these classes of spirits it may be in general observed, that their attachment was supposed to be local, and not personal. They haunted the rock, the stream, the ruined castle, without regard to the persons or families to whom the property belonged. Hence, they differed entirely from that species of spirits, to whom, in the Highlands, is ascribed the guardianship or superintendance of a particular clan, or family of distinction; and who, perhaps, yet more than the Brownie, resemble the classic household gods. Thus, in a MS. history of Moray, we are informed, that the family of GURLINBEG is haunted by a spirit called *Garlin Bodachar*; that of the baron of KINCHARDIN, by *Lamhdearg*, or Red-hand, a spectre, one of whose hands is as red as blood; that of TULLOCHGORM, by *May Moulach*, a female figure, whose left hand and arm were covered with hair, who is also mentioned in AUBREY'S *Miscellanies*, pages 211, 212, as a familiar attendant upon the clan GRANT. These superstitions were so ingrafted in the popular creed, that the clerical synods and presbyteries were wont to take cognizance of them *.

* There is current, in some parts of Germany, a fanciful superstition concerning the *Stille Volke*, or silent people. These they suppose to be attached

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Various other superstitions regarding magicians, spells, prophecies, &c. will claim our attention in the progress of this work. For the present, therefore, taking the advice of an old Scotish rhymer, let us

"Leave bogles, brownies, gyre carlinges, and ghaists †."

Flyting of Polwart and Montgomery.

The domestic œconomy of the borderers next engages our attention. That the revenue of the chieftain should be expended in rude hospitality, was the natural result of his situation. His wealth consisted chiefly in herds of cattle, which were consumed by the kinsmen, vassals, and followers, who aided him to ac-

to houses of eminence, and to consist of a number, corresponding to that of the mortal family, each person of which has thus his representative amongst these domestic spirits. When the lady of the family has a child, the queen of the silent people is delivered in the same moment. They endeavour to give warning when danger approaches the family, assist in warding it off, and are sometimes seen to weep and wring their hands, before inevitable calamity.

† So generally were these tales of *diablerie* believed, that one WILLIAM LITHGOW, a *bon vivant*, who appears to have been a native, or occasional inhabitant, of Melrose, is celebrated by the pot-companion who composed his elegy, because

He was good company at jeists,
And wanton when he came to feists,

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quire and to protect them *. We learn from LESLEY, that the borderers were temperate in the use of intoxicating liquors; and we are therefore left to conjecture how they occupied the time, when winter or when accident confined them to their habitations. The little learning which existed in the middle ages, glimmered a dim and a dying flame in the religious houses; and

> He scorn'd the converse of great beasts,
> O'er a sheep's head;
> *He laugh'd at stories about ghaists*;
> Blythe Willie's dead!
>
> *Watson's Scotish Poems, Edin.* 1706.

* We may form some idea of the stile of life maintained by the border warriors, from the anecdotes, handed down by tradition, concerning WALTER SCOTT of Harden, who flourished towards the middle of the sixteenth century. This ancient laird was a renowned freebooter, and used to ride with a numerous band of followers. The spoil, which they carried off from England, or from their neighbours, was concealed in a deep and impervious glen, on the brink of which the old tower of Harden was situated. From thence the cattle were brought out, one by one, as they were wanted, to supply the rude and plentiful table of the laird. When the last bullock was killed and devoured, it was the lady's custom to place on the table a dish, which, on being uncovered, was found to contain a pair of clean spurs; a hint to the *riders* that they must shift for their next meal. Upon one occasion, when the village herd was driving out the cattle to pasture, the old laird heard him call loudly *to drive out* HARDEN'S *cow*. "HARDEN'S *cow*?" echoed the affronted chief—"is it come to that pass? by my faith they shall sune say "HARDEN'S *kye* (cows)." Accordingly, he sounded his bugle, mounted his horse, set out with his followers, and returned next day with "*a bow of kye*, "*and a bassen'd (brindled) bull*." On his return with this gallant prey, he passed a very large hay-stack. It occurred to the provident laird, that this would be extremely convenient to fodder his new stock of cattle; but as no

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even in the sixteenth century, when its beams became more widely diffused, they were far from penetrating the recesses of the border mountains. The tales of tradition, the song, with the pipe or harp of the minstrel, were probably the sole resources against *ennui*,

means of transporting it occurred, he was fain to take leave of it with this apostrophe, now proverbial: "By my soul, had ye but four feet, ye should "not stand lang there." The same mode of house-keeping characterized most border families on both sides. A MS. quoted in *History of Cumberland*, p. 466, concerning the GRÆMES of Netherby, and others of that clan, runs thus: "They were all stark moss-troopers and arrant thieves: "both to England and Scotland outlawed: yet sometimes connived at, be- "cause they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse "at any time, upon a raid of the English into Scotland. A saying is re- "corded of a mother to her son (which is now become proverbial) "*Ride "Rouly (Rouland)*; *Hough's i' the pot*;" that is, the last piece of beef was "in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more." —To such men might with justice be applied the poet's description of the Cretan warrior; translated by my friend, Mr LEYDEN.

My sword, my spear, my shaggy shield,
With these I till, with these I sow;
With these I reap my harvest field,
The only wealth the Gods bestow.
With these I plant the purple vine,
With these I press the luscious wine.

My sword, my spear, my shaggy shield,
They make me lord of all below;
For he who dreads the lance to wield,
Before my shaggy shield must bow.
His lands, his vineyards, must resign;
And all that cowards have is mine.

Hybrias (ap. Athenæum).

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during the short intervals of repose from military adventure.

This brings us to the more immediate subject of the present publication.

LESLEY, who dedicates to the description of border manners, a chapter which we have already often quoted, notices particularly the taste of the marchmen for music and ballad poetry. *" Placent admodum sibi sua " musica, et rythmicis suis cantonibus, quas de majorum " suorum gestis aut ingeniosis prædandi precandive stra- " tagematis ipsi confingunt."*—LESLÆUS, *in capitulo de moribus eorum qui Scotiæ limites Angliam versus incolunt.* The more rude and wild the state of society, the more general and violent is the impulse received from poetry and music. The muse, whose effusions are the amusement of a very small part of a polished nation, records, in the lays of inspiration, the history, the laws, the very religion, of savages.—Where the pen and the press are wanting, the flow of numbers impresses upon the memory of posterity, the deeds and sentiments of their forefathers. Verse is

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naturally connected with music; and, among a rude people, the union is seldom broken. By this natural alliance, the lays, "steeped in the stream of harmony," are more easily retained by the reciter, and produce upon his audience a more impressive effect.—Hence, there has hardly been found to exist a nation so brutishly rude, as not to listen with enthusiasm to the songs of their bards, recounting the exploits of their forefathers, recording their laws and moral precepts, or hymning the praises of their deities. But, where the feelings are frequently stretched to the highest tone, by the vicissitudes of a life of danger and military adventure, this predisposition of a savage people to admire their own rude poetry and music, is heightened, and its tone becomes peculiarly determined.—It is not the peaceful Hindú at his loom, it is not the timid Esquimaux in his canoe, whom we must expect to glow at the war song of TYRTÆUS. The music and the poetry of each country must keep pace with their usual tone of mind, as well as with the state of society.

The morality of their compositions is determined by the same circumstances. Those themes are neces-

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sarily chosen by the bard, which regard the favourite exploits of the hearers; and he celebrates only those virtues, which from infancy he has been taught to admire. Hence, as remarked by LESLEY, the music and songs of the borders were of a military nature, and celebrated the valour and success of their predatory expeditions. Razing, like SHAKESPEARE'S pirate, the eighth commandment from the decalogue, the minstrels praised their chieftains for the very exploits, against which the laws of the country denounced a capital doom. An outlawed freebooter was to them a more interesting person, than the king of Scotland exerting his power to punish his depredations; and, when the characters are contrasted, the latter is always represented as a ruthless and sanguinary tyrant. SPENSER'S description of the bards of Ireland applies in some degree to our ancient border poets. "There "is among the Irish a certain kinde of people called "bardes, which are to them instead of poets; whose "profession is to set forth the praises or dispraises of "men, in their poems or rithmes; the which are had "in such high regard or esteem amongst them, that "none dare displease them for fear of running into "reproach through their offence, and to be made in-

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"famous in the mouths of all men; for their verses "are taken up with a general applause, and usually "sung at all feasts and meetings, by certain other "persons whose proper function that is, who also re- "ceive for the same great rewardes and reputation "amongst them." SPENSER, having bestowed due praise upon the poets who sung the praises of the good and virtuous, informs us, that the bards, on the contrary, "seldom use to chuse unto themselves the "doings of good men for the arguments of their po- "ems; but whomsoever they finde to be most licen- "tious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, "most dangerous and desperate in all parts of diso- "bedience, and rebellious disposition, him they set up "and glorify in their rithmes; him they praise to the "people, and to young men make an example to fol- "low." *Eudoxus*—"I marvail what kind of specches "they can find, or what faces they can put on, to "praise such bad persons, as live so lawlessly and li- "centiously upon stealths and spoyles, as most of them "do; or how they can think that any good mind will "applaud or approve the same." In answer to this question, *Irenæus*, after remarking the giddy and rest- less disposition of the ill educated youth of Ireland,

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which made them prompt to receive evil counsel, adds, that such a person, "if he shall find any to "praise him, and to give him any encouragement, as "those bards and rithmers do, for little reward, or a "share of a stolen cow*, then waxeth he most inso- "lent, and half-mad with the love of himself and his "own lewd deeds. And as for words to set forth such "lewdness, it is not hard for them to give a goodly "and painted show thereunto, borrowed even from "the praises which are proper to virtue itself. As of "a most notorious thief, and wicked outlaw, which "had lived all his life-time of spoils and robberies, "one of their bardes in his praise will say, 'that he was "none of the idle milk-sops that was brought up by "the fire-side, but that most of his days he spent in "arms and valiant enterprizes; that he never did eat "his meat, before he had won it with his sword; that "he lay not all night slugging in his cabin under his "mantle, but used commonly to keep others waking "to defend their lives, and did light his candle at the

* The reward of the Welch bards, and perhaps of those upon the border, was very similar. It was enacted by HOWEL DHA, that if the king's bard played before a body of warriors upon a predatory excursion, he should receive in recompence the best cow which the party carried off.—*Leges Walliæ, l.* 1, *cap.* 19.

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" flames of their houses to lead him in the darkness;
" that the day was his night, and the night his day;
" that he loved not to be long wooing of wenches to
" yield to him, but, where he came, he took by force
" the spoil of other men's love, and left but lamenta-
" tions to their lovers; that his music was not the
" harp, nor lays of love, but the cries of people, and
" clashing of armour; and, finally, that he died, not
" bewailed of many, but made many wail when he
" died, that dearly bought his death.' Do not you
" think, Eudoxus, that many of these praises might
" be applied to men of best deserts? Yet are they all
" yielded to a most notable traitor, and amongst some
" of the Irish not smally accounted of."—*State of Ireland.* The same concurrence of circumstances, so well pointed out by SPENSER, as dictating the topics of the Irish bards, tuned the border harps to the praise of an outlawed ARMSTRONG or MURRAY.

For similar reasons, flowing from the state of society, the reader must not expect to find in the border ballads, refined sentiment, and, far less, elegant expression; although the stile of such compositions has, in modern hands, been found highly susceptible of

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both. But passages might be pointed out, in which the rude minstrel has melted in natural pathos, or risen into rude energy. Even where these graces are totally wanting, the interest of the stories themselves, and the curious picture of manners which they frequently present, authorize them to claim some respect from the public. But it is not the editor's present intention to enter upon a history of border poetry; from which, should circumstances permit, he intends to form the introduction to the intended third volume of this work. He will, therefore, now lay before the reader the plan of the present publication; pointing out the authorities from which his materials are derived, and slightly noticing the nature of the different classes into which he has arranged them.

The MINSTRELSY of the SCOTTISH BORDER contains three classes of poems:

I. HISTORICAL BALLADS.

II. ROMANTIC.

III. IMITATIONS OF THESE COMPOSITIONS BY MODERN AUTHORS.

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The HISTORICAL BALLAD relates events, which we either know actually to have taken place, or which, at least, making due allowance for the exaggerations of poetical tradition, we may readily conceive to have had some foundation in history. For reasons already mentioned, such ballads were early current upon the border. BARBOUR informs us, that he thinks it unnecessary to rehearse the account of a victory gained in Eskdale over the English, because

> —Quhasa liks, thai may her
> Young wemen, quhen thai will play,
> Syng it among thaim ilk day.—
>
> *The Bruce, Book xvi.*

GODSCROFT also, in his history of the House of DOUGLAS, written in the reign of JAMES VI., alludes more than once to the ballads current upon the border, in which the exploits of those heroes were celebrated. Such is the passage relating to the death of WILLIAM DOUGLAS, lord of Liddisdale, slain by the Earl of DOUGLAS, his kinsman, his godson, and his chief*. Similar strains of lamentation were poured by the border poets

* The lord of Liddisdale being at his pastime, hunting in Ettrick forest, is beset by WILLIAM, Earl of DOUGLAS, and such as he had ordained for the purpose; and there assailed, wounded, and slain, beside Galsewood, in

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over the tomb of the hero of Otterbourne (p. 28); and over the unfortunate youths who were dragged to an ignominious death, from the very table at which they partook of the hospitality of their sovereign. The only stanza preserved of this last ballad is uncommonly animated—

> Edinburgh castle, town and toure,
> God grant thou sink for sinne!
> And that even for the black dinoure,
> Erl Douglas gat therein.

Who will not regret, with the editor, that compositions of such interest and antiquity should be now irrecoverable? But it is the nature of popular poetry, as of popular applause, perpetually to shift with the objects of the time; and it is the frail chance of recovering some old manuscript which can alone gra-

the year 1353, upon a jealousy that the Earl had conceived of him with his lady, as the report goeth; for, so says the old song,

> The Countess of Douglas out of her bower she came,
> And loudly there that she did call—
> —"It is for the lord of Liddisdale,
> That I let all these tears down fall."—

The song also declareth, how she did write her love letters to LIDDISDALE, to dissuade him from that hunting. It tells likewise the manner of the taking of his men, and his own killing at Galsewood; and how he was carried the first night to Lindin kirk, a mile from Selkirk, and was buried within the abbacy of Melross.—*Godscroft*, VOL. I. p. 144, Ed. 1743.

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tify our curiosity regarding the earlier efforts of the border muse. Some of her later strains, composed during the sixteenth century, have survived even to the present day; but the recollection of them has, of late years, become like that of a tale which was told. In the sixteenth century, these northern tales appear to have been popular even in London; for the learned Mr RITSON has obligingly pointed out to me the following passages, respecting the noted ballad of *Dick o' the Cow* (p.137); "Dick o' the Cow, that mad "demi-lance northern borderer, who plaid his prizes "with the lord JOCKEY so bravely."—NASHE's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, or *Gabriell Harvey's Hunt is up.*—1596, 4*to*, *Epistle Dedicatorie sig. A.* 2. 6. And in a list of books, printed for and sold by P. BROOKSBY (1688), occurs "Dick-a-the Caw, con-"taining north country songs*." Could this collection have been found, it would probably have thrown much light on the present publication: but the editor

* The Selkirkshire ballad of *Tamlane* (VOL. II. p. 167) seems also to have been well known in England. Among the popular heroes of romance, enumerated in the introduction to the history of "*Tom Thumbe*" (London 1621, bl. letter), occurs "Tom a Lin, the devil's supposed bastard." There is a parody upon the same ballad in the "*Pinder of Wakefield*" (London 1621).

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has been obliged to draw his materials chiefly from oral tradition.

The causes of the preservation of these songs have either entirely ceased, or are gradually decaying.—Whether they were originally the composition of minstrels, professing the joint arts of poetry and music; or whether they were the occasional effusions of some self-taught bard; is a question into which I do not here mean to enquire. But it is certain, that, till a very late period, the pipers, of whom there was one attached to each border town of note, and whose office was often hereditary, were the great depositaries of oral, and particularly of poetical, tradition. About spring time, and after harvest, it was the custom of these musicians to make a progress through a particular district of the country. The music and the tale repaid their lodging, and they were usually farther gratified with a donation of seed corn*. This

* These town pipers, an institution of great antiquity upon the borders, were certainly the last remains of the minstrel race. Robin Hastie, town piper of Jedburgh, perhaps the last of the order, died four or five years ago: his family were supposed to have held the office for about three centuries. Old age had rendered Robin himself a wretched performer; but he knew several old songs and tunes, which have probably died along with him. The town pipers received a livery and salary from the community to

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order of minstrels is alluded to in the comic song of *Maggy Lauder*, who thus addresses a piper—

"Live ye upo' the border?"

By means of these men much traditional poetry was preserved, which must otherwise have perished. Other itinerants, not professed musicians, found their welcome to their night's quarters readily insured by their knowledge in legendary lore. JOHN GRÆME, of Sowport, in Cumberland, commonly called *The Long Quaker*, a person of this latter description, is still alive; and several of the songs, now published, have been taken down from his recitation*. The shepherds also, and aged persons, in the recesses of the border mountains, frequently remember and repeat the warlike songs of their fathers. This is more especially the

which they belonged; and, in some burghs, they had also a small allotment of land, called the Piper's Croft. For further particulars regarding them—See *Introduction to Complaynt of Scotland*. Edinburgh, 1801, p. 142.

* This person is perhaps the last of our professed ballad reciters, and is now upwards of eighty years of age. He was by profession an itinerant cleaner of clocks and watches; but a stentorian voice, and a most tenacious memory, qualified him eminently for remembering accurately, and reciting with energy, the border gathering songs and tales of war. His memory is now much impaired by age; yet the number of verses which he can still pour forth, and the animation of his tone and gestures, form a most extraordinary contrast to his extreme feebleness of person, and dotage of mind.

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case in what are called the *South Highlands*, where, in many instances, the same families have occupied the same possessions for centuries.

It is chiefly from this latter source that the editor has drawn his materials, most of which were collected many years ago, during his early youth. But he has been enabled, in many instances, to supply and correct the deficiencies of his own copies, from a collection of border songs, frequently referred to in the work, under the title of *Glenriddell's MS.* This was compiled from various sources by the late Mr RIDDELL, of Glenriddell, a sedulous border antiquary; and, since his death, has become the property of Mr JOLLIE, bookseller at Carlisle; to whose liberality the editor owes the use of it while preparing this work for the press. No liberties have been taken either with the recited or written copies of these ballads, farther than that, where they disagreed, the editor, in justice to the author, has uniformly preserved what seemed to him the best or most poetical reading of the passage. Such discrepancies must very frequently occur, wherever poetry is preserved by oral tradition; for the reciter, making it a uniform principle to

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proceed at all hazards, is very often, when his memory fails him, apt to substitute large portions from some other tale, altogether distinct from that which he has commenced. Besides, the prejudices of clans and of districts have occasioned variations in the mode of telling the same story. Some arrangement was also occasionally necessary to recover the rhyme, which was often, by the ignorance of the reciters, transposed or thrown into the middle of the line. With these freedoms, which were essentially necessary to remove obvious corruptions, and fit the ballads for the press, the editor presents them to the public, under the complete assurance, that they carry with them the most indisputable marks of their authenticity.

The same observations apply to the Second Class, here termed ROMANTIC BALLADS; intended to comprehend such legends as are current upon the border, relating to fictitious and marvellous adventures.—These, carrying with them a general, and not merely a local, interest, are much more extensively known among the peasantry of Scotland than the *border raid-ballads*, the fame of which is in general confined to the mountains where they were originally composed.

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Hence, it has been easy to collect these tales of romance, to a number much greater than the editor has chosen to insert in this publication*. To the politeness and liberality of Mr HERD, of Edinburgh, the editor of the first classical collection of Scotish songs and ballads, (Edinburgh, 1774, 2 vols.) the editor is indebted for the use of his MSS. containing songs and ballads, published and unpublished, to the number of ninety and upwards. To this collection frequent references are made in the course of the following pages. Two books of ballads, in MS. have also been communicated to me, by my learned and respected friend, ALEXANDER FRASER TYTLER, Esq. of Woodhouselee. I take the liberty of transcribing Mr TYTLER's memorandum respecting the manner in which they came into his hands. "My father* got the following songs "from an old friend, Mr THOMAS GORDON, profes-

* Mr JAMIESON of Macclesfield, a gentleman of literary and poetical accomplishment, has for some years been employed in a compilation of Scotish ballad poetry, which will probably be soon given to the public. I have, therefore, as far as the nature of my work permitted, sedulously avoided anticipating any of his materials; as I am very certain he himself will do our common cause the most ample justice.

* WILLIAM TYTLER, Esq. the ingenious defender of Queen MARY, and author of a *Dissertation upon Scotish Music*; which does honour to his memory.

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" sor of philosophy, King's College, Aberdeen. The " following extract of a letter of the professor to me, " explains how he came by them—" An aunt of my " children, Mrs FARQUHAR, now dead, who was mar- " ried to the proprietor of a small estate, near the " sources of the Dee, in Braemar, a good old woman, " who spent the best part of her life among flocks and " herds, resided in her latter days in the town of Aber- " deen. She was possest of a most tenacious memo- " ry, which retained all the songs she had heard from " nurses and countrywomen in that sequestered part " of the country. Being maternally fond of my chil- " dren, when young, she had them much about her, " and delighted them with her songs, and tales of chi- " valry. My youngest daughter, Mrs BROWN, at " Falkland, is blest with a memory as good as her " aunt, and has almost the whole of her songs by " heart. In conversation I mentioned them to your " father, at whose request my grandson, Mr SCOTT, " wrote down a parcel of them, as his aunt sung " them. Being then but a mere novice in music, he " added in the copy such musical notes as he suppo- " sed might give your father some notion of the airs, " or rather lilts, to which they were sung.

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From this curious and valuable collection, the editor has procured very material assistance. At the same time, it contains many beautiful legendary poems of which he could not avail himself, as they seemed to be the exclusive property of the bards of Angus and Aberdeenshire. But the copies of such as were known on the borders, have furnished him with various readings, and with supplementary stanzas, which he has frequent opportunities to acknowledge. The MSS. are cited under the name of Mrs BROWN of Falkland, the ingenious lady to whose taste and memory the world is indebted for the preservation of the tales which they contain. The other authorities, which occur during the work, are particularly referred to.

In publishing both classes of ancient ballads, the editor has excluded those which are to be found in the common collections of this nature, unless in one or two instances, where he conceived it possible to give them some novelty by historical or critical illustration.

It would have been easy for the editor to have given these songs an appearance of more indisputable antiquity, by adopting the rude orthography of the period

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to which he is inclined to refer them. But this (unless when MSS. of antiquity can be referred to) seemed too arbitrary an exertion of the privileges of a publisher, and must besides have unnecessarily increased the difficulties of many readers. On the other hand, the utmost care has been taken never to reject a word or phrase used by a reciter, however uncouth or antiquated. Such barbarisms, which stamp upon the tales their age and their nation, should be respected by an editor, as the hardy emblem of his country was venerated by the poet of Scotland.

> The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide
> Amang the bearded bear,
> I turned the weeder-clips aside,
> And spared the symbol dear!
>
> BURNS.

The meaning of such obsolete words is usually given at the bottom of the page. For explanation of the more common peculiarities of the Scotish dialect, the English reader is referred to the excellent glossary annexed to the last edition of BURNS' works.

The Third Class of ballads are announced to the public, as MODERN IMITATIONS of the Ancient Style of composition, in that department of poetry; and they are

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founded upon such traditions, as we may suppose in the elder times would have employed the harps of the minstrels. This kind of poetry has been supposed capable of uniting the vigorous numbers and wild fiction which occasionally charm us in the ancient ballad, with a greater equality of versification, and elegance of sentiment, than we can expect to find in the works of a rude age. But upon my ideas of the nature and difficulty of such imitations, I ought in prudence to be silent; least I resemble the dwarf, who brought with him a standard to measure his own stature.

I have not as yet been able to avail myself of the extensive and valuable assistance which I have received for this part of my work; and perhaps many of my readers will return me little thanks for postponing, to an intended third volume, some pieces, which, in point of poetical merit, ought to have taken place of those now given to the public. But my plan compelled me to give precedence to such as referred more immediately to the traditions of the border.

It would have the appearance of personal vanity, were the editor to detail the assistance and encou-

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ragement which he has received during his undertaking, from some of the first literary characters of our age. The names of STUART, MACKENZIE, ELLIS, CURRIE, and RITSON, with many others, are talismans too powerful to be used for bespeaking the world's favour to a collection of old songs; even although a veteran bard has remarked, "that both the great poet of "Italian rhyme, PETRARCH, and our CHAUCER, and "other of the upper house of the muses, have thought "their canzons honoured in the title of a ballad." To my ingenious friend, Mr JOHN LEYDEN, my readers will at once perceive that I lie under extensive obligations, for the poetical pieces with which he has permitted me to decorate my compilation. But I am yet farther indebted to him for his uniform assistance, in collecting and arranging materials for the work.

In the notes, and occasional dissertations, it has been my object to throw together, perhaps without sufficient attention to method, a variety of remarks regarding popular superstitions, and legendary history, which, if not now collected, must soon have been totally forgotten. By such efforts, feeble as they are, I may contribute somewhat to the history of my native coun-

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try; the peculiar features of whose manners and character are daily melting and dissolving into those of her sister and ally. And, trivial as may appear such an offering, to the manes of a kingdom, once proud and independent, I hang it upon her altar with a mixture of feelings, which I shall not attempt to describe.

—" Hail! land of spearmen! seed of those who scorn'd
To stoop the proud crest to Imperial Rome!
Hail! dearest half of Albion, sea-wall'd!
Hail! state unconquer'd by the fire of war,
Red war, that twenty ages round thee blaz'd!
To thee, for whom my purest raptures flow,
Kneeling with filial homage, I devote
My life, my strength, my first and latest song."—

Albania.

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APPENDIX, No. I.

HISTORY OF GEORDIE BOURNE.

In the following passages, extracted from the memoirs of Sir Robert Carey, then deputy of his father, Lord Hunsdon, warden of the east marches, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, the reader will find a lively illustration of the sketch given of border manners in the preceding introduction.

"Having thus ended with my brother, I then beganne to thinke of the charge I had taken upon mee, which was the government of the east march in my father's absence. I wrote to Sir Robert Kerr*, who was my opposite warden, a brave active young man, and desired him that hee would appoint a day when hee and myselfe might privately meet in some part of the border, to take some good order for the quieting the borders, till my retourne from London, which journey I was shortly of necessity to take. He stayed my man

* Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, warden of the middle marches, and ancestor of the House of Roxburgh.

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all night, and wrote to me back, that he was glad to have the happinesse to be acquainted with mee, and did not doubt but the country would be better governed by our good agreements. I wrote to him on the Monday, and the Thursday after hee appointed the place and hour of meeting.

" After hee had filled my man with drinke, and putt him to bed, hee and some halfe a score with him gott to horse, and came into England to a little village. There hee broke up a house, and tooke out a poore fellow, who (he pretended) had done him some wrong, and before the doore cruelly murthered him, and so came quietly home, and went to bed.— The next morning hee delivered my man a letter in answer to mine, and retourned him to mee. It pleased mee well at the reading of his kinde letter, but when I heard what a BRAVE hee had put upon mee, I quickly resolved what to do, which was, never to have to do with him, till I was righted for the greate wrong hee had done mee. Upon this resolution, the day I should have mett with him I tooke post, and with all the haste I could, rode to London, leaving him to attend my coming to him as was appointed. There hee stayed from one till five, but heard no news of mee. Finding by this that I had neglected him, he retourned home to his house, and so things rested (with greate dislike the one of the other) till I came back, which was with all the speede I could, my businesse being ended. The first thing I did after my retourne was to ask justice for the wrong hee had done mee, but I could get none. The borderers seeing our disagreement,

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they thought the time wished for of them was come. The winter being beganne, there was roades made out of Scotland into the east march, and goods were taken three or foure times a weeke. I had no other meanes left to quiet them, but still sent out of the garrison horsemen of Berwick to watch in the fittest places for them, and it was their good hap many times to light upon them with the stolen goods driving before them. They were no sooner brought before mee, but a jury went upon them, and being found guilty they were frequently hanged: a course which hath been seldom used, but I had no way to keep the country quiet but to do so; for when the Scotch theeves found what a sharp course I tooke with them, that were found with the bloody hand, I had in a short time the country more quiet. All this while wee were but in jest as it were, but now beganne the greate quarrell betweene us.

"There was a favorite of his, a greate theife, called GEORDIE BOURNE. This gallant, with some of his associates, would in a bravery come and take goods in the east march. I had that night some of the garrison abroad. They met with this GEORDIE and his fellowes, driving of cattle before them. The garrison set upon them, and with a shott killed GEORDIE BOURNE's unckle, and hee himselfe, bravely resisting till hee was sore hurt in the head, was taken. After hee was taken, his pride was such, as hee asked, who it was that durst avow that nightes worke? but when hee heard it was the garrison, hee was then more quiet. But so powerfull and awfull was

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this Sir ROBERT KERR, and his favorites, as there was not a gentleman in all the east march that durst offend them. Presently after hee was taken, I had most of the gentlemen of the march come to mee, and told mee that now I had the ball at my foote, and might bring Sir ROBERT KERR to what conditions I pleased; for that this man's life was so neere and deare unto him, as I should have all that my heart could desire for the good and quiet of the country and myselfe, if upon any condition I would give him his life. I heard them and their reasons; notwithstanding I called a jury the next morning, and he was found guilty of MARCH TREASON.— Then they feared that I would cause him to be executed that afternoone, which made them come flocking to mee, humbly entreating mee, that I would spare his life till the next day, and if Sir ROBERT KERR came not himselfe to mee, and made mee not such proffers, as I could not but accept, that then I should do with him what I pleased. And further they told me plainly, that if I should execute him, before I had heard from Sir ROBERT KERR, they must be forced to quitt their houses and fly the country; for his fury would be such against mee and the march I commanded, as hee would use all his power and strength to the utter destruction of the east march. They were so earnest with mee, that I gave them my word he should not dye that day. There was post upon post sent to Sir ROBERT KERR, and some of them rode to him themeselves to advertise him in what danger GEORDIE BOURNE was; how he was condemned, and should have been executed that afternoone, but by their humble suite I

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gave them my word, that he should not dye that day; and therefore besought him, that hee would send to mee with all the speede he could to let mee know, that he would be the next day with mee to offer mee good conditions for the safety of his life. When all things were quiet and the watch sett at night, after supper about ten of the clock, I tooke one of my men's liveryes, and put it about mee, and tooke two other of my servants with mee in their liveryes, and wee three, as the warden's men, came to the provost marshall's, where BOURNE was, and were let into his chamber. Wee sate down by him, and told him, that wee were desirous to see him, because wee heard hee was stout and valiant, and true to his friend; and that wee were sorry our master could not be moved to save his life. He voluntarily of himselfe said, that he had lived long enough to do so many villanies as hee had done, and withal told us, that hee had layne with above forty men's wives, what in England, what in Scotland; and that hee had killed seven Englishmen with his own hands, cruelly murthering them: that he had spent his whole time in whoreing, drinking, stealing, and taking deep revenge for slight offences. Hee seemed to be very penitent, and much desired a minister for the comfort of his soule. Wee promised him to let our master know his desire, who, wee knew, would presently grant it. Wee tooke our leaves of him, and presently I tooke order, that Mr SELBY, a very worthy honest preacher, should go to him, and not stirre from him till his execution the next morning: for after I had heard his own confession, I was resolved no conditions should save his life; and so tooke order,

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that at the gates opening the next morning, hee should be carried to execution, which accordingly was performed. The next morning I had one from Sir ROBERT KERR for a parley, who was within two miles staying for mee. I sent him word, "I would meet him where hee pleased, but I would "first know upon what termes and conditions." Before his man was retourned, hee had heard, that in the morning very early GEORDIE BOURNE had been executed. Many vowes hee made of cruell revenge, and retourned home full of griefe and disdaine, and from that time forwards still plotted revenge. Hee knew the gentlemen of the country were altogether sacklesse, and to make open road upon the marsh would but shew his malice, and lay him open to the punishment due to such offences. But his practice was how to be revenged on mee or some of mine.

"It was not long after that my brother and I had intelligence that there was a great match made at foote-ball, and the chiefe ryders were to be there. The place they were to meet at was Kelsy, and that day wee heard it was the day for the meeting. Wee presently called a counsaile, and after much dispute it was concluded, that the likeliest place hee was to come to, was to kill the scoutes. And it was the more suspected, for that my brother before my coming to the office, for cattaile stolne out of the bounds, and as it were from under the walles of Barwicke, being refused justice (upon his complaint) or at least delaid, sent of the garrison into Liddis-

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dale, and killed there the chiefe offender, which had done the wrong.

" Upon this conclusion, there was order taken, that both horse and foote should lye in ambush in diverse parts of the boundes to defend the scoutes, and to give a sound blow to Sir ROBERT and his company. Before the horse and foote were set out with directions what to do, it was almost darke night, and the gates ready to be lockt. Wee parted, and as I was by myselfe coming to my house, God put it into my mind, that it might well be, hee meant destruction to my men, that I had sent out to gather tithes for mee at Norham, and their rendevous was every night to lye and sup at an ale-house in Norham. I presently caused my page to take horse, and to ride as fast as his horse could carry him, and to command my servants (which were in all, eight) that presently upon his coming to them they should all change their lodging, and go streight to the castle, there to lye that night in strawe and hay. Some of them were unwilling thereto, but durst not disobey; so altogether left their ale-house, and retired to the castle. They had not well settled themselves to sleep, but they heard in the town a greate alarm; for Sir ROBERT and his company came streight to the ale-house, broke open the doors, and made enquiry for my servants. They were answered, that by my command they were all in the castle. After they had searched all the house and found none, they feared they were betrayed, and with all the speede

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they could, made haste homewards again. Thus God blessed me from this bloody tragedy.

" All the whole march expected nightly some hurt to be done; but God so blessed mee and the government I held, as, for all his fury, hee never drew drop of blood in all my march, neither durst his theeves trouble it much with stealing, for fear of hanging, if they were taken. Thus wee continued a yeare, and then God sent a meanes to bring things to better quiet by this occasion.

" There had been commissioners in Barwicke chosen by the Queene and the King of Scottes, for the better quieting of our borders. By their industry they found a great number of malefactors guilty, both in England and Scotland; and they tooke order, that the officers of Scotland should deliver such offenders, as were found guilty in their jurisdictions, to the opposite officers in England, to be detained prisoners, till they had made satisfaction for the goods they had taken out of England. The like order was taken with the wardens of England, and days prefixed for the delivery of them all. And in case any of the officers on either side should omit their duties in not delivering the prisoners at the dayes and places appointed, that then there should a course be taken by the Soveraignes, that what chief officer soever should offend herein, he himself should be delivered and detained, till he had made good what the commissioners had agreed upon.

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" The English officers did punctually at the day and place deliver their prisoners, and so did most of the officers of Scotland; only the lord of BOCLEUCH and Sir ROBERT KERR were faultie. They were complained of, and new dayes appointed for the delivery of their prisoners. BOCLEUCH was the first, that should deliver; and hee failing, entered himself prisoner into Barwicke, there to remaine till those officers under his charge were delivered to free him. He chose for his guardian Sir WILLIAM SELBY, master of the ordinance at Barwicke. When Sir ROBERT KERR's day of delivery came, he failed too, and my lord HUME, by the king's command, was to deliver him prisoner into Barwicke upon the like termes, which was performed. Sir ROBERT KERR, (contrary to all men's expectation) chose mee for his guardian, and home I brought him to my own house after hee was delivered to mee. I lodged him as well as I could, and tooke order for his diet and men to attend on him, and sent him word, that (although by his harsh carriage towards mee, ever since I had that charge, he could not expect any favour, yet) hearing so much goodness of him, that he never broke his word, if hee would give mee his hand and credit to be a true prisoner, hee should have no guard set upon him, but have free liberty for his friends in Scotland to have ingresse and regresse to him as oft as hee pleased. Hee tooke this very kindly at my handes, accepted of my offer, and sent mee thankes.

" Some four dayes passed; all which time his friends came

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into him, and hee kept his chamber. Then hee sent to mee, and desired mee, I would come and speake with him, which I did; and after long discourse, charging and recharging one another with wrong and injuries, at last before our parting, wee became good friends, with great protestations on his side never to give mee occasion of unkindnesse again. After our reconciliation hee kept his chamber no longer, but dined and supt with mee. I tooke him abroad with mee at the least thrice a weeke, a hunting, and every day wee grew better friends. BOCLEUCH, in a few dayes after, had his pledges delivered, and was sett at liberty. But Sir ROBERT KERR could not gett his, so that I was commanded to carry him to Yorke, and there to deliver him prisoner to the Archbishop, which accordingly I did. At our parting hee professed great love unto mee for the kinde usage I had shewn him, and that I would find the effects of it upon his delivery, which hee hoped would be shortly.

"Thus wee parted; and not long after his pledges were gott, and brought to Yorke, and hee sett at liberty. After his retourne home, I found him as good as his word. Wee mett oft at dayes of truce, and I had as good justice as I could desire; and so wee continued very kinde and good friends all the time that I stayed in that march, which was not long."

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APPENDIX, No. II.

MAITLAND's COMPLAYNT

AGANIS

THE THIEVIS OF LIDDISDAIL.

FROM PINKERTON'S EDITION, COLLATED WITH A MS. OF MAITLAND'S POEMS, IN THE LIBRARY OF EDINBURGH COLLEGE.

Of Liddisdail the commoun theifis
Sa peartlie steillis now and reifis,
That nane may keip
Horse, nolt, nor scheip,
Nor yett dar sleip
For thair mischeifis.

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Thay plainly throw the country rydis,
I trow the mekil devil thame gydis!
Quhair they onsett,
Ay in thair gaitt,
Thair is na yet
Nor dor, thame bydis.

Thay leif rich nocht, quhair ever thay ga;
Thair can na thing be hid thame fra;
For gif men wald
Thair housis hald,
Than waxe thay bald,
To burne and slay.

Thay thiefs have neirhand herreit hail,
Ettricke forest and Lawderdaill;
Now are they gane,
In Lawthiane;
And spairis nane
That thay will waill.

Thay landis ar with stouth sa socht,
To extreame povertye ar broucht,
Thay wicked schrowis
Has laid the plowis:
That nane or few is
That are left oucht.

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Bot commoun taking of blak maill,
Thay that had flesche, and breid and aill,
Now are sa wrakit,
Made bair and nakit,
Fane to be slaikit ,
With watter caill.

Thay theifs that steillis and tursis hame,
Ilk ane of thame hes ane to-name *;
Will of the Lawis,
Hab of the Schawis:
To mak bair wawis
Thay thinke na schame.

Thay spuilye puir men of their pakis,
Thay leif them nocht on bed nor bakis;
Baith hen and cok,
With reil and rok,
The lairdis Jok
All with him takis.

* Owing to the marchmen being divided into large clans, bearing the same sirname, individuals were usually distinguished by some epithet derived from their place of residence, personal qualities, or descent. Thus, every distinguished moss-trooper had what is here called a *to-name*, or *Nom de Guerre*, in addition to his family name.

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Thay leif not spindell, spoone, nor speit;
Bed, boster, blanket, sark, nor scheit;
Johne of the Parke
Ryps kist and ark;
For all sic wark
He is richt meit.

He is weil kend, John of the Syde;
A greater theif did never ryde.
He never tyris
For to brek byris:
Ouir muir and myris
Ouir gude ane gyde.

Thair is ane, callet Clement's Hob,
Fra ilk puir wyfe reiffis the wob,
And all the lave,
Quhatever thay haife,
The devil recave
Thairfoir his gob.

To sic grit stouth quha eir wald trow it,
Bot gif sum great man it allowit,
Rycht sair I trow
Thocht it be rew:
Thair is sa few
That dar avow it.

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Of sum great men thay have sic gait,
That redy are thame to debait,
And will up weir
Thair stolen geir:
That nane dare steir
Thame air nor lait.

Quhat causis theiffis us ourgang,
Bot want of justice us amang?
Nane takis cair,
Thocht all for fear;
Na man will spair
Now to do wrang.

Of stouth thocht now thay come gude speid,
That nother of men nor God has dreid;
Yet, or I die,
Sum sall thame sie,
Hing on a trie
Quhill they be deid—

Quo' Sir R. M. *of* LETHINGTON, *knicht.*

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APPENDIX, No. III.

BOND

OF ALLIANCE, OR FEUD STAUNCHING,

BETWIXT THE CLANS

OF

SCOT AND KER.

The battle of Melrose (see Introduction, p. xvi.) occasioned a deadly feud betwixt the names of SCOT and KER. The following indenture was designed to reconcile their quarrel. But the alliance, if it ever took effect, was not of long duration; for the feud again broke out about 1553, when Sir WALTER SCOT was slain by the KERS in the streets of Edinburgh.

"Thir indentures, made at Ancrum the 16th of March, 1529 years, contains, proports, and bears leil and suithfast

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witnessing, That it is appointed, agreed, and finally accorded betwixt honourable men; that is to say, WALTER KER of Cessford, ANDREW KER of Fairnichirst, MARK KER of Dolphinston, GEORGE KER tutor of Cessford, and ANDREW KER of Primesideloch, for themselves, kin, friends, mentennants, assisters, allies, adherents, and partakers, on the one part; and WALTER SCOT of Branxholm, knight, ROBERT SCOT of Allanhaugh, ROBERT SCOT tutor of Howpaisly, JOHN SCOT of Roberton, and WALTER SCOT of Stirkshaws, for themselves, their kin, friends, mentennants, servants, assisters, and adherents, on the other part; in manner, form, and effect, as after follows: For staunching all discord and variance betwixt them, and for furthbearing of the king's authority, and punishing trespasses, and for amending all slaughters, heritages, and steedings, and all other pleas concerning thereto, either of these parties to others, and for unite friendship and concord to be had in time coming 'twixt them, of our sovereign lord's special command: that is to say, either of the said parties, be the tenor hereof, remits and forgives to others the rancour, hatred, and malice of their hearts; and the said WALTER SCOT of Branxholm shall gang, or cause gang, at the will of the party, to the four head pilgrimages of Scotland, and shall say a mass for the souls of umquhile ANDREW KER of Cessford, and them that were slain in his company, in the field of Melrose; and, upon his expence, shall cause a chaplain say a mass daily, when he is disposed, in what place the said WALTER KER and his friends pleases, for the weil of the said souls, for the space of five years next to come.—

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MARK KER of Dolphingston, ANDREW KER of Graden, shall gang, at the will of the party, to the four head pilgrimages of Scotland, and shall gar say a mass for the souls of umquhile JAMES SCOT of Eskirk, and other SCOTS their friends, slain in the field of Melrose; and, upon their expence, shall gar a chaplain say a mass daily, when he is disposed, for the heal of their souls, where the said WALTER SCOT and his friends pleases, for the space of three years next to come: and the said WALTER SCOT of Branxholm shall marry his son and heir upon one of the said WALTER KER his sisters; he paying therefore a competent portion to the said WALTER KER and his heir, at the sight of the friends of baith parties. And also, baith the saids parties bind and oblige them, be the faith and truth of their bodies, that they abide at the decreet and deliverance of the six men chosen arbiters, anent all other matters, quarrels, actions, and debates, whilk either of them likes to propone against others betwixt the saids parties: and also the six arbiters are bound and obliged to decreet and deliver, and give forth their deliverance thereuntil, within year and day after the date hereof. And attour, either of the saids parties bind and oblige them, be the faith and truth of their bodies, ilk ane to others, that they shall be leil and true to others, and neither of them will another's skaith, but they shall lett it at their power, and give to others their best counsel, and it be asked; and shall take leil and affald part ilk ane with others, with their kin, friends, servants, allies, and partakers, in all and sundry their actions, quarrels and debates against all that live and die (may the allegiance of our

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sovereign lord the king allenarly be excepted). And for the obliging and keeping all thir premises above written, baith the saids parties are bound and obliged, ilk ane to others, be the faith and truth of their bodies, but fraud or guile, under the pain of perjury, men-swearing, defalcation, and breaking of the bond of deadly. And, in witness of the whilk, ilk ane to the procuratory of this indenture remain with the said WALTER SCOT and his friends, the said WALTER KER of Cessford has affixed his proper seal, with his subscription manual, and with the subscription of the said ANDREW KER of Fairniehirst, MARK KER of Dolphinston, GEORGE KER tutor of Cessford, and ANDREW KER of Primesideloch, before these witnesses, MR ANDREW DRURIE, abbot of Melrose, and GEORGE DOUGLAS of Boonjedward, JOHN RIDDEL of that ilk, and WILLIAM STEWART.

Sic subscribitur,

WALTER KER of Cessford.
ANDREW KER of Fairniehirst.
MARK KER.
GEORGE KER.
ANDREW KER of Primesideloch."

N. B. The four pilgrimages are Scoon, Dundee, Paislaw, and Melrose.

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APPENDIX, No. IV.

ANE INTERLUDE

OF THE LAYING OF A GAIST.

This burlesque poem is preserved in the BANNATYNE MS. It is in the same strain with the verses concerning the *Gyre Carline* (Vol II. p. 189). As the mention of *Bettokis Bowr* occurs in both pieces, and as the scene of both is laid in East Lothian, they are perhaps composed by the same author.—The humour of these fragments seems to have been directed against the superstitions of Rome, but is now become very obscure. Nevertheless, the verses are worthy of preservation, for the sake of the ancient language and allusions.

Listen lordis, I sall you tell,
Off ane very grit marvell,
Off Lord Fergussis gaist,

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How mekle Sir Andro it chest,
Unto Beittokis bour,
The silly sawle to succour:
And he hes writtin unto me,
Auld storeis for to se,
Gif it appinis him to meit,
How he sall conjure the spreit:
And I haif red mony quars,
Bath the Donet, and Dominus que pars,
Ryme maid, and als redene,
Bath Inglis, and Latene:
And ane story haif I to reid,
Passes Bonitatem in the creid.
To conjure the litill gaist he mon haif
Of tod's tails ten thraif,
And kast the grit holy water
With pater noster, pitter patter;
And ye man sit in a compas
And cry, Harbert tuthless
Drag thow, and ye's draw
And sit thair quhill cock craw.
The compas mon hallowit be
With aspergis me Domine;
The haly writ schawis als
Thair man be hung about your hals
Pricket in ane woll poik
Of neis powder ane grit loik.
Thir thingis mon ye beir,

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Brynt in ane doggis eir,
Ane pluck, ane pindill, and ane palme cors,
Thre tuskis of ane awld hors,
And of ane yallow wob the warp,
The boddome of ane awld herp,
The heid of ane cuttit reill,
The band of ane awld quheill,
The taill of ane yeild sow,
And ane bait of blew wow,
Ane botene, and ane brechame,
And ane quhorle made of lame,
To luke out at the litill boir,
And cry, Crystis crosse, you befoir:
And quhen ye see the litill gaist,
Cumand to you in all haist,
Cry loud, Cryste eleisone,
And speir quhat law it levis on?
And gif it sayis on Godis ley,
Than to the litill gaist ye say,
With braid benedicite;
—" Litill gaist, I conjure the,
With lierie and larie,
Bayth fra God, and Sanct Marie,
First with ane fischis mouth,
And syne with ane sowlis towth,
With ten pertane tais,
And nyne knokis of windil strais,
With thre heidis of curle doddy"—

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And bid the gaist turn in a boddy,
Then efter this conjuratioun,
The litill gaist will fall in soun,
And thair efter down ly,
Cryand mercy petously;
Than with your left heil sane,
And it will nevir cum agane
As meikle as a mige amaist*

He had a littill we leg,
And it wes oant as any cleg,
It wes wynd in ane wynden schet,
Baythe the handis and the feit:
Suppose this gaist wes littill,
Yit it stal Godis quhittell;
It stall fra peteous Abrahame,
Ane quhorle and ane quhim quhame;
It stal fra ye carle of ye mone
Ane payr of awld yin schone;
It rane to Pencatelane,
And wirreit ane awld chaplane;
This litill gaist did na mair ill
Bot clok lyk a corn myll;
And it wald play and hop,
About the heid ane stre strop;
And it wald sing and it wald dance,

* Apparently some lines are here omitted.

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Oure fute, and Orliance.
Quha conjurit the littill gaist say ye?
Nane bot the littil Spenzie fle,
That with hir wit and hir ingyne,
Gart the gaist leif agane;
And sune mareit the gaist the fle,
And croun'd him king of Kandelie;
And they gat them betwene,
Orpheus king, and Elpha quene *.
To reid quha will this gentill geist,
Ye hard it not at Cockilby's feist †.

* This seems to allude to the old romance of *Orfeo and Heurodis*, from which the reader will find some extracts VOL. II. p. 193. The wife of *Orpheus* is here called *Elpha*, probably from her having been abstracted by the elves, or fairies.

† Alluding to a strange unintelligible poem in the BANNATYNE MS. called *Cockelby's Sow*.

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APPENDIX, No. V.

SUPPLEMENTAL STANZAS

TO COLLINS's ODE

ON THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

BY WILLIAM ERSKINE, ESQ. ADVOCATE.

The editor embraces this opportunity of presenting the reader with the following stanzas, intended to commemorate some striking Scotish superstitions, omitted by COLLINS in his ode upon that subject, and which, if the editor can judge with impartiality of the production of a valued friend, will be found worthy of the sublime original. The reader must observe, that these verses form a continuation of the address

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by COLLINS to the author of *Douglas*, exhorting him to celebrate the traditions of Scotland.

Thy muse may tell, how, when at evening's close,
To meet her love beneath the twilight shade,
O'er many a broom-clad brae and heathy glade,
In merry mood the village maiden goes:
There, on a streamlet's margin as she lies,
Chaunting some carol till her swain appears,
With visage deadly pale, in pensive guise,
Beneath a wither'd fir his form he rears*!
Shrieking and sad, she bends her speedy flight,
When, mid dire heaths, where flits the taper blue,
The whilst the moon sheds dim a sickly light,
The airy funeral meets her blasted view!
When trembling, weak, she gains her cottage low,
Where magpies scatter notes of presage wide,
Some one shall tell, while tears in torrents flow,
That, just when twilight dimm'd the green hill's side,
Far in his lonely sheil her hapless shepherd died.

Let these sad strains to lighter sounds give place!
Bid thy brisk viol warble measures gay;

* The *wraith*, or spectral appearance, of a person shortly to die, is a firm article in the creed of Scotish superstition. Nor is it unknown in our sister kingdom. See the story of the beautiful lady DIANA RICH.—AUBREY'S *Miscellanies*, p. 89.

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For see! recall'd by thy resistless lay,
Once more the Brownie shews his honest face.
Hail, from thy wanderings long, my much lov'd sprite!
Thou friend, thou lover of the lowly, hail!
Tell in what realms thou sport'st thy merry night,
Trail'st the long mop, or whirl'st the mimic flail.
Where dost thou deck the much disordered hall,
While the tired damsel in Elysium sleeps?
With early voice to drowsy workmen call,
Or lull the dame while mirth his vigils keeps?
'Twas thus in Caledonia's domes, 'tis said,
Thou ply'dst the kindly task in years of yore:
At last, in luckless hour, some erring maid
Spread in thy nightly cell of viands store;
Ne'er was thy form beheld among their mountains more*.

Then wake (for well thou cans't) that wond'rous lay,
How, while around the thoughtless matrons sleep,
Soft o'er the floor the treacherous fairies creep,
And bear the smiling infant far away:
How starts the nurse, when, for her lovely child,
She sees at dawn a gaping idiot stare!
O snatch the innocent from demons wilde,
And save the parents fond from fell despair!
In a deep cave the trusty menials wait,
When from their hilly dens, at midnight's hour,

* See Introduction, p. lxxxiii.

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Forth rush the airy elves in mimic state,
And o'er the moonlight heath with swiftness scour!
In glittering arms the little horsemen shine:
Last, on a milk-white steed, with targe of gold,
A fay of might appears, whose arms entwine
The lost lamented child! the shepherds bold*
The unconscious infant tear from his unhallowed hold.

* For an account of the fairy superstition, see *Introduction to the Tale of Tamlane*, Vol. II. p. 167.

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MINSTRELSY

OF THE

SCOTTISH BORDER.

PART FIRST.

HISTORICAL BALLADS.

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TO

THE FIRST VOLUME.

HISTORICAL BALLADS.

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THE SANG

OF

THE OUTLAW MURRAY.

THIS Ballad appears to be among the most ancient offered to the Public in the present collection, being probably composed about the reign of JAMES V. It commemorates a transaction supposed to have taken place betwixt a Scottish Monarch, and an ancestor of the ancient family of MURRAY of Philiphaugh, in Selkirkshire. The Editor is unable to ascertain the historical foundation of the Tale; nor is it probable that any light can be thrown upon the subject, without an accurate examination of the family charter chest. It is certain that, during the civil wars of BRUCE and BALIOL, the family of Philiphaugh existed and was powerful; for their ancestor, ARCHIBALD DE MORAVIA, subscribes the oath of fealty to EDWARD I. *a. d.* 1296. It is therefore not unlikely that, residing in a wild and frontier country, they may have,

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at one period or other during these commotions, refused allegiance to the feeble Monarch of the day, and thus extorted from him some grant of territory or jurisdiction. It is also certain that, by a charter from JAMES IV. dated November 30, 1509, JOHN MURRAY of Philiphaugh is vested with the dignity of Heritable Sheriff of Etrick Forest, an office held by his descendants till the final abolition of such jurisdictions by 20th GEORGE II. cap. 23. But it seems difficult to believe that the circumstances mentioned in the Ballad could occur under the reign of so vigorous a Monarch as JAMES IV. It is true that the DRAMATIS PERSONÆ introduced seem to refer to the end of the fifteenth, or beginning of the sixteenth, century; but from this it can only be argued, that the author himself lived soon after that period. It may therefore be supposed (unless farther evidence can be produced tending to invalidate the conclusion), that the Bard, willing to pay his court to the family, has connected the grant of the Sheriffship by JAMES IV. with some former dispute betwixt the MURRAYS of Philiphaugh and their Sovereign, occurring either while they were engaged upon the side of BALIOL, or in the subsequent reigns of DAVID II. and ROBERT II. and III. when the English possessed great part of the Scottish frontier, and the rest was in so lawless a state as hardly to acknowledge any superior. At the same time, this reasoning is not absolutely conclusive. JAMES IV. had particular reasons for desiring that Etrick Forest, which actually formed part of the jointure lands of MARGARET, his Queen, should be kept in a state of tranquillity.—*Rymer, vol.* 13. p. 66. In order to accomplish this object,

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it was natural for him, according to the policy of his predecessors, to invest one great family with the power of keeping order among the rest. It is even probable that the Philiphaugh family may have had claims upon part of the Lordship of Etrick Forest, which lay intermingled with their own extensive possessions, and in the course of arranging, not indeed the feudal superiority, but the property, of these lands, a dispute may have arisen of sufficient importance to be the ground work of a Ballad. It is farther probable that the MURRAYS, like other Border Clans, were in a very lawless state, and held their lands merely by occupancy, without any feudal right. The Kings of Scotland were often reduced to the humiliating necessity of compromising such matters with their rebellious subjects, and JAMES himself even entered into a sort of league with Johnnie Faa, the King of the Gypsies. Perhaps, therefore, the tradition handed down in this Song may have had more foundation, than it would at present be proper positively to assert.

THE merit of this beautiful old Tale, it is thought, will be fully acknowledged. It has been for ages a popular Song in Selkirkshire. The scene is, by the common people, supposed to have been the Castle of Newark, upon Yarrow. This is highly improbable, because Newark was always a Royal fortress. Indeed, the late excellent antiquarian, Mr PLUMMER, Sheriff Depute of Selkirkshire, has assured the Editor that he remembered the *insignia* of the Unicorns, &c. so often mentioned in the Ballad, in existence upon the old Tower at Hangingshaw, the seat of the Philiphaugh family.

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That Tower has been totally demolished for many years. It stood in a romantic and solitary situation, on the classical banks of the Yarrow. When the mountains around Hangingshaw were covered with the wild copse which constituted a Scottish forest, a more secure strong hold for an outlaw'd Baron can hardly be imagined.

In publishing the following Ballad, the copy principally resorted to is one, apparently of considerable antiquity, which was found among the papers of the late Mrs Cockburn, of Edinburgh, a Lady whose memory will be long honored by all who knew her. Another copy, much more imperfect, is to be found in Glenriddell's MS. The names are in this last miserably mangled, as is always the case when Ballads are taken down from the recitation of persons living at a distance from the scenes in which they are laid. Mr Plummer also gave the Editor a few additional verses, not contained in either copy, which are thrown into what seemed their proper place. There is yet another copy, in Mr Herd's MS, which has been occasionally made use of.

The arms of the Philiphaugh family are said by tradition to allude to their outlawed state. They are indeed those of a huntsman, and are blazoned thus; Argent, a hunting horn sable, stringed and garnished gules, on a chief azure, three stars of the first. Crest, a Demi Forrester, winding his horn, proper. Motto, *Hinc usque superna venabor.*

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THE SANG

OF

THE OUTLAW MURRAY.

Etricke Foreste is a feir foreste,
In it grows manie a semelie trie;
There's hart and hynd, and dae and rae,
And of a' wilde beastes grete plentie.

There's a feir Castell, bigged wi' lyme and stane,
O! gin it stands not pleasauntlie!
In the forefront o' that Castelle feir,
Twa Unicorns are bra' to see;
There's the picture of a Knight, and a Ladye bright,
And the grene hollin abune their brie*.

There an Outlaw keeps five hundred men,
He keepis a royalle cumpanie;

* Brow.

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His merryemen are a' in ae liverye clad,
O' the Linkome grene sae gaye to see ;
He and his Ladye, in purple clad,
O! gin they lived not royallie.—

Word is gane to our nobil King,
In Edinburgh, where that he lay,
That there was an Outlaw in Etricke Foreste,
Counted him nought, nor a' his Courtrie gay.

" I make a vowe," then the gude King said,
" Unto the man that deir bought me,
I'se either be King of Etricke Foreste,
Or King of Scotlonde that Outlaw sall be!"

Then spak the Lord, hight Hamilton,
And to the nobil King said he,
" My Sovereign Prince, sum counsell take,
First at your Nobilis, syne at me.

" I redd ye, send yon bra' Outlaw till,
And see gif your man cum will he;
Desyre him cum and be your man,
And hald of you yon Foreste frie.

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"Gif he refuses to do that,
We'll conquess baith his landis and he!
Or else, we'll throw his Castell down,
And make a widowe o' his gayc Ladye."—

The King then call'd a gentelman,
James Boyd, (the Erle of Arran his brother was he)
When James he cam befor the King,
He knelit before him on his kné.—

"Wellcum, James Boyd!" said our nobil King,
"A message ye maun gang for me,
Ye maun hye to Etricke Foreste,
To yon Outlaw where bydeth he:

"Ask him of whom he haldis his landis,
Or man, wha may his master be,
And desyre him cum, and be my man,
And hald of me yon Foreste frie.

"To Edinburgh to cum and gang,
His safe warrant I sall gie;
And, gif he refuses to do that,
We'll conquess baith his lands and he.

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"Thou may'st vow I'll cast his Castell down,
And mak a widowe o' his gaye Ladye;
I'll hang his merryemen, payr by payr,
In ony frith where I may them see."—

James Boyd tuik his leave o' the nobil King,
To Etricke Foreste feir cam he;
Down Birkendale Brae whan that he cam,
He saw the feir Foreste wi' his ee.

Baithe dae and rae, and hart and hinde,
And of a' wilde beastis great plentie;
He heard the bows that bauldly ring,
And arrows whidderan' hym neir bi.

Of that feir Castell he got a sight,
The like he neir saw wi' his ee!
On the fore front o' that Castell feir,
Twa Unicorns were gaye to see,
The picture of a Knight and a Ladye bright,
And the grene hollin abune their brie.

Thereat he spyed five hundred men,
Shuting with bows on Newark Lee,

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They were a' in ae liverye clad,
O' the Lincome grene sae gaye to see.

The Knight and his Ladye in purple clad,
O gin they lived right royallie!—
Thereby Boyd kend he was master man,
And serv'd him in his ain degré.

"God mot thee save! brave Outlaw Murray,
Thy Ladye, and all thy Chyvalrye!—"
"Marry, thou's wellcum, gentelman,
Sum King's Messenger thou seimis to be."

"The King of Scotlonde sent me here,
And, gude Outlaw, I am sent to thee;
I wad wot of whom ye hald your landis?
Or man, wha may thy master be?"—

"Thir landis are MINE;" the Outlaw said,
I ken nae King in Christentie;
Frae Soudron * I this Foreste wan,
When the King nor his knightis were not to see."—

* Southern, or English.

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" He desyres you'l cum to Edinburgh,
And hauld of him this Foreste frie,
And, gif ye refuse to do this,
He'll conquess baith thy landis and thee.
He hath vow'd to cast thy Castell down,
And make a widowe o' thy gaye Ladye;

" He'll hang thy merryemen, payr by payr,
In ony frith where he may them finde."—
—" Aye, by my troth!" the Outlaw said,
" Then wald I think me far behinde.

" Ee'r the King my feir countrie get,
This land that's nativest to me!
Mony o' his nobilis sall be cauld,
Their ladyes sall be right wearie."

Then spak his ladye, feir of face,
She seyd " Without consent of me—
That an Outlaw suld cum befor a King,
I am right rad * of treasonrie.
Bid him be gude to his Lordis at hame,
For Edinburgh my Lord sall nevir see."—

* Afraid.

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James Boyd tuik his leave o' the Outlaw kene,
To Edinburgh boun is he;
When James he cam befor the King,
He knelit lowlie on his kné.—

"Wellcum, James Boyd!" seyd our nobil King,
"What Foreste is Etricke Foreste frie?"
"Etricke Foreste is the feirest Foreste
That evir man saw wi' his ee.

"There's the dae, the rae, the hart, the hynde,
And of a' wild beastis grete plentie;
There's a pretty Castell of lyme and stane,
O gif it stands not pleasauntlie!

"There's in the forefront o' that Castell,
Twa Unicorns, sae bra' to see,
There's the picture of a Knight and a Ladye bright,
Wi' the grene hollin abune their brie.—

"There the Outlaw keepis five hundred men,
He keepis a royalle cumpanie;
His merryemen in ae liverye clad,
O' the Linkome grene sae gaye to see:

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He and his Ladye in purple clad,
O! gin they live not royallie!

"He says, yon Foreste is his awin,
He wan it frae the Southronie;
Sae as he wan it, sae will he keep it,
Contrair all Kingis in Christentie."—

"Gar warn me Perthshire, and Angus baith!
Fife up and down, and the Louthians three,
And graith my horse!" said the nobil King,
"For to Etricke Foreste hie will I me."

Then word is gane the Outlaw till,
In Etricke Foreste where dwelleth he,
That the King was cumand to his cuntrie,
To conquess baith his landis and he.

"I mak a vow," the Outlaw said,
"I mak a vow, and that trulie,
Were there but three men to tak my pairt,
Yon King's cumand full deir suld be!"

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Then messengers he called forth,
And bade them hie them speedilye—
"Ane of ye gae to Halliday,
The laird of the Corehead is he.

"He certain is my sister's son,
Bid him cum quick and succour me!
The King cums on for Etricke Foreste,
And landless men we a' will be."—

"What news? What news?" said Halliday,
"Man, frae thy master unto me?"
"Not as ye wad;—seeking your aid,
The King's his mortal enemie."

"Aye, by my troth!" said Halliday,
"Even for that it repenteth me,
For gif he lose feir Etricke Foreste,
He'll tak feir Moffatdale frae me.

"I'll meet him wi' five hundred men,
And surely mair, if mae may be;—
And befor he gets the Foreste feir,
We a' will die on Newark Lee!"—

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The Outlaw call'd a messenger,
And bid him hie him speedilye,
To Andrew Murray of Cockpool—
" That man's a deir cousin to me ;
Desyre him cum, and mak me ayd,
With a' the power that he may be."—

" It stands me hard," Andrew Murray said,
" Judge gif it stands na hard wi' me;
To enter against a King wi' Crown,
And set my landis in jeopardie.
Yet, if I cum not on the day,
Surely at night he sall me see."—

To Sir James Murray of Traquair,
A message cam right speedilye—
" What news ? What news ?" James Murray said,
" Man, frae thy master unto me ?"

" What neids I tell ? for weell ye ken,
The King's his mortal enemie,
And now he is cumand to Etricke Foreste,
And landless men ye a' will be."—

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"And, by my trothe," James Murray said,
"Wi' that Outlaw will I live and die;
The King has gifted my landis lang syne—
It canna be nae warse wi' me."

The King was cumand thro' Caddon Ford,†
And full five thousand men was he;
They saw the derke Foreste them befor,
They thought it awsome for to see.

Then spak the Lord, hight Hamilton,
And to the nobil King said he,
"My Sovereign liege, sum council tak,
First at your nobilis, syne at me.

"Desyre him mete thee at Penmanscore,
And bring four in his cumpanie,
Five Erles sall gang yoursell befor,
Gude cause that you suld honour'd be.

"And, gif he refuses to do that,
We'll conquess baith his landis and he;

† A ford on the Tweed, at the mouth of the Caddon Burn, near Yair.

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There sall nevir a Murray, after him,
Hald land in Etricke Foreste frie."

Then spak the kene laird of Buckscleuth,
A stalworthye man, and sterne was he—
" For a King to gang an Outlaw till,
Is beneath his state and his dignitie.

"The man that wons yon Foreste intill,
He lives by rief and felonie!
Wherefore, brayd on, my Sovereign liege,
Wi' fire and sword we'll follow thee;
Or, gif your Courtrie Lords fa' back,
Our Borderers sall the onset gie."

Then out and spak the nobil King,
And round him cast a wilie ee—
" Now haud thy tongue, Sir Walter Scott,
Nor speik of reif nor felonie:
For had everye honeste man his awin kye,
A right puir clan thy name wad be!"

The King then call'd a gentelman,
Royalle banner bearer there was he;

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James Hop Pringle of Torsonse, by name,
He cam and knelit upon his kné.

"Wellcum, James Pringle of Torsonse!
A message ye maun gang for me;
Ye maun gae to yon Outlaw Murray,
Surely where bauldly bideth he.

"Bid him mete me at Penmanscore,
And bring four in his cumpanie;
Five Erles sall cum wi' mysell,
Gude reasoun I suld honour'd be.

"And, gif he refuses to do that,
Bid him luke for nae good o' me!
There sall nevir a Murray, after him,
Have land in Etricke Foreste frie."

James cam befor the Outlaw kene,
And serv'd him in his ain degré—
"Wellcum, James Pringle of Torsonse!
What message frae the King to me?"

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" He bidds ye mete him at Penmanscore,
And bring four in your cumpanie;
Five Erles sall gang himsell befor,
Nae mair in number will he be.

" And, gif you refuse to do that,
(I freely here upgive wi' thee)
He'll cast yon bonny Castell down,
And mak a widowe o' that gaye Ladye.

" He'll loose yon bluidhound Borderers,
Wi' fire and sword to follow thee;
There will never a Murray, after thysell,
Have land in Etricke Foreste frie."

" It stands me hard," the Outlaw said,
Judge gif it stands na hard wi' me,
Wha reck not losing of mysell,
But a' my offspring after me.

" My merryemen's lives, my widowe's teirs,
There lies the pang that pinches me!
When I am straught in bluidie eard,
Yon Castell will be right dreirie.

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"—Auld Halliday, young Halliday,
Ye sall be twa to gang wi' me;
Andrew Murray, and Sir James Murray,
We'll be nae mae in cumpanie."

When that they cam befor the King,
They fell befor him on their knć.—
"Graunt mercie, mercie, nobil King!
Ee'n for his sake that dyed on trie."—

"Sicken like mercie sall ye have,
On gallows ye sall hangit be!"
"Over God's forbode," quoth the Outlaw then,
"I hope your Grace will bettir be!

"Thir landis of Etricke Foreste feir,
I wan them from the enemie;
Like as I wan them, sae will I keep them,
Contrair a' Kings in Christentie."—

All the nobilis the King about,
Said pitie it were to see him die—
"Yet graunt me mercie, Sovereign Prince!
Extend your favour unto me!

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"I'll give thee the keys of my Castell,
Wi' the blessing o' my gaye Ladye,
Gin thoul't mak me Sheriffe of this Foreste,
And a' my offspring after me."

—"Wilt thou give me the keys of thy Castell,
Wi' the blessing of thy gaye Ladye?
I'se mak thee Sheriffe of Etricke Foreste,
Surely while upwards grows the trie:
If you be not traitour to the King,
Forfaulted sall thou nevir be."

"But, Prince, what sall cum o' my men?
When I gae back, traitour they'll ca' me;
I had rather lose my life and land,
Ee'r my merryemen rebuked me."

"Will your merryemen amend their lives?
And a' their pardons I graunt thee—
Now, name thy landis where'er they lie,
And here I RENDER them to thee."

"Fair Philiphaugh, Prince, is my ain,
But and a part of the Newark Lee,

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The Finnies, and the Hangingshaw,
My liege, are native steads to me.
I have mony steads in the Forcste shaw,
But them by name I dinna knaw."

The keys o' the Castell he gave the King,
Wi' the blessing o' his feir Ladye;
He was made Sheriffe of Etricke Foreste,
Surely while upwards grows the trie,
And if he was na traitour to the King,
Forfaulted he suld nevir be.

Wha ever heard, in ony times,
Sicken an Outlaw in his degré,
Sick favour get befor a King,
As did the OUTLAW MURRAY of the Forest frie?

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NOTES

ON THE

SANG OF THE OUTLAW MURRAY.

Then spak the Lord hight Hamilton.— P. 6. Verse 4.

This is, in most copies, the *Earl* hight Hamilton, which must be a mistake of the Reciters, as the family did not enjoy that title till after the date of the Ballad.

James Boyd (the Earl of Arran his brother), &c. P. 7. Verse 2.

THOMAS BOYD, Earl of Arran, was forfeited, with his father and uncle, in 1469, for an attempt on the person of JAMES III. He had a son, James, who was restored, and in favour with JAMES IV. about 1482. If this be the person here meant, we should read "The Earl of Arran his *son* was he." Glenriddel's copy reads "A Highland Laird I'm sure was he." Reciters sometimes call the messenger, the Laird of SKENE.

The laird of the Corehead &c. P. 13. Verse 1.

This is a place at the head of Moffatwater, possessed of old by the family of Halliday.

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To Andrew Murray of Cockpool.—P. 14. Verse 1.

This family were ancestors of the MURRAYS, Earls of Annandale, but the name of the representative, in the time of JAMES IV. was William, not Andrew. Glenriddell's MS. reads "the Country Keeper."

To Sir James Murray of Traquair.—P. 14. Verse 3.

Before the Barony of Traquair became the property of the STEWARTS, it belonged to a family of MURRAYS, afterwards MURRAYS of Black-barony, and ancestors of Lord ELIBANK. The old Castle was situated on the Tweed. I believe Traquair changed its owners about the time of JAMES IV. though to what circumstances the change was owing I have had no opportunity to learn. If by a royal grant to the ancestors of the Earl of TRAQUAIR, then the answer of Sir JAMES MURRAY to the Outlaw's message will be readily understood.

Then spak the kene laird of Buckscleuth.—P. 16. Verse 2.

This and the three following verses are not in some copies. The tradition of the country, however, bears, that there was a feud betwixt the families of SCOTT and MURRAY, and points out the spot where the Outlaw MURRAY was killed by one of the SCOTTS of Haining, by an arrow shot from the opposite bank of the Yarrow. A song upon the subject was extant within these twenty years, but cannot now be recovered. Hence, it is easy to account for the light in which a bard, obviously attached to the MURRAYS, places the Chieftain of the hostile Clan.

James Hop Pringle of Torsonse.—P. 17. Verse 1.

The honourable name of PRINGLE, or HOPPRINGLE, is of great antiquity in Roxburghshire and Selkirkshire. The old Tower of Torsonse is situated upon the banks of the Gala. I believe the PRINGLES of Torsonse are now represented by Sir JAMES PRINGLE of Stitchell. There are three other

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ancient and distinguished families of this name, those of Whitebank, Clifton, and Torwoodlee.

He bidds ye mete him at Penmanscore &c. P. 18. Verse 1.

The Glenriddel MS, which in this instance is extremely inaccurate as to names, calls the rendezvous "*The Poor Man's house*," and hints that the Outlaw was surprized by the treachery of the King—

"Then he was aware of the Kings coming,
With hundreds three in his company,
I wot the muckle deel * * * * *
He learn'd Kings to lie!
For to fetch me here frae amang my Men
Here like a dog for to die."

I believe the reader will think with me, that the catastrophe is better as now printed from Mrs COCKBURN's copy. The deceit, supposed to be practised on the Outlaw, is unworthy of the military monarch, as he is painted in the ballad, especially if we admit him to be King JAMES IV.

Fair Philiphaugh, Prince, is my ain.—P. 20. Verse 5.

In this and the following verse, the ceremony of feudal investiture is supposed to be gone through, by the Outlaw resigning his possessions into the hands of the King, and receiving them back, to be held of him as superior. The lands named, all belonged to the Philiphaugh family till of late years.

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BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

[THE SCOTTISH EDITION.]

THE following edition of the Battle of Otterbourne being essentially different from that which is published in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, VOL. 1st, and being obviously of Scottish composition, claims a place in the present collection. The particulars of that noted action are related by Froissard, with the highest encomium upon the valour of the combatants on each side. JAMES, Earl of DOUGLAS, with his brother, the Earl of MURRAY, in 1387 invaded Northumberland, at the head of 3000 men, while the Earls of FIFE and STRATHERN, sons to the King of Scotland, ravaged the western borders of England with a still more numerous army. DOUGLAS penetrated as far as Newcastle, where the renowned HOTSPUR lay in garrison. In a skirmish before the walls, PERCY'S lance, with the pennon, or guidon, attached to it, was taken by DOUGLAS, as most authors affirm, in a personal encounter betwixt the two heroes. The Earl shook the pennon aloft, and

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swore he would carry it as his spoil into Scotland. "That" answered PERCY, "shalt thou never!"—Accordingly, having collected the forces of the Marches, to a number equal, or (according to the Scottish historians) much superior, to the army of DOUGLAS, HOTSPUR made a night attack upon the Scottish camp at Otterbourne, about twelve miles from Newcastle. An action took place, fought by moonlight with uncommon gallantry and desperation. At length, DOUGLAS, armed with an iron mace which few but he could wield, rushed into the thickest of the English battalions, followed only by his chaplain, and two squires of his body*. Before his followers could come up, their brave leader was stretched on the ground with three mortal wounds; his squires lay dead by his side; the priest alone, armed with a lance, was protecting his Master from farther injury. "I die like my forefathers," said the expiring hero, "in a field of battle, and not on a bed of sickness. Conceal my death, defend my standard†, and avenge my fall! It is an old prophecy, that a dead man shall gain a field, and I hope it will be accomplished this night."—*Godscroft*. With these words he

* Their names were ROBERT HART and SIMON GLENDINNING. The Chaplain was RICHARD LUNDIE, afterwards Archdean of Aberdeen.—*Godscroft*.

† The Banner of Douglas, upon this memorable occasion, was borne by his natural son, ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS, ancestor of the family of Cavers, hereditary Sheriffs of Teviotdale, amongst whose archives this glorious relique is still preserved. The Earl, at the onset, is said to have charged his son to defend it to the last drop of his blood.

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expired, and the fight was renewed with double obstinacy around his body. When morning appeared, however, victory began to incline to the Scottish side. RALPH PERCY, brother to HOTSPUR, was made prisoner by the Earl Marischal, and shortly after HARRY PERCY * himself was taken by Lord MONTGOMERY. Upon this the English retired, and left the Scots masters of the dear bought honours of the field. But the Bishop of DURHAM approaching, at the head of a body of fresh forces, not only checked the pursuit of the victors, but made prisoner some of the stragglers, who had urged the chase too far. The battle was not, however, renewed, as the Bishop of DURHAM did not venture to attempt the rescue of PERCY.—The field was fought 15th August, 1388—*Fordun. Froissard. Hollingshed. Godscroft.*

The ballad published in the *Reliques* is avowedly an English production, and the author, with a natural partiality, leans to the side of his own countrymen; yet that ballad, or some one similar, modified probably by national prejudice, must have been current in Scotland, during the reign of JAMES VI. for *Godscroft*, in treating of this battle, mentions its having been the subject of popular song, and proceeds thus. "But "that which is commonly sung of the *Hunting of Chiviot*, "seemeth indeed poetical and a mere fiction, perhaps to stir "up virtue; yet a fiction whereof there is no mention, either "in the Scottish or English Chronicle. Neither are the songs

* HOTSPUR, for his ransom, built the Castle of Penoon, in Ayrshire, belonging to the family of MONTGOMERY, now Earls of EGLINTOUN.

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" that are made of them both one; for the *Scots song made* " *of Otterbourne*, telleth the time, about Lammas, and also the " occasion, to take preys out of England; also the dividing " the armies betwixt the Earls of FIFE and DOUGLAS, and " their several journies, almost as in the authentic history. " It beginneth thus;

" It fell about the Lammas tide,
" When Yeomen win their hay,
" The doughty Douglas 'gan to ride,
" In England to take a prey."—

Godscroft, Ed. Edinburgh, 1743. VOL. 1. P. 195.

I cannot venture to assert that the stanzas here published belong to the ballad alluded to by *Godscroft*, as they certainly do not contain the particulars mentioned by him, and give a very different account of DOUGLAS's death from that of authentic history. Yet we learn, from the same author, that the story told in the following ballad was not without some foundation in tradition. " There are that say, that he (DOUGLAS) " was not slain by the enemy, but by one of his own men; " a Groom of his Chamber, whom he had struck the day be- " fore with a truncheon, in the ordering of the battle, because " he saw him make somewhat slowly to. And they name " this man JOHN BICKERTON of Luffness, who left a part of " his armour behind, unfastened, and when he was in the " greatest conflict, this servant of his came behind his back, " and slew him thereat."—*Godscroft, ut supra.*—" But this " narration" adds the historian, " is not so probable." Indeed it seems to have no foundation, but the common desire

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of assigning some remote and extraordinary cause for the death of a great man. The following ballad is also inaccurate in many other particulars, and is much shorter and more indistinct than that printed in the *Reliques*, although many verses are almost the same. HOTSPUR, for instance, is called *Earl Percy*, a title he never enjoyed; neither was DOUGLAS buried on the field of battle, but in Melrose Abbey, where his tomb is still shown.

This Song was first published by Mr HERD, of Edinburgh, in his collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads, Edin. 1774. 2 Vols. octavo, and is now corrected from that publication, by a MS. copy.

I cannot dismiss the subject of the Battle of Otterbourne, without stating (with all the deference due to the father of this species of literature) a doubt which occurs to me as to the account given of "Sir JOHN of AGURSTONE," one of the Scottish warriors, in the learned and excellent notes subjoined to the ballad, in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. This personage is there supposed to have been one of the HAGGERSTONS of Haggerston, a Northumbrian family, who, according to the fate of war, were sometimes subjects of Scotland. I cannot, however, think that, at this period, while the English were in possession both of Berwick and Roxburgh, with the intermediate fortresses of Wark, Cornwall, and Norham, the Scots possessed any part of Northumberland, much less a manor which lay within that strong chain of Castles. I should presume the person alluded to rather to have been one of the RUTHERFORDS, Barons of Edgerstane, or Adgerston, a war-

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like family which has long flourished on the Scottish Borders, and who were, at this very period, retainers of the house of DOUGLAS. The same notes contain an account of the other Scottish warriors of distinction who were present at the battle. These were, the Earls of MONTEITH, BUCHAN, and HUNTLEY; the Barons of MAXWELL, and JOHNSTONE; SWINTON of that ilk, an ancient family, which about that period produced several distinguished warriors; Sir DAVID (or rather, as the learned Editor well remarks, Sir WALTER) SCOTT of Buccleuch, STEWART of Garlies, and MURRAY of Cockpool.

Regibus et legibus Scotici constantes,
Vos clypeis et gladiis pro patria pugnantes,
Vestra est victoria, vestra est et gloria,
In cantu et historia, perpes est memoria!

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BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When husbandmen do win their hay,
Earl Douglas is to the English woods,
And a' with him to fetch a prey.

He has chosen the Lindsays light,
With them the gallant Gordons gay;
The Earl of Fife, withouten strife,
And Sir Hugh the Montgomery, upon a gray.

They have harried Northumberland,
And sae have they Bambro'shire;
The Otterdale they have burned it haill,
And set it a' in a blaze o' fire.

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Out then spoke a bonny boy,
That serv'd ane o' Earl Douglas' kin—
"Methinks I see an English host,
A coming branking us upon."

"If this be true, thou little foot page,
If this be true thou tells to me,
The brawest bower in Otterbourne
Shall be thy morning's fee.

"But if it be false, thou little boy!
But and a lie thou tells to me,
On the highest tree in Otterbourne,
Wi' my ain hands, I'll hang thee hie!"

The boy has ta'en out his little penknife,
That hung right low down by his gare,
And he gave Lord Douglas a deadly wound,
I wot a deep wound and a sare.

Earl Douglas to the Montgomery said,
"Take thou the vanguard of the three;
And bury me by the braken bush,
That grows upon yon lilye lee."

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The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain,
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blude ran down between.

"Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy!" he said,
Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
"Whom to shall I yield," said Earl Percy,
Now that I see it must be so!"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me,
But yield thee to the braken bush*,
That grows upon yon lilye lee!"

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I to a brier,
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He stuck his sword's point in the gronde;

* *Braken*---Fern.

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And the Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at Otterbourne,
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

* * * * * * * *

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JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

THERE will be such frequent occasion, in the course of this volume, to mention the Clan, or Sept, of the ARMSTRONGS, that the Editor finds it necessary to prefix to this Ballad some general account of that tribe.

The ARMSTRONGS appear, at an early period, to have been in possession of great part of Liddesdale, and of the Debateable Land. Their immediate neighbourhood to England rendered them the most lawless of the Border depredators, and, as much of the country possessed by them was claimed by both kingdoms, the inhabitants, protected from justice by the one nation in opposition to the other, securely preyed upon both*. The Chief was ARMSTRONG of Mangertoun; but at a later period, they are declared a broken Clan, *i. e.* one which

* In illustration of this position, the reader is referred to a long correspondence betwixt Lord DACRE and the Privy Council of England, in 1550, concerning one SANDYE ARMSTRANG, a partizan of England, and an inhabitant of the Debateable Land, who had threatened to become a Scottishman, if he was not protected by the English Warden against the Lord MAXWELL. See *Introduction to Nicholson and Burn's History of Cumberland and Westmoreland.*

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had no lawful head to become surety for their good behaviour. The rapacity of this Clan, and of their allies, the ELLIOTS, occasioned the popular saying, " Elliots and Armstrongs ride thieves all."—But to what Border family of note, in former days, would not such an adage have been equally applicable? All along the river Liddel, may still be discovered the ruins of towers possessed by this numerous Clan. They did not, however, entirely trust to these fastnesses; but, when attacked by a superior force, abandoned entirely their dwellings, and retired into morasses, accessible by paths known to themselves alone. One of their most noted places of refuge was the Tarras Moss, a desolate and horrible marsh, through which a small river takes its course. Upon its banks are found some dry spots, which were occupied by these Outlaws and their families in cases of emergency. The stream runs furiously among huge rocks, which has occasioned a popular saying—

> Was neir ane drown'd in Tarras, nor yet in doubt,
> For e'er the head can win down, the harns (brains) are out.

The Morass itself is so deep, that, according to an old historian, two spears tied together would not reach the bottom. In this retreat, the ARMSTRONGS, *anno* 1588, baffled the Earl of ANGUS, when Lieutenant on the Border, although he reckoned himself so skilful in winding a thief, that he declared " he " had the same pleasure in it, as others in hunting a hare." On this occasion he was totally unsuccessful, and nearly lost his relation, DOUGLAS of Ively, whom the freebooters made prisoner.—*Godscroft*, VOL. 2. p. 411.

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Upon another occasion the ARMSTRONGS were less fortunate. They had, in one of their incursions, plundered the town of Haltwhistle, on the borders of Cumberland. Sir ROBERT CAREY, Warden of the West Marches, demanded satisfaction from the King of Scotland, and received for answer, that the offenders were no subjects of his, and that he might take his own revenge. The English Warden, accordingly, entered Liddesdale, and ravaged the lands of the Outlaws, on which occasion, *Sim of the Cat-hill* (an ARMSTRONG) was killed by one of the RIDLEYS of Haltwhistle. This incident procured Haltwhistle another visit from the ARMSTRONGS, in which they burnt great part of the town, but not without losing one of their leaders by a shot from a window.

"The death of this young man (says *Sir Robert Carey*) "wrote (wrought) so deep an impression upon them (the "Outlaws), as many vowes were made, that, before the "end of next winter, they would lay the whole Border waste. "This (the murder) was done about the end of May (1598). "The Chiefe of all these Outlawes was *Old Sim of Whittram*.* "He had five or six sonnes, as able men as the Borders had. "This old man and his sonnes had not so few as two hun-"dred at their commands, that were ever ready to ride with "them to all actions at their beck.

* Whittram is a place in Liddesdale. It is mistaken by the Noble Editor for Whithern in Galloway, as is Hartwesel (Haltwhistle, on the borders of Cumberland,) for Twisel, a village on the English side of the Tweed, near Wark.

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" The high parts of the Marsh (March) towards Scotland " were put in a mighty fear, and the Chiefe of them, for them- " selves and the rest, petitioned to mee, and did assure mee, that " unless I did take some course with them by the end of that " summer, there was none of the inhabitants durst, or would, " stay in their dwellings the next winter, but they would fley " the countrey, and leave their houses and lands to the fury of " the Outlawes. Upon this complaint, I called the gentlemen " of the countrey together, and acquainted them with the mi- " sery that the highest parts of the March towards Scotland " were likely to endure, if there were not timely prevention " to avoid it, and desired them to give mee their best advice " what course were fitt to be taken. They all showed them- " selves willing to give mee their best counsailes, and most of " them were of opinion, that I was not well advised to refuse " the hundred horse that my Lord EUERS had; and that now " my best way was speedily to acquaint the Queene and Coun- " saile with the necessity of having more soldiers, and that " there could not be less than a hundred horse sent downe for " the defence of the countrey, besides the forty I had already " in pay, and that there was nothing but force of soldiers " could keep them in awe: and to let the Counsaile plainly " understand, that the Marsh, of themselves, were not able to " subsist, whenever the winter and long nights came in, unlesse " present cure and remedy were provided for them. I desired " them to advise better of it, and to see if they could find out " any other meanes to prevent their mischievous intentions, " without putting the Queene and countrey to any further " charge. They all resolved that there was no second meanes.

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" Then I told them my intention what I meant to do, which " was, that myselfe, with my two Deputyes, and the forty " horse that I was allowed, would, with what speed wee could, " make ourselves ready to go up to the Wastes, and there wee " would entrench ourselves, and lye as near as wee could to the " Outlawes; and if there were any brave spirits among them " that would go with us, they should be very wellcome, and " fare and lye as well as myselfe: and I did not doubte before " the summer ended, to do something that should abate the " pride of these Outlawes. Those, that were unwilling to ha- " zard themselves, liked not this motion. They said, that in " so doing, I might keep the countrey quiet the time I lay " there; but, when the winter approached, I could stay there " no longer, and that was the theeves' time to do all their mis- " chiefe. But there were divers young gentlemen that offered " to go with mee, some with three, some with four horses, and " to stay with mee as long as I would there continue. I took " a list of all those that offered to go with mee, and found that " with myself, my officers, the gentlemen, and our servants, " wee should be about two hundred good men and horse; a " competent number, as I thought, for such a service.

" The day and place was appointed for our meeting in the " Wastes, and, by the help of the Foote of Liddesdale* and Ris- " dale, wee had soone built a pretty fort, and within it we had

* The Foot of Liddesdale were the garrison of King JAMES in the Castle of Hermitage, who assisted CAREY on this occasion, as the ARMSTRONGS were Outlaws to both nations.

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" all cabines made to lye in, and every one brought beds or
" matresses to lye on. There we stayed, from the middest
" of June till almost the end of August. Wee were betweene
" fifty and sixty gentlemen, besides their servants and my
" horsemen; so that we were not so few as two hundred horse.
" Wee wanted no provisions for ourselves nor our horses, for
" the countrey people were well payed for any thing they
" brought us; so that we had a good market every day, before
" our fort, to buy what we lacked. The Chief Outlawes, at
" our coming, fled their houses where they dwelt, and betooke
" themselves to a large and great forest (with all their goodes),
" which was called the Tarras. It was of that strength, and so
" surrounded with bogges and marish grounds, and thicke bushes
" and shrubbes, as they feared not the force nor power of Eng-
" land nor Scotland, so long as they were there. They sent me
" word, that I was like the first puffe of a Haggasse*, hottest
" at the first, and bade me stay there as long as the weather
" would give me leave. They would stay in the Tarras Wood
" till I was weary of lying in the Waste; and when I had had
" my time, and they no whit the worse, they would play their
" parts, which should keep mee waking the next winter. Those
" gentlemen of the countrey that came not with mee, were of
" the same minde; for they knew, (or thought at least) that

* A Haggis, (according to Burns, " the Chieftain of the pudding race,") is an olio, composed of the liver, heart &c. of a sheep, minced down with oatmeal, onions, and spices, and boiled in the stomach of the animal, by way of bag. When the bag is cut, the contents (if this savoury dish be well made) should spout out with the heated air. This will explain the allusion.

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" my force was not sufficient to withstand the furey of the " Outlawes. The time I stayed at the fort I was not idle, " but cast, by all meanes I could, how to take them in the " great strength they were in. I found a meanes to send a " hundred and fifty horsemen into Scotland (conveighed by a " Muffled Man*, not known to any of the company), thirty " miles within Scotland, and the businesse was carried so " that none in the country tooke any alarm at this passage. " They were quietly brought to the back-side of the Tarras, to " Scotland-ward. There they divided themselves into three " parts, and tooke up three passages which the Outlawes made " themselves secure of, if from England side they should at " any time be put at. They had their scoutes on the tops of " hills, on the English side, to give them warning if at any time " any power of men should come to surprise them. The " three ambushes were safely laid without being discovered, " and, about four o'clock in the morning, there were three " hundred horse and a thousand foote† that came directly to " the place where the scoutes lay. They gave the alarm; our " men brake down as fast as they could into the wood. The " Outlawes thought themselves safe, assuring themselves at

* *A Muffled Man*, means a person in disguise, a very necessary precaution for the guide's safety; for could the Outlaws have learned who played them this trick, beyond all doubt it must have cost him dear.

† From this it would appear, that CAREY, although his constant attendants in his fort consisted only of 200 horse, had upon this occasion, by the assistance probably of the English and Scottish royal garrisons, collected a much greater force.

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" any time to escape; but they were so strongly set upon, on
" the English side, as they were forced to leave their goodes,
" and betake themselves to their passages towards Scotland.
" There was presently five taken of the principall of them. The
" rest seeing themselves, as they thought, betrayed, retired in-
" to the thicke woodes and bogges*, that our men durst not
" follow them for fear of loosing themselves. The principall
" of the five, that were taken, were two of the eldest sonnes
" of *Sim of Whittram*. These five they brought to mee to
" the fort, and a number of goodes, both of sheep and kine,
" which satisfied most part of the country, that they had
" stolen them from.

" The five that were taken were of great worth and value
" amongst them; insomuch that for their liberty I should have
" what conditions I should demand or desire. First, all Eng-
" lish prisoners were sett at liberty. Then had I themselves,
" and most part of the gentlemen of the Scottish side, so strict-
" ly bound in bondes to enter to mee, in fifteen dayes warning,
" any offendour, that they durst not for their lives break any
" covenant that I made with them; and so upon these con-
" ditions I sett them at liberty, and was never after troubled
" with these kind of people. Thus God blessed me in bring-
" ing this great trouble to so quiet an end; wee brake up our

* There are now no trees in Liddesdale, except on the banks of the rivers, where they are protected from the sheep. But the stumps and fallen timber, which are every-where found in the Morasses, attest how well the country must have been wooded in former days.

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"fort, and every man retired to his owne house."—*Carey's Memoirs*, p. 151.

The people of Liddesdale have retained by tradition the remembrance of *Carey's Raid*, as they call it. They tell that, while he was besieging the Outlaws in the Tarras, they contrived, by ways known only to themselves, to send a party into England, who plundered the Warden's lands. On their return, they sent CAREY one of his own cows, telling him that, fearing he might fall short of provision during his visit to Scotland, they had taken the precaution of sending him some English beef. The anecdote is too characteristic to be suppressed.

From this narrative, the power and strength of the ARMSTRONGS, at this late period, appear to have been very considerable. Even upon the death of Queen ELIZABETH, this clan, associated with other banditti of the West Marches, to the number of two or three hundred horse, entered England in a hostile manner, and extended their ravages as far as Penrith. JAMES VI. then at Berwick, upon his journey to his new capital, detached a large force under Sir WILLIAM SELBY, Captain of Berwick, to bring these depredators to order. Their Raid, remarkable for being the last of any note occurring in history, was avenged in an exemplary manner. Most of the strong holds upon the Liddel were razed to the foundation, and several of the principal leaders executed at Carlisle; after which we find little mention of the ARMSTRONGS in history. The precautions adopted by the Earl of DUNBAR,

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to preserve peace on the Borders, bore peculiarly hard upon a body of men, long accustomed to the most ungoverned licence. They appear in a great measure to have fallen victims to the strictness of the new enactments.—*Ridpath*, p. 703.—*Stow*, 819.—*Laing*, VOL. 1. The lands possessed by them in former days have chiefly come into the hands of the BUCCLEUCH family, and of the ELLIOTS; so that, with one or two exceptions, we may say, that in the country which this warlike clan once occupied, there is hardly left a land-holder of the name. One of the last Border Reivers, was, however, of this family, and lived within the beginning of the last century. After having made himself dreaded over the whole country, he at last came to the following end: One ——, a man of large property, having lost twelve cows in one night, raised the country of Tiviotdale, and traced the robbers into Liddesdale, as far as the house of this ARMSTRONG, commonly called *Willie of Westburnflat*, from the place of his residence, on the banks of the Hermitage water. Fortunately for the pursuers, he was then asleep; so that he was secured, along with nine of his friends, without much resistance. He was brought to trial at Selkirk, and although no precise evidence was adduced to convict him of the special fact (the cattle never having been recovered), yet the Jury brought him in *Guilty* on his general character, or, as it is called in our law, on *habite and repute*. When sentence was pronounced, *Willie* arose; and seizing the oaken chair in which he was placed, broke it into pieces by main strength, and offered to his companions who were involved in the same doom, that, if they would stand behind him, he would fight his way out of Selkirk with these weapons. But they

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held his hands, and besought him to let them *die like Christians*. They were accordingly executed in form of law. This was the last trial at Selkirk. The people of Liddesdale, who, (perhaps not erroneously) still consider the sentence as iniquitous, remarked that ———, the prosecutor, never throve afterwards, but came to beggary and ruin with his whole family.

JOHNIE ARMSTRONG, of Gilnockie, the hero of the following Ballad, is a noted personage both in history and tradition. He was, it would seem from the Ballad, a brother of the Laird of Mangertoun, Chief of the name. His place of residence (now a roofless tower) was at the Hollows, a few miles from Langholm, where its ruins still serve to adorn a scene, which in natural beauty has few equals in Scotland. At the head of a desperate band of freebooters, this ARMSTRONG is said to have spread the terror of his name almost as far as Newcastle, and to have levied *Black Mail*, or *Protection and Forbearance Money*, for many miles around. JAMES V. of whom it was long remembered by his grateful people, that he made the "Rush-bush keep the Cow," about 1530 undertook an expedition through the Border counties, to suppress the turbulent spirit of the Marchmen. But, before setting out upon this journey, he took the precaution of imprisoning the different Border Chieftains, who were the chief protectors of the marauders. The Earl of BOTHWELL was forfeited, and confined in Edinburgh Castle. The Lords of HOME and MAXWELL, the Lairds of BUCCLEUCH, FAIRNIHERST, and JOHNSTON, with many others, were also com-

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mitted to ward. COCKBURN of Henderland, and ADAM SCOTT of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, were publickly executed.—*Lesley*, p. 430. The King then marched rapidly forward, at the head of a flying army of 10000 men, through Etrick Forest, and Ewsdale. The evil genius of our JOHNIE ARMSTRONG, or, as others say, the private advice of some courtiers, prompted him to present himself before JAMES, at the head of 36 horse, arrayed in all the pomp of Border Chivalry. PITSCOTTIE uses nearly the words of the Ballad, in describing the splendor of his equipment, and his high expectations of favour from the King. "But JAMES, looking upon him sternly, said to his attendants, "What wants that knave that a King should have? and ordered him and his followers to instant execution."—"But "JOHN ARMSTRONG," continues this minute historian, "made great offers to the King. That he should sustain "himself, with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on "their own cost, without wronging any Scottishman: Secondly, that there was not a subject in England, Duke "Earl, or Baron, but, within a certain day, he should bring "him to his Majesty, either quick or dead*. At length, he

* The Borderers, from their habits of life, were capable of most extraordinary exploits of this nature. In the year 1511, Sir ROBERT KER of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches of Scotland, was murdered at a Border Meeting by the Bastard HERON, STARHEAD, and LILBURN. The English Monarch delivered up LILBURN to justice in Scotland, but HERON and STARHEAD escaped. The latter chose his residence in the very centre of England, to baffle the vengeance of KER's clan and followers. Two dependants of the deceased, called TAIT, were deputed by ANDREW KER of Cessford, to revenge his father's murder. They travelled through England in various disguises, till

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" seeing no hope of favour, said very proudly, " It is folly to " seek grace at a graceless face; but, said he, had I known " this, I should have lived upon the Borders in despite of King " Harry and you both; for I know King Harry would *down-* " *weigh my best horse with gold*, to know that I were condemn- " ed to die this day."—*Pitscottie's History*, p. 145. Johnie, with all his retinue, was accordingly hanged upon growing trees, at a place called Carlenrig Chapel, about ten miles above Hawick, on the high road to Langholm. The country people believe that, to manifest the injustice of the execution, the trees withered away. ARMSTRONG and his followers were buried in a deserted church-yard, where their graves are still shewn.

As this Border hero was a person of great note in his way, he is frequently alluded to by the writers of the time. Sir DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount, in the curious play published by Mr PINKERTON, from the Bannatyne MS. introduces a pardoner, or knavish dealer in reliques, who produces among his holy rarities—

——— The cordis, baith grit and lang,
Quhilt hangit Johnnie Armistrang,
Of gude hempt, soft and sound.

they discovered the place of STARHEAD's retreat, murdered him in his bed, and brought his head in triumph to Edinburgh, where KER caused it to be exposed at the cross. The Bastard HERON would have shared the same fate, had he not spred abroad a report of his having died of the plague, and caused his funeral obsequies to be performed. *Ridpath's History*, P. 481.—*See also Metrical Account of the battle of Flodden, published by the Rev. Mr Lambe.*

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Gude haly pepill, I stand ford,
Wha'evir beis hangit in this cord,
Neidis nevir to be drowned!

Pinkerton's Scottish Poems, VOL. 2. p. 69.

In *The Complaint of Scotland*, JOHN ERMISTRANGIS's DANCE, mentioned as a popular tune, has probably some reference to our hero.

The common people of the high parts of Tiviotdale, Liddesdale, and the country adjacent, hold the memory of JOHNIE ARMSTRONG in very high respect. They affirm also, that one of his attendants broke through the King's guard, and carried to Gilnockie Tower the news of the bloody catastrophe.

This song was first published by ALLAN RAMSAY in his *Evergreen*, who says he copied it from the mouth of a gentleman, called ARMSTRONG, who was in the sixth generation from this John. The reciter assured him that this was the genuine old Ballad, the common one false. By the common one, RAMSAY means an English Ballad upon the same subject, but differing in various particulars, which is published in Mr RITSON's *English Songs*, VOL. 2.—It is fortunate for the admirers of the old Ballad, that it did not fall into RAMSAY's hands when he was equipping, with new sets of words, the old Scottish tunes in his *Tea-table Miscellany*. Since his time it has been often reprinted.

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JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

Sum speikis of Lords, sum speikis of Lairds,
And sick lyke men of hie degrie;
Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
Sum time called Laird of Gilnockie.

The King he wrytes a luving letter,
With his ain hand sae tenderly,
And he hath sent it to Johnie Armstrang,
To cum and speik with him speidily.

The Eliots and Armstrangs did convene,
They were a gallant cumpanie—
"We'll ride and meit our lawful King,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie."

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" Make kinnen* and capon ready then,
And venison in great plentie,
We'll wellcome here our Royal King,
I hope he'll dine at Gilnockie !"

They ran their horse on the Langhome howm,
And brak their speirs wi' mickle main ;
The Ladies lukit frae their loft windows—
" God bring our men weel back agen !"

When Johnie came before the King,
Wi' a' his men sae brave to see,
The King he movit his bonnet to him,
He ween'd he was a King as well as he.

" May I find grace, my Sovereign Leige,
Grace for my loyal men and me ?
For my name it is Johnie Armstrang,
And subject of your's, my Liege," said he.

" Away, away, thou traitor strang !
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be !
I grantit never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."—

* *Kinnen*—Rabbits.

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"Grant me my life, my Liege, my King!
And a bonny gift I'll gie to thee—
Full four and twenty milk-white steids,
Were a' foaled in a year to me.

"I'll gie thee a' these milk-white steids,
That prance and nicker * at a speir;
And as mickle gude Inglish gilt †,
As four of their braid backs dow ‡ bear."—

"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee!"—

"Grantt me my life, my Liege, my King!
And a bonny gift I'll gie to thee—
Gude four and twenty ganging § mills,
That gang thro' a' the year to me.

"These four and twenty mills complete,
Shall gang for thee thro' a' the yeir;

* *Nicker*—Neigh.
† *Gilt*—Gold.
‡ *Dow*—Able to.
§ *Ganging*—Going.

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And as meikle of gude reid wheit,
As a' thair happers dow to bear."—

" Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight sune may'st thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."—

" Grant me my life, my Liege, my King!
And a great gift I'll gie to thee—
Bauld four and twenty sister's sons,
Shall for thee ficht, tho' all should flee!"

" Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight sune may'st thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."—

" Grant me my life, my Liege, my King!
And a brave gift I'll gie to thee—
All between heir and Newcastle town,
Shall pay their yeirly rent to thee."—

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"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight sune may'st thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."—

"Ye leid*, ye leid, now King," he says,
Altho' a King and Prince ye be!
For I've luved naething in my life,
I weel dare say it, but honesty—

"Save a fat horse, and a fair woman,
Twa bonny dogs to kill a deir;
But England suld have found me meal and mault,
Gif I had lived this hundred yeir!

"Sche suld have found me meil and mault,
And beif and mutton in all plentie;
But never a Scots wyfe could have said,
That e'er I skaithed her a pure flee.

"To seik het water beneith cauld ice,
Surely it is a greit folie—

* *Leid*—Lye.

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I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me!

"But, had I kenn'd ere I cam frae hame,
How thou unkind wadst been to me!
I wad have keepit the Border side,
In spite of all thy force and thee.

"Wist England's King that I was ta'en,
O gin a blythe man he wad be!
For anes I slew his sister's son,
And on his breist bane brake a trie."—

John wore a girdle about his middle,
Imbroidered ower wi' burning gold;
Bespangled wi' the same metal,
Maist beautiful was to behold.

There hang nine targats* at Johnie's hat,
And ilk ane worth three hundred pound—
"What wants that knave that a King suld have,
But the sword of honour, and the crown?

* *Targats*—Tassels.

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" O whair gat thou these targats, Johnie,
That blink * sae brawly abune thy brie ?"
" I gat them in the field fechting,
Where, cruel King, thou durst not be.

" Had I my horse, and harness gude,
And riding as I wont to be,
It suld have been tald this hundred yeir,
The meeting of my King and me !

" God be with thee, Kirsty †, my brother,
Lang live thou Laird of Mangertoun ;
Lang mayst thou live on the Border syde,
Ere thou see thy brother ride up and down !

" And God be with thee, Kirsty, my son !
Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee ;
But and thou live this hundred yeir,
Thy father's better thoul't never be.

" Farewell ! my bonny Gilnock-hall,
Where on Eske side thou standest stout !

* *Blink sae brawly*---Glance so bravely. † Christopher.

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Gif I had lived but seven years mair,
I wad hae gilt thee round about."

John murdered was at Carlinrigg,
And all his gallant cumpanie;
But Scotland's heart was near sae wae,
To see sae mony brave men die—

Because they saved their country deir,
Frae Englishmen! Nane were sae bauld,
Whyle Johnie lived on the Border syde,
Nane of them durst cum near his hauld.

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SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

BALLAD OF JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

The Editor believes his readers will not be displeased to see a Bond of Manrent, granted by this Border freebooter, to the Scottish Warden of the West Marches, in return for the gift of a feudal casualty of certain lands particularized. It is extracted from *Syme's Collection of Old Writings*, MS. *penes* Dr *Robert Anderson*, of Edinburgh.

BOND OF MANRENT.

Be it kend till all men, be yir present Letters, me JOHNE ARMISTRANG for to bound and oblist, and be ye tenor of yir present letters, and faith and trewth in my body, lelie and trewlie, bindis and oblissis me and myn airis, to ane nobil and michtie Lord, ROBERT Lord MAXWELL, Wardane of the West Marches of Scotland, that forasmikle as my said Lord has given and grantit to me and mine airis perpetuallie, the nonentries of all and hail the landis underwritten, yat is to say, the landis of Dalbetht, Shield, Dalblane, Stapil-Gortown, Langholme, and * * * * * with their prtindis, lyand in ye Lordship of Eskdale, as his gift maid to me yeruppon beris in ye self: and 'yat for all ye time of the nonentres of ye samyn. Theirfor, I, ye said JOHNE ARMISTRANG, bindis and oblissis me and myne airis, in manrent and service to ye said ROBERT Lord MAXWELL, and his airis, for evermair, first and befor all uyrs, myne allegiance to our Soverane Lord, the King, allanerly except; and to be trewe, gude, and lele servant to my said Lord, and be ready to do him service, baith in pece and weir, with all my kyn, friends, and servants, that I may and dowe to raise, and be and to my said Lord's airis for evermair. And

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sall tak his true and plane part in all maner of actions at myn outer power, and sall nouyr wit, hear, nor se my said Lordis skaith, lak, nor dishonestie, but we sall stop and lett ye samyn, and geif we dowe not let ye saymn, we sall warn him yerof in all possible haist, and geif it happenis me, ye said JOHNE ARMSTRANG, or myne airis, to fail in our said service and manrent any manner of way to our said Lord, (as God forbid we do) yan and in 'yat caiss, the gift and nonentres maid be him to us of ye said landis of Dalbetht, Schield, Dalblane, Stapil-Gortown, Langholme, and * * * * with the pertinentis, to be of no avale, force, nor effect; but ye said Lord and his airis to have free regress and ingress to ye nonentres of ye samyn, but ony pley or impediment. To the keeping and fulfilling of all and sundry the premisses, in form above writtin, I bind and obliss me and my airis foresaids, to ye said Lord and his airis for evermare be ye faithis treuthis in our bodies, but fraude or gile. In witness of ye quhilk thing, to 'yir letters of manrent subscrievit with my hand at ye pen, my sele is hangin, at Drumfries, ye secund day of November, the yier of God, Jaiv and XXV yeris.

JOHNE ARMSTRANG with my hand
at ye pen.

The lands here mentioned were probably the possessions of ARMSTRONG himself, the investitures of which not having been regularly renewed, the feudal casualty of non-entry had been incurred by the vassal; for there is, in the same MS. collection, a similar Bond of Manrent, granted by "CHRISTOPER ARMIESTRANG, calit *John's Pope*," on 24th January 1557, to Lord JOHNE Lord MAXWELL, and to Sir JOHNE MAXWELL of Terreglis, Knight, his tutor and governor, in return for the gift of "the males of All and haill ye landis quhilk are conteint in ane bond made by umquhile JOHN ARMISTRANG, my father, to umquhile ROBERT, Lord MAXWELL, gudshore to the said JOHNE, now Lord MAXWELL." It would therefore appear, that the Bond of Manrent, granted by JOHN ARMSTRONG, had been the price of his release from the feudal penalty arising from his having neglected to procure a regular Investiture from his superior. As Johnie only touched the pen, it appears that he could not write.

CHRISTOPHER ARMSTRONG, above-mentioned, is the person alluded to in the conclusion of the Ballad—"Fare thee weel, Kirsty, my son." He was the father of WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, called *Christie's Will*, a renowned freebooter, some of whose exploits the reader will find recorded in this work.

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JOHNIE OF BREADISLEE.

AN ANCIENT NITHISDALE BALLAD.

The Hero of this Ballad appears to have been an Outlaw and Deerstealer—probably one of the Broken Men residing upon the Border. There are several different copies, in one of which the principal personage is called JOHNIE OF COCKIELAW. *The stanzas of greatest merit have been selected from each copy. It is now printed for the first time.*

Johnie rose up in a May morning,
Called for water to wash his hands—
"Gar loose to me the gude graie dogs,
That are bound wi' iron bands."

When Johnie's mother gat word o' that,
Her hands for dule she wrang—

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"O Johnie! for my bennison,
To the grenewood dinna gang!

"Eneugh ye hae o' the gude wheat bread,
And eneugh o' the blude-red wine,
And therefore for nae vennison, Johnie,
I pray ye, stir frae hame."

But Johnie's buskt up his gude bend bow,
His arrows, ane by ane,
And he has gane to Durrisdeer,
To hunt the dun deer down.

As he came down by Merriemass,
And in by the benty line,
There has he espied a deer lying,
Aneath a bush of ling*.

Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he wounded her on the side;
But, atween the water and the brae,
His hounds they laid her pride.

* *Ling*—Heath.

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And Johnie has bryttled* the deer sae weel,
That he's had out her liver and lungs,
And wi' these he has feasted his bludey hounds,
As if they had been Erl's sons.

They eat sae much o' the vennison,
And drank sae much o' the blude,
That Johnie and a' his bludey hounds
Fell asleep as they had been dead.

And by there cam a silly auld carle,
An ill death mote he die!
For he's awa to Hislinton,
Where the Seven Foresters did lie.

"What news, what news, ye gray headed carle?
What news bring ye to me?"—
—"I bring nae news," said the gray headed carle,
"Save what these eyes did see.

"As I came down by Merriemass,
And down amang the scroggs†,

* *Bryttled*—To cut up venison. See the ancient ballad of *Chevy Chace*, v. 8.

† *Scroggs*—Stunted trees.

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The bonniest Childe that ever I saw,
Lay sleeping amang his dogs.

"The shirt that was upon his back,
Was o' the holland fine;
The doublet which was over that,
Was o' the lincome twine.

"The buttons that were on his sleeve,
Were o' the gowd sae gude;
The gude graie hounds he lay amang,
Their mouths were dyed wi' blude."

Then out and spak the first forester,
The heid man ower them a'—
"If this be Johnie o' Breadislee,
Nae nearer will we draw."

But up and spak the sixth forester,
His sister's son was he;
"If this be Johnie o' Breadislee,
We soon shall gar him die!"

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The first flight of arrows the foresters shot,
They wounded him on the knee;
And out and spak the seventh forester,
"The next will gar him die."

Johnie's set his back against an aik,
His fute against a stane;
And he has slain the seven foresters,
He has slain them a' but ane.

He has broke three ribs in that ane's side,
But and his collar bane;
He's laid him twa fald ower his steed,
Bade him carry the tidings hame.

"O is there na a bonnie bird,
Can sing as I can say?
Could flee away to my mother's bower,
And tell to fetch Johnie away."

The starling flew to his mother's window stane,
It whistled and it sang;
And aye the ower word o' the tune
Was—"Johnie tarries lang!"

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They made a rod o' the hazel bush,
Another o' the slae thorn tree,
And mony mony were the men
At fetching our Johnie.

Then out and spak his auld mother,
And fast her teirs did fa'—
"Ye wad nae be warn'd, my son Johnie,
Frae the hunting to bide awa.

"Aft hae I brought to Breadislee,
The less gear* and the mair,
But I ne'er brought to Breadislee,
What grieved my heart sae sair!

"But wae betide that silly auld Carle,
An ill death shall he die!
For the highest tree on Merriemass,
Shall be his morning's fee."

Now Johnie's gude bend bow is broke,
And his gude graie dogs are slain;
And his body lies dead in Durrisdeer,
And his hunting it is done.

* *Gear*---usually signifies *goods*, but here *spoil*.

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THE LOCHMABEN HARPER.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

The Castle of Lochmaben was formerly a noble building, situated upon a peninsula, projecting into one of the four Lakes which are in the neighbourhood of the Royal Burgh, and is said to have been the residence of ROBERT BRUCE, *while Lord of Annandale. Accordingly, it was always held to be a Royal Fortress, the keeping of which, according to the custom of the times, was granted to some powerful Lord, with an allotment of lands and fishings for the defence and maintenance of the place. There is extant a grant, dated 16th March* 1511, *to* ROBERT LAUDER *of the Bass, of the office of Captain and Keeper of Lochmaben Castle, for seven years, with many perquisites. Among others, the* " land stolen frae the King," *is bestowed on the Captain, as his proper lands—What shall we say of a country, where the very ground was the subject of theft?*

O heard ye na o' the silly blind harper,
How lang he lived in Lochmaben town?
And how he wad gang to fair England,
To steal the Lord Warden's Wanton Brown?

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But first he gaed to his gude wyfe,
Wi a' the haste that he could thole—
" This wark," quo' he, " will ne'er gae weel,
Without a mare that has a foal."—

Quo' she—" Thou hast a gude gray mare,
That can baith lance o'er laigh and hie;
Sae set thee on the gray mare's back,
And leave the foal at hame wi' me."

So he is up to England gane,
And even as fast as he may drie,
And when he cam to Carlisle gate,
O whae was there but the Warden, he?

" Come into my hall, thou silly blind harper,
And of thy harping let me hear"—
" O by my sooth, " quo' the silly blind harper,
I wad rather hae stabling for my mare!"

The Warden look'd ower his left shoulder,
And said unto his stable groom—
" Gae take the silly blind harper's mare,
And tie her beside my Wanton Brown."

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Then aye he harped, and aye he carped*,
Till a' the Lordlings footed the floor;
But an' the music was sae sweet,
The groom had nae mind o' the stable door.

And aye he harped, and aye he carped,
Till a' the Nobles were fast asleep;
Then quietly he took aff his shoon,
And saftly down the stair did creep.

Syne to the stable door he hied,
Wi' tread as light as light could be,
And when he opened and gaed in,
There he fand thirty steeds and three.

He took a cowt halter† frae his hose,
And o' his purpose he did na fail,
He slipt it ower the Wanton's nose,
And tied it to his gray mare's tail.

He turned them loose at the castle gate,
Ower muir and moss and ilka dale,
And she ne'er let the Wanton bait,
But kept him a-galloping hame to her foal.

* *Carped*---Sung. † *Cowt halter*---Colt's halter.

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The mare she was right swift o' foot,
  She didna fail to find the way;
For she was at Lochmaben gate,
  A lang three hours before the day.

When she cam to the harper's door,
  There she gave mony a nicker and sneer*—
" Rise up," quo' the wife, " thou lazy lass,
  Let in thy master and his mare."

Then up she rose, put on her cloathes,
  And keekit through at the lock-hole—
" O! by my sooth," then cried the lass,
  " Our mare has gotten a braw brown foal!"

" Come, haud thy tongue, thou silly wench!
  The morn's but glancing in your ee"—
—" I'll † wad my hail fee against a groat,
  He's bigger than e'er our foal will be."

Now all this while, in merry Carlisle,
  The harper harped to hie and law;

* *Nicker and sneer*---Neigh and snort.

† *Wad my hail fee*---Bet my whole wages.

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And the *fiend thing dought they do but listen him to,
Untill that the day began to daw.

But on the morn, at fair day light,
When they had ended a' their cheer,
Behold the Wanton Brown was gane,
And eke the poor blind harper's mare!

" Allace! allace!" quo' the cunning auld harper,
" And ever allace that I cam here!
In Scotland I lost a braw cowt foal,
In England they've stown my gude gray mare!"

" Come! cease thy allacing, thou silly blind harper,
And again of thy harping let us hear,
And weel payd sall thy cowt foal be,
And thou sall have a far better mare."

Then aye he harped, and aye he carped,
Sae sweet were the harpings he let them hear!
He was paid for the foal he had never lost,
And three times ower for the gude GRAY MARE.

* *Fiend thing dought*---Nothing could they do.

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NOTES

ON

THE LOCHMABEN HARPER.

The only remark which offers itself upon the foregoing Ballad seems to be, that it is the most modern in which the Harp, as a Border instrument of musick, is found to occur.

I cannot dismiss the subject of Lochmaben, without noticing an extraordinary and anomalous class of landed proprietors, who dwell in the neighbourhood of that Burgh. These are the inhabitants of four small villages, near the ancient castle, called the Four Towns of Lochmaben. They themselves are termed the King's Rentallers, or Kindly Tenants, under which denomination each of them has a right, of an allodial nature, to a small piece of ground. It is said that these people are the descendents of ROBERT BRUCE's Menials, to whom he assigned, in reward of their faithful service, these portions of land, burdened only with the payment of certain quit-rents, and grassums, or fines, upon the entry of a new Tenant. The right of the Rentallers is, in essence, a right of property, but, in form, only a right of lease, of which they appeal for the foundation to the rent rolls of the Lord of the Castle and Manor. This possession, by rental, or by simple entry upon the rent roll, was anciently a common, and peculiarly sacred, species of property, granted by a Chief to his faithful followers; the connection of Landlord and Tenant being esteemed of a nature too formal to be necessary, where there was honor upon one side, and gratitude upon the other. But, in the case of subjects granting a right of this kind, it was held to expire with the life of the granter, unless his heir chose to renew it; and also upon the death of the Rentaller himself, unless especially granted to his heirs, by which term only his first heir was understood. Hence, in modern days, the *Kindly Tenants* have entirely disappeared from the land. Fortunately for the inhabitants of the Four Towns of Lochmaben, the maxim,

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that the King can never die, prevents their right of property from reverting to the Crown. The VISCOUNT of STORMONTH, as Royal Keeper of the Castle, did, indeed, about the beginning of the century, make an attempt to remove the Rentallers from their possessions, or at least to procure judgment, finding them obliged to take out feudal investitures, and subject themselves to the casualties thereto annexed. But the Rentallers united in their common defence, and having stated their immemorial possession, together with some favourable clauses in certain Old Acts of Parliament, enacting, that the King's *poor Kindly Tenants* of Lochmaben should not be hurt, they finally prevailed in an action before the Court of Session. From the peculiar state of their right of property, it follows, that there is no occasion for feudal investitures, or the formal entry of an heir; and of course, when they chuse to convey their lands, it is done by a simple deed of conveyance, without Charter or Sasine.

The Kindly Tenants of Lochmaben live (or at least lived till lately) much sequestered from their neighbours, marry among themselves, and are distinguished from each other by *soubriquets*, according to the ancient Border custom repeatedly noticed. You meet, among their writings, with such names as *John Out-bye, Will In-bye, White-fish, Red-fish, &c.* They are tenaciously obstinate in defence of their privileges of commonty &c. which are numerous. Their lands are, in general, neatly inclosed, and well cultivated, and they form a contented and industrious little community.

Many of these particulars are extracted from the MS. of Mr Syme, Writer to the Signet. Those, who are desirous of more information, may consult *Craig de feudis*. Lib. 2 Dig. 9. Sec. 24. It is hoped the reader will excuse this digression, though somewhat professional, especially as there can be little doubt that this diminutive Republic must soon share the fate of mightier States; for, in consequence of the increase of commerce, lands possessed under this singular tenure, being now often brought to sale, and purchased by the neighbouring proprietor, will in process of time be included in their investitures, and the right of Rentallage be entirely forgotten.

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FAIR HELEN

OF KIRCONNELL.

The following very popular Ballad has been handed down, by tradition, in its present imperfect state. The affecting incident on which it is founded, is well known. A Lady, of the name of HELEN IRVING, or BELL, (for this is disputed by the two Clans), daughter of the Laird of Kirconnell*, in Dumfries-shire, and celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. The name of the favoured suitor was ADAM FLEMING, of Kirkpatrick; that of the other has escaped tradition, though it has been alledged that he was a BELL, of Blacket House. The addresses of the latter were, however, favoured by the friends of the lady, and the lovers were therefore obliged to meet in secret, and by night, in the

* This dispute is owing to the uncertain date of the Ballad, for although the last proprietors of Kirconnell were Irvings, when deprived of their possession by Robert Maxwell in 1600, yet Kirconnell is term'd in old chronicles *The Bells' Tower*; and a stone, with the arms of that family, has been found among its ruins. Fair Helen's sirname, therefore, depends upon the period at which she lived, which it is now impossible to ascertain.

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church-yard of Kirconnell, a romantic spot, surrounded by the River Kirtle. During one of these private interviews, the jealous and despised lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and levelled his carabine at the breast of his rival. HELEN threw herself before her lover, received in her bosom the bullet, and died in his arms. A desperate and mortal combat ensued between FLEMING and the murderer, in which the latter was cut to pieces. Other accounts say, that FLEMING pursued his enemy to Spain, and slew him in the streets of Madrid.

The Ballad, as now published, consists of two parts. The first seems to be an address, either by FLEMING or his rival, to the Lady, if, indeed, it constituted any portion of the original Poem. For the Editor cannot help suspecting, that these verses have been the production of a different and inferior bard, and only adapted to the original measure and tune. But this suspicion being unwarranted by any copy he has been able to procure, he does not venture to do more than intimate his own opinion. The second part, by far the most beautiful, and which is unquestionably original, forms the lament of FLEMING over the grave of Fair HELEN.

The Ballad is here given, without alteration or improvement, from the most accurate copy which could be recovered. The fate of HELEN has not, however, remained unsung by modern bards. A Lament, of great poetical merit, by the learned historian, Mr PINKERTON, with several other Poems on his subject, have been printed in various forms.

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The grave of the lovers is yet shown in the church-yard of Kirconnell, near Springkell. Upon the tomb-stone can still be read—*Hic jacet Adamus Fleming;* a cross and sword are sculptured on the stone. The former is called by the country people the gun with which HELEN was murdered, and the latter the avenging sword of her lover. *Sit illis terra levis!* A heap of stones is raised on the spot where the murder was committed, a token of abhorrence common to most nations*.

* This practice has only very lately become obsolete in Scotland. The Editor remembers that a few years ago a cairn was pointed out to him in the King's Park of Edinburgh, which had been raised in detestation of a cruel murder perpetrated by one Nichol Muschet, on the body of his wife in that place, in the year 1720.

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FAIR HELEN.

PART FIRST.

O! Sweetest sweet, and fairest fair,
Of birth and worth beyond compare,
Thou art the causer of my care,
  Since first I loved thee.

Yet God hath given to me a mind,
The which to thee shall prove as kind,
As any one that thou shalt find,
  Of high or low degree.

The shallowest water makes maist din,
The deadest pool the deepest linn,

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The richest man least truth within,
Tho' he preferred be.

Yet nevertheless I am content,
And never a whit my love repent,
But think the time was a' weel spent,
Tho' I disdained be.

O! Helen sweet, and maist compleat,
My captive spirit's at thy feet,
Thinks thou still fit thus for to treat
Thy captive cruelly.

O! Helen brave, but this I crave,
Of thy poor slave some pity have,
And do him save that's near his grave,
And dies for love of thee.

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FAIR HELEN.

PART SECOND.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms * burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me.

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair,

* *Burd Helen*---Maid Helen.

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There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma,
I hacked him in pieces sma,
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Untill the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "haste, and come to me!"

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O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding sheet drawn ower my e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

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JAMIE TELFER

OF THE FAIR DODHEAD.

AN ANCIENT BORDER BALLAD.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

It fell about the Martinmas tyde,
Whan our Border steeds get corn and hay,
The Captain of Bewcastle hath bound him to ryde,
And he's ower to Tividale to drive a prey.

The first ae guide that they met wi',
It was high up in Hardhaughswire,
The second guide that they met wi',
It was laigh down in Borthwick water.

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"What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide?"—
—"Nae tidings, nae tidings, I hae to thee;
But gin ye'll gae to the fair Dodhead,
Mony a cow's cauf I'll let thee see."

And whan they cam to the fair Dodhead,
Right hastily they clam the peel,
They loosed the kye out, ane and a',
And ranshakled* the house right weel.

Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,
The tear aye rowing in his e'e,
He pled wi' the Captain to hae his gear,
Or else revenged he wad be.

The Captain turned him round, and leugh,
Said—"Man, there's naething in thy house,
But ae auld sword without a sheath,
That hardly now wad fell a mouse!"

The sun was na up, but the moon was down,
It was the gryming† of a new fa'n snaw,
Jamie Telfer has run ten myles a-foot,
Between the Dodhead and the Stobs's Ha'.

* *Ranshakled*---Ransacked. † *Gryming*---Sprinkling.

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And whan he cam to the fair tower yate,
He shouted loud, and cried weel hie,
Till out bespak auld Gibby Elliot—
"Whae's this that brings the fray to me?"—

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be!
There's naething left at the fair Dodhead,
But a waefu' wife and bairnies three."—

"Gar seek your succour at Branksome Ha',
For succour ye'se get nane frae me!
Gae seek your succour where ye paid black mail,
For man! ye ne'er paid money to me."

Jamie has turned him round about,
I wat the tear blinded his e'e—
"I'll ne'er pay mail to Elliot again,
And the fair Dodhead I'll never see!

"My hounds may a' rin masterless,
My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
My Lord may grip my vassal lands,
For there again maun I never be!"

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He has turned him to the Tiviot side,
E'en as fast as he could drie,
Till he cam to the Coultart Cleugh,
And there he shouted baith loud and hie.

Then up bespak him auld Jock Grieve—
"Whae's this that brings the fray to me?"—
—"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I trew I be!

"There's naething left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three,
And sax poor ca's* stand in the sta',
A' routing loud for their minnie†."—

"Alack a wae!" quo' auld Jock Grieve,
Alack! my heart is sair for thee!
For I was married on the elder sister,
And you on the youngest of a' the three."

Then he has ta'en out a bonny black,
Was right weel fed wi' corn and hay,
And he's set Jamie Telfer on his back,
To the Catslockhill to tak the fray.

* *Ca's*---Calves. † *Minnie*---Mother.

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And whan he cam to the Catslockhill,
He shouted loud, and cried weel hie,
Till out and spak him William's Wat—
"O whae's this brings the fray to me?"—

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I think I be!
The Captain o' Bewcastle has driven my gear,
For God's sake, rise, and succour me!"—

"Alas for wae!" quo' William's Wat,
"Alack, for thee my heart is sair
I never cam bye the fair Dodhead,
That ever I fand thy basket bare."

He's set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,
Himsel' upon a freckled gray,
And they are on wi' Jamie Telfer,
To Branksome Ha' to tak the fray.

And whan they cam to Branksome Ha',
They shouted a' baith loud and hie,
Till up and spak him auld Buccleuch,
Said—"Whae's this brings the fray to me?"—

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"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be!
There's nought left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife, and bairnies three."—

"Alack for wae!" quo' the gude auld Lord,
And ever my heart is wae for thee!
But fye gar cry on Willie, my son,
And see that he cum to me speedilie!

"Gar warn the water, braid and wide,
Gar warn it sune and hastilie!
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face o' me!

"Warn Wat o' Harden, and his sons,
Wi' them will Borthwick water ride;
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,
And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonside.

"Ride by the gate at Priesthaughswire,
And warn the Currors o' the Lee;
As ye cum down the Hermitage Slack,
Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrinberry."—

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The Scots they rade, the Scots they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steadilie!
And aye the ower-word o' the thrang
Was—" Rise for Branksome readilie!"

The gear was driven the Frostylee up,
Frae the Frostylee unto the plain,
Whan Willie has looked his men before,
And saw the kye right fast driving.

" Whae drives thir kye?" can Willie say,
" To mak an outspeckle* o' me?"—
—" It's I, the Captain o' Bewcastle, Willie,
I winna layne my name for thee."—

" O will ye let Telfer's kye gae back?
Or will ye do aught for regard o' me?
Or, by the faith of my body," quo' Willie Scott,
I'se ware my dame's cauf's skin on thee!"—

" I winna let the kye gae back,
Neither for thy love, nor yet thy fear,
But I will drive Jamie Telfer's kye,
In spite of every Scot that's here."—

* *Outspeckle*---Laughing Stock.

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"Set on them, lads!" quo' Willie than,
"Fye, lads, set on them cruellie!
For ere they win to the Ritterford,
Mony a toom * saddle there sall be!"

Then till't they gaed wi' heart and hand,
The blows fell thick as bickering hail,
And mony a horse ran masterless,
And mony a comely cheek was pale!

But Willie was stricken ower the head,
And through the knapscap† the sword has gane,
And Harden grat for very rage,
Whan Willie on the grund lay slane.

But he's taen aff his gude steel cap,
And thrice he's waved it in the air—
The Dinlay‡ snaw was ne'er mair white
Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair.

"Revenge! Revenge!" auld Wat can cry,
"Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!
We'll ne'er see Tiviot side again,
Or Willie's death revenged sall be."

* *Toom*---Empty. † *Knapscap*---Headpiece.
‡ *The Dinlay*---is a Mountain in Liddesale.

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O mony a horse ran masterless,
The splintered lances flew on hie,
But or they wan to the Kershope ford,
The Scots had gotten the victory.

John o' Brigham there was slane,
And John o' Barlow, as I hear say;
And thirty mae o' the Captain's men,
Lay bleeding on the grund that day.

The Captain was run through the thick of the thigh,
And broken was his right leg bane,
If he had lived this hundred years,
He had never been loved by woman again.

"Hae back thy kye!" the Captain said,
"Dear kye, I trow, to some they be!
For gin I suld live a hundred years,
There will ne'er fair lady smile on me."

Then word is gane to the Captain's bride,
Even in the bower where that she lay,
That her Lord was prisoner in enemy's land,
Since into Tividale he had led the way.

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"I wad lourd* have had a winding sheet,
And helped to put it ower his head,
Ere he had been disgraced by the *Border Scot*,
Whan he ower Liddel his men did lead!"—

There was a wild gallant amang us a',
His name was Watty wi' the Wudspurs†,
Cried—"On for his house in Stanegirthside,
If ony man will ride with us!"

Whan they cam to the Stanegirthside,
They dang wi' trees, and burst the door,
They loosed out a' the Captain's kye,
And set them forth our lads before.

There was an auld wife ayont the fire,
A wee bit o' the Captain's kin—
"Whae dare loose out the Captain's kye,
Or answer to him and his men?"—

"It's I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye!
I winna layne my name frae thee!
And I will loose out the Captain's kye,
In scorn of a' his men and he."

* *Lourd*---Rather. † *Wudspurs*---Hotspur or Mad-spur.

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Whan they cam to the fair Dodhead,
They were a wellcum sight to see!
For instead of his ain ten milk kye,
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.

And he has paid the rescue shot,
Baith wi' gowd, and white monie,
And at the burial o' Willie Scott,
I wat was mony a weeping e'e.

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NOTES

ON

JAMIE TELFER OF THE FAIR DODHEAD.

There is another Ballad, under the same title as the preceding, in which nearly the same incidents are narrated, with little difference, except that the honour of rescuing the cattle is attributed to the Liddesdale ELLIOTS, headed by a Chief, there called MARTIN ELLIOT of the Preakin Tower, whose son, SIMON, is said to have fallen in the action. It is very possible that both the Tiviotside SCOTTS, and the ELLIOTS, were engaged in the affair, and that each claimed the honour of the victory.

The Editor presumes that the WILLIE SCOTT, here mentioned, must have been a natural son of the Laird of BUCCLEUCH.

It was high up in Hardhaughswire, P. 80. Verse 2.

Hardhaughswire is the pass from Liddesdale to the head of Tiviotdale.

It was laigh down in Borthwick water.—P. 81. Verse 2.

Borthwick water is a stream which falls into the Tiviot, three miles above Hawick.

But gin ye'll gae to the Fair Dodhead, P. 81. Verse 1.

The Dodhead, in Selkirkshire, near Singlee, where there are still the vestiges of an old tower.

Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair.—P. 81. Verse 3.

There is still a family of Telfers residing near Langholm, who pretend to derive their descent from the Telfers of the Dodhead.

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Between the Dodhead and Stobs's Ha'.—P. 81. Verse 5.

Stobs Hall, upon Slitterick. Jamie Telfer made his first application here, because he seems to have paid the proprietor of that castle *black mail*, or protection money.

Gae seek your succour at Branksome Ha'—P. 82. Verse 3.

The ancient family seat of the Lairds of Buccleugh, near Hawick.

Till he cam to the Coultart Cleugh.—P. 83. Verse 1.

The Coultart Cleugh is nearly opposite to Carlinrig, on the road between Hawick and Mosspaul.

Gae warn the water, braid and wide.—P. 85. Verse 3.

The water, in the mountainous districts of Scotland, is often used to express the banks of the river, which are the only inhabitable part of the country. *To raise the water*, therefore, was to alarm those who lived along its side.

Warn Wat o' Harden and his sons, &c.—P. 85. Verse 4.

The estates mentioned in this verse belonged to families of the name of SCOTT, residing upon the Waters of Borthwick and Tiviot, near the Castle of their Chief.

Ride by the gate at Priesthaughswire.—P. 85. Verse 5.

The pursuers seem to have taken the road through the hills of Liddesdale, in order to collect forces, and intercept the foragers at the passage of the Liddel, on their return to Bewcastle. The Rittersford and Kershope-ford, after mentioned, are noted fords on the River Liddel.

The gear was driven the Frostylee up.—P. 86. Verse 2.

The Frostylee is a brook, which joins the Tiviot, near Mosspaul.

And Harden grat for very rage.—P. 87. Verse 3.

Of this Border Laird, commonly called *Auld Wat of Harden*, tradition has preserved many anecdotes. He was married to MARY SCOTT, celebrated in song by the title of the FLOWER of YARROW. By their marriage contract,

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the father-in-law, PHILIP SCOTT of Dryhope, was to find HARDEN in horse meat and man's meat, at his Tower of Dryhope, for a year and day; but five Barons pledge themselves that, at the expiry of that period, the son-in-law should remove, without attempting to continue in possession by force! A Notary Public signed for all the parties to the deed, none of whom could write their names. The original is still in the charter-room of the present Mr SCOTT of Harden. By the FLOWER of YARROW the Laird of HARDEN had six sons. Five of these survived him, and founded the families of HARDEN, (now extinct) HIGHCHESTERS, (now representing HARDEN), REABURN, WOOL, and SYNTON. The sixth son was slain at a fray, in a hunting match, by the SCOTS of Gilmanscleuch. His brothers flew to arms, but the old Laird secured them in the dungeon of his Tower, hurried to Edinburgh, stated the crime, and obtained a gift of the lands of the offenders from the Crown. He returned to Harden with equal speed, released his sons, and shewed them the charter. "To horse, Lads!" cried the savage warrior, "and let us take possession! the lands of Gilmanscleuch are well worth a dead son." More anecdotes of this renowned mosstrooper will occur in the course of this work.

John o' Brigham there was slane.—P. 88. Verse 2.

Perhaps one of the ancient family of Brougham, in Cumberland. The Editor has used some freedom with the original in the subsequent verse. The account of the Captain's disaster *(teste læva vulnerata)* is rather too *naive* for literal publication.

Cried, "On for his house in Stanegirthside.— P. 89. Verse 2.

A house belonging to the Foresters, situated on the English side of the Liddel.

An article in the list of attempts upon England, fouled by the Commissioners at Berwick in the year 1587, may relate to the subject of the foregoing Ballad.

OCTOBER, 1582.

THOMAS MUSGRAVE, Deputy of Bewcastle, and the tenants against } WALTER SCOTT, Laird of Buckluth, and his complices; for } 200 kine and oxen, 300 gait and sheep.

Introduction to History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, P. 31.

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THE RAID

OF THE REIDSWIRE.

THIS Poem is published from a copy in the BANNATYNE MS. in the handwriting of the Hon. Mr CARMICHAEL, advocate. It first appeared in *Allan Ramsay's Evergreen*, but some liberties have been taken by him in transcribing it; and, what is altogether unpardonable, the MS. which is itself rather inaccurate, has been interpolated to favour his readings, of which there remain obvious marks.

The skirmish of the Reidswire happened upon the 7th of June, 1575, at one of the meetings held by the Wardens of the Marches, for arrangements necessary upon the Border. Sir JOHN CARMICHAEL, ancestor of the present Earl of HYNDFORD, was the Scottish Warden, and Sir JOHN FORSTER held that office on the English Middle March. In the course of the day, which was employed, as usual, in redressing wrongs, a Bill, or Indictment, at the instance of a Scottish

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complainer, was fouled (i. e. found a true bill) against one FARNSTEIN, a notorious English freebooter. FORSTER alledged that he had fled from justice: CARMICHAEL considering this as a pretext to avoid making compensation for the felony, bade him "play fair!" to which the haughty English Warden retorted, by some injurious expressions respecting CARMICHAEL's family, and gave other open signs of resentment. His retinue, chiefly men of Reedsdale and Tynedale, the most ferocious of the English Borderers, glad of any pretext for a quarrel, discharged a flight of arrows among the Scots. A warm conflict ensued, in which, CARMICHAEL being beat down and made prisoner, success seemed at first to incline to the English side; till the Tynedale men, throwing themselves too greedily upon the plunder, fell into disorder, and a body of Jedburgh citizens arriving at that instant, the skirmish terminated in a compleat victory on the part of the Scots, who took prisoners, the English Warden, JAMES OGLE, CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD, FRANCIS RUSSELL, son to the Earl of BEDFORD, and son-in-law to FORSTER, some of the FENWICKS, and several other Border Chiefs. They were sent to the Earl of MORTON, then Regent, who detained them at Dalkeith for some days, till the heat of their resentment was abated; which prudent precaution prevented a war betwixt the two kingdoms. He then dismissed them with great expressions of regard, and, to satisfy Queen ELIZABETH*, sent up CARMICHAEL to York,

* Her Ambassador at Edinburgh refused to lie in a bed of state which had been provided for him, till this "*oudious fact*" had been enquired into.—*Murden's State Papers*, VOL. II. P. 282.

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whence he was soon after honourably dismissed. The field of battle, called the Reidswire, is a part of the Carter Mountain, about ten miles from Jedburgh.—See, for these particulars, *Godscroft*, *Spottiswoode*, and *Johnston's history*.

The Editor has adopted the modern spelling of the word REIDSWIRE, to prevent the mistake in pronunciation which might be occasioned by the use of the Scottish *qu* for *w*. The MS. reads *Reidsquair*. *Swair*, or *Swire*, signifies the descent of a hill, and the epithet *Red* is derived from the colour of the heath.

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THE RAID

OF THE REIDSWIRE.

The seventh of July, the suith to say,
At the Reidswire the tryst was set;
Our Wardens they affixed the day,
And as they promised, so they met.
Alas! that day I'll ne'er forgett!
Was sure sae feard and then sae faine—
They came theare justice for to gett,
Will never green* to come again.

Carmichael was our Warden then,
He caused the country to conveen;
And the Laird's Wat, that worthie man,
Brought in that sirname weil beseen:

* *Green*—Long.

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The Armestranges, that aye hae been
A hardie house, but not a hail,
The Elliots' honnors to maintaine,
Brought down the lave* o' Liddesdale.

Then Tividale came to wi' speid;
The Sheriffe brought the Douglas down,
Wi' Cranstane, Gladstain, good at need,
Baith Rewle water, and Hawick town.
Beanjeddart baldly made him boun,
Wi' a' the Trumbills, stronge and stout;
The Rutherfoords, with grit renown,
Convoyed the town of Jedbrugh out.

Of other clans I cannot tell,
Because our warning was not wide.
Be this our folks hae tane the fell,
And planted down palliones† their to bide.
We looked down the other side,
And saw come breasting ower the brae,
Wi' Sir John Forster for their guyde,
Full fiftene hundred men and mae.

It grieved him sair that day, I trow,
Wi' Sir George Hinrome of Schipsydehouse;

* *Lave*---Remainder. † *Palliones*---Tents.

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Because we were not men enow,
They counted us not worth a louse.
Sir George was gentle, meek, and douse,
But *he* was hail and hett as fire;
And yet, for all his cracking crouse*,
He rewd the raid o' the Reidswire.

To deal with proud men is but pain;
For either must ye fight or flee,
Or else no answer make again,
But play the beast, and let them be.
It was na wonder he was hie,
Had Tindaill, Reedsdaill, at his hand,
Wi' Cukdaill, Gladsdaill on the lee,
And Hebsrime, and Northumberland.

Yett was our meeting meek enough,
Begun wi' merriment and mowes,
And at the brae, aboon the heugh,
The clark sate down to call the rowes†.
And some for kyne, and some for ewes,
Called in of Dandrie, Hob, and Jock—
We saw come marching ower the knows,
Five hundred Fennicks in a flock.

* *Cracking crouse*---Talking big. † *Rowes*---Rolls.

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With jack and speir, and bowes all bent,
And warlike weapons at their will:
Although we were na weel content,
Yet, be my trouth, we feard no ill.
Some gaed to drink, and some stude still,
And some to cairds and dice them sped,
Till on ane Farnstein they fyled a bill,
And he was fugitive and fled.

Carmichaell bade them speik out plainlie,
And cloke no cause for ill nor good;
The other answering him as vainlie,
Began to reckon kin and blood:
He raise, and raxed* him where he stood,
And bade him match him with his marrows:
Then Tindaill heard them reasun rude,
And they loot off a flight of arrows.

Then was there nought but bow and speir,
And every man pulled out a brand;
"A Schaftan and a Fenwick" thare:
Gude Symington was slain frae hand.
The Scotsmen cried on other to stand,
Frae time they saw John Robson slain—
What should they cry? the King's command
Could cause no cowards turn again.

* *Raxed him*---Stretched himself up.

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Up rose the Laird to red the cumber*,
Which would not be for all his boast;—
What could we doe with sic a number?
Fyve thousand men into a host.
Then Henry Purdie proved his cost†,
And very narrowlie had mischiefed him,
And there we had our Warden lost,
Wert not the grit God he reliev'd him.

Another throw the breikes him bair,
Whill flatlies to the grund he fell:
Than thought I weel we had lost him there,
Into my stomach it struck a knell!
Yet up he raise, the treuth to tell ye,
And laid about him dints full dour,
His horsemen they raid sturdilie,
And stude about him in the stoure.

Then raise‡ the slogan with ane shout—
"Fy Tindaill, to it! Jedbrugh's here!"
I trow he was not half sae stout,
‖But anis his stomach was asteir.

* *Red the cumber*---Quell the tumult.

† *Cost*---signifies loss or risque. ‡ *Raise*---Rose.

‖ *But, &c.*---Till once his anger was up.

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With gun and genzie*, bow and speir,
Men might see mony a cracked crown;
But up amang the merchant geir,
They were as busie as we were down.

The swallow taill frae tackles flew,
Five hundreth flain† into the flight,
But we had pestelets enow,
And shot amang them as we might.
With help of God the game gade right,
Frae time the foremost of them fell;
Then over the know, without goodnight,
They ran with mony a shout and yell.

But after they had turned backs,
Yet Tindaill men they turned again;
And had not been the merchant packs,
There had been mae of Scotland slain.
But Jesu! if the folks were fain
To put the bussing on their thies;
And so they fled, wi' a' their main,
Down ower the brae like clogged bees.

* *Genzie*---Engine of war.

† *Flain*---Arrows; hitherto absurdly printed *slain*.

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Sir Francis Russell ta'en was their,
And hurt, as we hear men rehearse;
Proud Wallinton was wounded sair,
Albeit he be a Fennick fierce.
But if ye wald a souldier search,
Among them a' were ta'en that night,
Was nane sae wordie to put in verse,
As Colingwood, that courteous knight.

Young Henry, scaiped home, is hurt;
A souldier shot him with a bow:
Scotland has cause to mak great sturt,
For laiming of the Laird of Mow.
The Laird's Wat did weel indeed,
His freinds stood stoutlie by himsel',
With little Gladstain, gude in need,
For Gretein kend na gude be ill.

The Sheriff wanted not gude will,
Howbeit he might not fight so fast;
Beanjeddart, Hundlie, and Hunthill,
Three, on they laid weel at the last.
Except the horsemen of the guard,
If I could put men to availe,
None stoutlier stood out for their laird,
Nor did the lads of Liddesdail.

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But little harness had we there;
But auld Badreule had on a jack,
And did right weel, I you declare,
With all his Trumbills at his back.
Gude Ederstane was not to lack,
Nor Kirktoun, Newtoun, noble men!
Thir's * all the specials I of speake,
By † others that I could not ken.

Who did invent that day of play,
We need not fear to find him soon;
For Sir John Forster, I dare well say,
Made us this noisome afternoon.
Not that I speak preceislie out,
That he supposed it would be perril;
But pride, and breaking out of feuid,
Garr'd Tindaill lads begin the quarrel.

* *Thir's*---These are. † *By*---Besides.

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NOTES

ON

THE RAID OF THE REIDSWIRE.

Carmichael was our Warden then.—P. 97. Verse 2.

Sir JOHN CARMICHAEL was a favourite of the Regent MORTON, by whom he was appointed Warden of the Middle Marches, in preference to the Border Chieftains. With the like policy, the Regent married ARCHIBALD CARMICHAEL, the Warden's brother, to the heiress of Edrom, in the Merse, much contrary to the inclination of the lady and her friends. In like manner, he compelled another heiress, JANE SLEIGH, of Cumlege, to marry ARCHIBALD, brother to AUCHINLECK of Auchinleck, one of his dependants. By such arbitrary practices, MORTON meant to strengthen his authority on the borders; instead of which, he hastened his fall, by giving disgust to his kinsman, the Earl of ANGUS, and his other friends, who had been established in the country for ages.—*Godscroft*, VOL. II. Pages 238. 246. Sir JOHN CARMICHAEL, the Warden, was murdered 16th June, 1600, by a party of borderers, at a place called Raesknows, near Lochmaben, whither he was going to hold a Court of Justice. Two of the ringleaders in the slaughter, THOMAS ARMSTRONG, called *Ringan's Tam*, and ADAM SCOTT, called *The Pecket*, were tried at Edinburgh, at the instance of CARMICHAEL of Edrom. They were condemned to have their right hands struck off, thereafter to be hanged, and their bodies gibbetted on the Borough Moor; which sentence was executed 14th November, 1601. "This *Pecket*, (saith BIRREL in his Diary), was ane of the maist notalrie thieffes that ever raid:" he calls his name Steill, which appears from the record to be a mistake. Four years afterwards, an ARMSTRONG, called *Sandy of Rowanburn*, and several others of that tribe, were executed for this and other excesses.—*Books of Adjournal of these dates.*

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And the Laird's Wat, that worthie man.—P. 97. Verse 2.

The Chief who led out the sirname of SCOTT upon this occasion, was (saith SATCHELLS) WALTER SCOTT of Ancrum, a natural son of WALTER of Buccleuch. The Laird of Buccleuch was then a minor. The Ballad must have been popular in SATCHELLS' days, for he quotes it literally. He must however have been mistaken in this particular, for the family of SCOTT of Ancrum, in all our books of genealogy, deduce their descent from the SCOTTS of Balwearie in Fife, whom they represent. The first of this family, settled in Roxburghshire, is stated in *Douglas's Baronage* to have been PATRICK SCOTT, who purchased the lands of Ancrum, in the reign of JAMES VI. He therefore could not be the *Laird's Wat* of the Ballad; indeed, from the list of border families in 1597, KERR appears to have been proprietor of Ancrum at the date of the Ballad. It is plainly written in the MS. the *Laird's Wat*, i. e. the Laird's son Wat, notwithstanding which, it has always hitherto been printed the *Laird Wat*. If Douglas be accurate in his genealogy, the person meant must be the young Laird of Buccleuch, afterwards distinguished for his surprize of Carlisle Castle.—See *Kinmont Willie*.

The Armestranges, that aye hae been.—P. 98. Verse 1.

This Clan are here mentioned as not being hail, or whole, because they were outlawed or broken men. Indeed many of them had become Englishmen, as the phrase then went. Accordingly we find from PATON, that forty of them, under the Laird of Mangertoun, joined SOMERSET upon his expedition into Scotland.—*Paton, in Dalzell's Fragments*, P. 1. There was an old alliance betwixt the ELLIOTS and ARMSTRONGS, here alluded to. For the enterprizes of the ARMSTRONGS against their native country, when under English assurance, see *Murdin's State Papers*, VOL. I. P. 43. From which it appears that, by command of Sir RALPH EVERS, this clan ravaged almost the whole west border of Scotland.

The Sheriffe brought the Douglas down.—P. 98. Verse 2.

DOUGLAS of Cavers, hereditary Sheriff of Tiviotdale, descended from BLACK ARCHIBALD, who carried the standard of his father, the Earl of DOUGLAS, at the battle of Otterbourne—*See the Ballad of that name.*

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Wi' Cranstane, Gladstain, good at need.—P. 98. Verse 2.

CRANSTOUN of that ilk, ancestor to Lord CRANSTOUN; and GLADSTAIN of Gladstains.

Wi' a' the Trumbills, stronge and stout—the Rutherfoords, with grit renown.—P. 98. Verse 2.

These were ancient and powerful Border clans, residing chiefly upon the River Jed. Hence they naturally convoyed the town of Jedburgh out. Although notorious freebooters, they were specially patronized by MORTON, who by their means endeavoured to counterpoise the power of BUCCLEUCH and FERNIHERST, during the civil wars attached to the Queen's faction.

Wi' Sir John Forster for their guyde.—P. 98. Verse 3.

This gentleman is called erroneously, in some copies of this Ballad, *Sir George*. He was Warden of the Mid Marches of England.

Wi' Sir George Hinrome of Schipsydehouse.—P. 98. V. 4.

Meaning probably Sir GEORGE HERON of Chipchase-house, whose character is contrasted with that of the English Warden. There is no such name, I believe, as *Hinrome*, and no such place as Schipsydehouse on the border. The MS. however, bears Sir JOHN.

Five hundred Fennicks in a flock.—P. 99. Verse 3.

The FENWICKS; a powerful and numerous Northumberland clan.

Then raise the Slogan with ane shout—P. 101. Verse 3.

The gathering word, peculiar to a certain name, or set of people, was termed *Slogan*, or *Slughorn*, and was always repeated at an onset, as well as on many other occasions, as appears from the following passage of an old author, whom this custom seems much to have offended—for he complains,

"That whereas alweys, both in al tounes of war, and in al campes

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of armies, quietnes and stilnes without nois is principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed. (I need not reason why.) Yet our Northern prikkers, the Borderers, notwithstanding, with great enormitie, (as thought me) and not unlyke (to be playn) unto a masterles hounde houyling in a hie wey, when he hath lost him he wayted upon, sum hoopyng, sum whistelyng, and most with crying a *Berwyke!* a *Berwyke!* a *Fenwyke!* a *Fenwyke!* a *Bulmer!* a *Bulmer!* or so oother-wise as theyr Captein's names wear, never linnde those troublous and daungerous noyses all the night long. They sayd they did it to fynd out their Captein and fellowes, but if the soldiours of our oother countries and sheres had used the same maner, in that case we shoold have oftymes had the state of our campe more lyke the outrage of a dissolute huntyng, than the quiet of a wel ordred army."—*Paton's Account of Somerset's Expedition*, P. 76.—*Apud Dalzell's Fragments.*

Honest PATON proceeds with great prolixity to prove, that this was a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and like FLUELLEN declares, "that such idle pribble prabbles were contrary to all the good customs and disciplines of war."

The Swallow tail frae tackles flew.—P. 102. Verse 2.

The Scots, on this occasion, seem to have had chiefly fire-arms; the English retaining still their partiality for their ancient weapon, the long bow. It also appears by a letter from the Duke of NORFOLK to CECIL, that the English borderers were unskilful in fire-arms, or, as he says, "our countrymen be not so commyng with shot as I woolde wishe."—See *Murdin's State Papers*, VOL. I. P. 319.

And had not been the merchant packs.—P. 102. Verse 3.

The ballad-maker here ascribes the victory to the real cause; for the English borderers, dispersing to plunder the merchandize, gave the opposite party time to recover from their surprize. It seems to have been usual for travelling merchants to attend border meetings, although one would have thought the kind of company usually assembled there might have deterred them.

Sir Francis Russell ta'en was there.—P. 103. Verse 1.

This gentleman was son to the Earl of BEDFORD. He was after-

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wards killed in a fray of a similar nature, at a border meeting, between the same Sir JOHN FORSTER, (father-in-law to RUSSELL), and THOMAS KERR of Fairnihurst, A. D. 1585.

Proud Wallinton was wounded sair.—P. 103. Verse 1.

HENRY FENWICK, of Wallington, a powerful Northumbrian Chief.

As Colingwood, that courteous knight.—P. 103. Verse 1.

Sir CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD. Besides these gentlemen, JAMES OGLE, and many other Northumbrians of note, were made prisoners. Sir GEORGE HERON, of Chipchase and Ford, was slain, to the great regret of both parties, being a man highly esteemed by the Scots, as well as the English. When the prisoners were brought to MORTON, at Dalkeith, and, among other presents, received from him some Scottish falcons, one of his train observed, that the English were nobly treated, since they got live *hawks* for dead *herons*.—*(Godscroft.)*

For laiming of the Laird of Mow.—P. 103, Verse 2.

An ancient family in the Merse, now represented by WILLIAM MOLLE, Esq. of Mains, who has restored the ancient spelling of the name. The Laird of Mowe, here mentioned, was the only gentleman of note killed in the skirmish on the Scottish side.

For Gretein kend na gude be ill.—P. 103. Verse 2.

GRADEN, a family of KERRS.

Beanjeddart, Hundlie, and Hunthill.—P. 103. Verse 3.

DOUGLAS of Beanjeddart, an ancient branch of the house of Cavers, possessing property near the junction of the Jed and Tiviot.

Hundlie.—RUTHERFORD of Hundlie, or Hundalee, situated on the Jed, above Jedburgh.

Hunthill.—The old Tower of Hunthill was situated about a mile above Jedburgh. It was the patrimony of an ancient family of RUTHER-

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FORDS. I suppose the person, here meant, to be the same who is renowned in tradition by the name of the *Cock of Hunthill*. His sons were executed for march treason, or border-theft, along with the lairds of Corbet, Greenhead, and Overton, A. D. 1588.—*Johnston's History*, p. 129.

But auld Badreule had on a jack.—P. 104. Verse 1.

Sir ANDREW TURNBULL of Bedrule, upon Rule Water. This old laird was so notorious a thief, that the principal gentlemen of the clans of HUME and KERR refused to sign a bond of alliance to which he, with the TURNBULLS and RUTHERFORDS, was a party, alledging that their proposed allies had stolen HUME of Wedderburn's cattle. The authority of MORTON, however, compelled them to digest the affront. The debate (and a curious one it is) may be seen at length in *Godscroft*, VOL. I. P. 221.

Gude Ederstane was not to lack.—P. 104. Verse 1.

An ancient family of RUTHERFORDS; I believe, indeed, the most ancient now extant. The family is represented by Major RUTHERFORD of Edgerstane. His seat is about three miles distant from the field of battle.

Nor Kirktoun, Newtoun, noble men!—P. 104. Verse 1.

The parish of Kirkton belonged, I believe, about this time, to a branch of the CAVERS family; but KIRKTON of Stewartfield is mentioned in the list of Border clans in 1597.

Newtoun.—This is probably Grinyslaw of Little Newtoun, mentioned in the said roll of Border clans.

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KINMONT WILLIE.

In the following rude strains, our forefathers commemorated one of the last and most gallant atchievements performed upon the border. The reader will find in the subjoined extract, from SPOTTISWOODE, a minute historical account of the exploit, which is less different from that contained in the Ballad, than might perhaps have been expected.

Anno, 1596.—"The next year began with a trouble "in the borders, which was like to have destroyed the "peace betwixt the two realms, and arose upon this occasion. The Lord SCROOP being the Warden of the "West Marches of England, and the Laird of BACLEUCH "having the charge of Liddesdale, they sent their deputies to keep a day of truce for redress of some ordinary "matters. The place of meeting was at the Dayholme of "Kershop, where a small brook divideth England from "Scotland, and Liddesdale from Bawcastle. There met

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" as deputy for the Laird of BACLEUCH, ROBERT SCOTT " of Hayninge; and for the Lord SCROOP, a gentleman " within the West Wardenry, called Mr SALKELD. These " two, after truce taken and proclaimed, as the custom " was, by sound of trumpet, met friendly, and upon mu- " tual redress of such wrongs as were then complained of, " parted in good terms, each of them taking his way home- " wards. Meanwhile it happened one WILLIAM ARM- " STRONG, commonly called *Will* of *Kinmonth*, to be in " company with the Scottish deputy, against whom the " English had a quarrel for many wrongs he had commit- " ted, as he was indeed a notorious thief. This man ha- " ving taken his leave of the Scots deputy, and riding " down the River of Liddel on the Scottish side, towards " his own house, was pursued by the English, who espied " him from the other side of the river, and after a chace " of three or four miles, taken prisoner, and brought " back to the English deputy, who carried him away " to the Castle of Carlisle.

" The Laird of BACLEUCH complaining of the breach " of truce, (which was always taken from the time of " meeting unto the next day at sun-rising), wrote to Mr " SALKELD, and craved redress. He excused himself " by the absence of the Lord SCROOP. Whereupon " BACLEUCH sent to the Lord SCROOP, and desired the " prisoner might be set at liberty without any bond or " condition, seeing he was unlawfully taken. SCROOP

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" answered that he could do nothing in the matter, it " having so happened, without a direction from the " Queen and Council of England, considering the man " was such a malefactor. BACLEUCH, loth to inform " the King of what was done, lest it might have bred some " misliking betwixt the Princes, dealt with Mr BOWES, " the Resident Ambassador of England, for the prisoner's " liberty; who wrote very seriously to the Lord SCROOP " in that business, advising him to set the man free, " and not to bring the matter to a farther hearing. " But no answer was returned: the matter thereupon " was imparted to the King, and the Queen of England " solicited by letters to give direction for his liberty; " yet nothing was obtained: which BACLEUCH percei- " ving, and apprehending both the King and himself, " as the King's officer, to be touched in honor, he re- " solved to work the prisoner's relief, by the best means " he could.

" And upon intelligence that the Castle of Carlile, " wherein the prisoner was kept, was surprisable, he " employed some trusty persons to take a view of the " postern gate, and measure the height of the wall, which " he meant to scale by ladders, and if those failed, to " break through the wall with some iron instruments, and " force the gates. This done so closely as he could, he " drew together some 200 horse, assigning the place of " meeting at the Tower of Morton, some ten miles from

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" Carlile, an hour before sun-set. With this company, " passing the water of Esk about the falling, two hours " before day, he crossed Eden beneath Carlile bridge (the " water through the rain that had fallen being thick), and " came to the Sacery, a plain under the castle. There " making a little halt at the side of a small bourn, which " they call Cadage, he caused 80 of the company to light " from their horses, and take the ladders and other in- " struments which he had prepared with them. He him- " self accompanying them to the foot of the wall, caused " the ladders to be set to it, which proving too short, " he gave order to use the other instruments for open- " ing the wall nigh the postern, and finding the business " likely to succeed, retired to the rest whom he had " left on horseback, for assuring those that entered upon " the castle against any eruption from the town. With " some little labor a breach was made for single men to " enter, and they who first went in, broke open the pos- " tern for the rest. The watchmen and some few the " noise awaked, made a little restraint, but they were " quickly repressed, and taken captive. After which, " they passed to the chamber wherein the prisoner was " kept, and having brought him forth, sounded a trum- " pet, which was a signal to them without that the en- " terprize was performed. My Lord SCROOP and Mr " SALKELD were both within the house, and to them " the prisoner cried " *a good night!*" The captives ta- " ken in the first encounter were brought to BACLEUCH,

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" who presently returned them to their master, and
" would not suffer any spoil, or booty, as they term it,
" to be carried away; he had straitly forbidden to break
" open any door but that where the prisoner was kept,
" though he might have made prey of all the goods
" within the castle, and taken the Warden himself cap-
" tive; for he would have it seen that he did intend no-
" thing but the reparation of his Majesty's honor. By
" this time the prisoner was brought forth, the town
" had taken the alarm, the drums were beating, the bells
" ringing, and a beacon put on the top of the castle,
" to give warning to the country. Whereupon BA-
" CLEUCH commanded those that entered the castle, and
" the prisoner, to horse; and marching again by the
" Sacery, made to the river at the Stony-bank, on the
" other side whereof certain were assembled to stop his
" passage; but he causing to sound the trumpet, took
" the river, day being then broken, and they choosing
" to give him way, he retired in order through the GRA-
" HAMS of Esk, (men at that time of great power, and
" his unfriends,) and came back into Scottish ground
" two hours after sun-rising, and so homewards.

" This fell out the 13th of April, 1596. The Queen
" of England having notice sent her of what was done,
" stormed not a little. One of her chief castles surpri-
" zed, a prisoner taken forth of the hands of the War-
" den, and carried away, so far within England, she

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" esteemed a great affront. The lieger, Mr BOWES, in a " frequent convention kept at Edinburgh the 22d of " May, did, as he was charged, in a long oration, aggra- " vate the heinousness of the fact, concluding that peace " could not longer continue betwixt the two realms, un- " less BACLEUCH were delivered in England to be pu- " nished at the Queen's pleasure. BACLEUCH compear- " ing, and charged with the fact, made answer—" That " he went not into England with intention to assault any " of the Queen's houses, or to do wrong to any of her " subjects, but only to relieve a subject of Scotland un- " lawfully taken, and more unlawfully detained. That " in the time of a general assurance, in a day of truce, " he was taken prisoner against all order, neither did he " attempt his relief till redress was refused; and that he " had carried the business in such a moderate manner, as " no hostility was committed, nor the least wrong of- " fered to any within the castle. Yet was he content, " according to the ancient treaties observed betwixt " the two realms, when as mutual injuries were alledged, " to be tried by the Commissioners that it should please " their Majesties to appoint, and submit himself to that " which they should decern."—The convention esteeming " the answer reasonable, did acquaint the Ambassador " therewith, and offered to send Commissioners to the " borders, with all diligence, to treat with such as the " Queen should be pleased to appoint for her part.

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" But she, not satisfied with the answer, refused to ap-
" point any Commissioners; whereupon the Council of
" England did renew the complaint in July thereafter,
" and the business being of new agitated, it was resolved
" of as before, and that the same should be remitted to
" the trial of Commissioners: the King protesting, " That
" he might with great reason crave the delivery of Lord
" SCROOP for the injury committed by his deputy, it
" being less favourable to take a prisoner, than relieve
" him that is unlawfully taken; yet for the continuing
" of peace, he would forbear to do it, and omit nothing
" on his part that could be desired, either in equity, or
" by the laws of friendship."—The borders, in the mean
" time, making daily incursions one upon another, filled
" all their parts with trouble, the English being continu-
" ally put to the worse; neither were they made quiet
" till, for satisfying the Queen, the Laird of BACLEUCH
" was first committed in St Andrews, and afterwards en-
" tered in England, where he remained not long."—
* *Spottiswood's History of the Church of Scotland*, P. 414. 416. *Ed.* 1677.

SCOTT of Satchells, in the extraordinary poetical performance which he has been pleased to entitle *A His-*

* The Bishop is, in this last particular, rather inaccurate. BUCCLEUCH was indeed delivered into England, but this was done in consequence of the judgment of Commissioners of both nations, who met at Berwick this same year. And his delivery took place, less on account of the Raid of Carlisle, than of a second exploit of the same nature, to be noticed hereafter.

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tory of the Name of Scott, (published 1688), dwells with great pleasure upon this gallant atchievement, at which, it would seem, his father had been present. He also mentions, that the Laird of BUCCLEUCH employed the services of the younger sons and brothers only of his clan, least the name should have been weakened by the landed men incurring forfeiture. But he adds, that three gentlemen of estate insisted upon attending their Chief, notwithstanding this prohibition. These were the Lairds of HARDEN and COMMONSIDE, and Sir GILBERT ELLIOT of the Stobbs, a relation of the Laird of BUCCLEUCH, and ancestor to the present Sir WILLIAM ELLIOT, Bart. In many things SATCHELLS agrees with the ballads current in his time, from which, in all probability, he derived most of his information as to past events, and from which he sometimes pirates whole verses, as noticed in the annotations upon the *Raid of the Reidswire*. In the present instance, he mentions the prisoner's *large spurs* (alluding to the fetters), and some other little incidents noticed in the ballad, which was therefore probably well known in his days.

All contemporary historians unite in extolling the deed itself as the most daring and well conducted atchievement of that age. "*Audax facinus cum modica manu, in urbe "mœnibus et multitudine oppidanorum munita, et callidæ "audaciæ, vix ullo obsisti modo potuit.*"—*Johnstoni Historia, Ed. Amstæl, P.* 215. BIRRELL, in his gossipping

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way, says, the exploit was performed "with shouting "and crying, and sound of trumpet, puttand the said toun "and countrie in sic ane fray, that the like of sic ane "wassaladge wes nevir done since the memory of man, no "not in Wallace dayis."—*Birrell's Diary*, April 6. 1596. This good old citizen of Edinburgh also mentions another incident, which I think proper to insert here, both as relating to the personages mentioned in the following ballad, and as tending to shew the light in which the men of the border were regarded, even at this late period, by their fellow subjects. The author is talking of the King's return to Edinburgh after the disgrace which he had sustained there, during the riot excited by the seditious Ministers, on December 17. 1596. Proclamation had been made, that the Earl of MAR should keep the West Port, Lord SEYTON the Nether Bow, and BUCCLEUCH, with sundry others, the High Gate. "Upon the morn at yis "time, and befoir yis day, yair wes ane grate rumour "and word among the tounesmen, yat the Kinges M: "sould send in *Will Kinmond, the common theiffe*, and "so many Southland men as sould spulzie the toun of "Edinburgh. Upon the qlk the hail merchants tuik "yair haill geir out of yair buiths or chops, and trans- "portit the same to the strongest hous that wes in the "toune, and remained in ye said hous yair with yame- "selfis, yair servants, and luiking for nothing bot yat yai "sould have been all spulzeit. Sic lyke the hail crafts- "men and comons convenit themselfis, yair best guides,

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" as it wer 10 or 12 householdes in ane, quilk wes the " strongest hous, and might be best kepit from spuilzeing " or burning, with hagbut, pistolet, and uther sick armour " as might best defend yameselfis. Judge, gentill rei- " der, giff this wes playing." The fear of the borderers being thus before the eyes of the contumacious citizens of Edinburgh, JAMES obtained a quiet hearing for one of his favourite orisones, or harangues, and was finally enabled to prescribe terms to his fanatic metropolis. Good discipline was, however, maintained by the Chiefs upon this occasion, although the fears of the inhabitants were but too well grounded, considering what had happened in Stirling ten years before, when the Earl of ANGUS, attended by HOME, BUCCLEUCH, and other border chieftains, marched thither to remove the Earl of ARRAN from the King's Councils: the town was miserably pillaged by the borderers, who not only made prey of horses and cattle, but even of the very iron grating of the windows.—*Johnstoni Historia*, P. 102. *Ed. Amstæl.*

The renown of *Kinmont Willie* is not surprising, since in 1588 the apprehending that freebooter and ROBERT MAXWELL, natural brother to the Lord MAXWELL, was the main but unaccomplished object of a royal expedition to Dumfries. " *Rex . . . . Robertum Maxvallium . . . .* " *et Guliclmum Armstrangum Kinmonthum latrociniis* " *intestinis externisque famosum, conquiri jubet. Missi e* " *ministerio regio, qui per aspera loca vitabundos per-*

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" *sequuntur, magnoque incommodo afficiunt. At illi la-*
" *tebris aut silvis se eripiunt.*"—*Johnstoni Historia,* P. 130. About this time it is possible that *Kinmont Willie* may have held some connection with the MAXWELLS, though afterwards a retainer to BUCCLEUCH, the enemy of that tribe. At least the Editor finds that, in a bond of manrent, granted by SIMON ELLIOT of Whytheuch, in Liddesdale, to Lord MAXWELL, styled therein Earl of MORTON, dated February 28. 1599, WILLIAM ARMSTRANG, called *Will of Kinmond*, appears as a witness.—*Syme's MS.* According to SATCHELLS, this freebooter was descended of JOHNIE ARMSTRONG of Gilnockie *(see Ballad* No. III. *of this volume).—Est in juvencis, est et in equis, patrum virtus.*

This affair of *Kinmont Willie* was not the only occasion upon which the undaunted Keeper of Liddesdale gave offence to the haughty ELIZABETH. For even before this business was settled, certain of the English borderers having invaded Liddesdale, and wasted the country, the Laird of BUCCLEUCH retaliated the injury by a *raid* into England, in which he not only brought off much spoil, but apprehended thirty-six of the Tynedale thieves, all of whom he put to death.—*Spottiswoode*, P. 450. How highly the Queen of England's resentment blazed on this occasion, may be judged from the preface to her letter to BOWES, then her Ambassador in Scotland. " I won-
" der how base minded that King thinks me, that with

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" patience I can digest this dishonourable * * * * * * * * * *. Let him know, therefore, that I will have satis- " faction, or else * * * * * * * * *." These broken words of ire are inserted betwixt the subscription and the address of the letter.—*Rymer*, VOL. XVI. P. 318. Indeed, so deadly was the resentment of the English on account of the affronts put upon them by this formidable Chieftain, that there seems at one time to have been a plan formed (not, as was alledged, without ELIZABETH's privity,) to assassinate BUCCLEUCH.—*Rymer*, VOL. XVI. P. 107. The matter was at length arranged by the Commissioners of both nations in Berwick, by whom it was agreed that delinquents should be delivered up on both sides, and that the Chiefs themselves should enter into ward in the opposite countries, till these were given up, and pledges granted for the future maintenance of the quiet of the borders. BUCCLEUCH and Sir ROBERT KER of Cessford (ancestor of the Duke of ROXBURGH), appear to have struggled hard against complying with this regulation; so much so, that it required all JAMES's authority to bring to order these two powerful Chiefs.—*Rymer*, VOL. XVI. P. 322.—*Spottiswoode*, P. 448.—*Carey's Memoirs*, P. 131. *et sequen.* When at length they appeared, for the purpose of delivering themselves up to be warded at Berwick, an incident took place which nearly occasioned a revival of the deadly feud which formerly subsisted between the SCOTS and the KERS. BUCCLEUCH had chosen for his guardian, during his residence

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in England, Sir WILLIAM SELBY, Master of the Ordnance at Berwick, and accordingly gave himself into his hands. Sir ROBERT KER was about to do the same, when a pistol was discharged by one of his retinue, and the cry of treason was raised. Had not the Earl of HOME been present, with a party of Merse men, to preserve order, a dreadful tumult would probably have ensued. As it was, the English Commissioners returned in dismay to Berwick, much disposed to wreak their displeasure on BUCCLEUCH, and he, on his side, mortally offended with CESSFORD, by whose means, as he conceived, he had been placed in circumstances of so much danger. Sir ROBERT KER, however, appeased all parties, by delivering himself up to ward in England; on which occasion he magnanimously chose for his guardian Sir ROBERT CAREY, Deputy Warden of the East Marches, notwithstanding various causes of animosity which existed betwixt them. The hospitality of CAREY equalled the generous confidence of CESSFORD, and a firm friendship was the consequence*. BUCCLEUCH

* Such traits of generosity illuminate the dark period of which we treat. CAREY's conduct on this occasion almost atones for the cold and unfeeling policy with which he watched the closing moments of his benefactress ELIZABETH, impatient till remorse and sorrow should extort her last sigh, that he might lay the foundation of his future favour with her successor, by carrying him the first tidings of her death.—*Carey's Memoirs*, P. 172. *et sequen.* It would appear that Sir ROBERT KER was soon afterwards committed to the custody of the Archbishop of YORK; for there is extant a letter from that Prelate

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appears to have remained in England from October 1597, till February 1598.—*Johnstoni Historia*, P. 231.—*Spottiswoode, ut supra.*

The articles settled by the Commissioners at Berwick, on this occasion, were highly favourable to the peace of the border. They may be seen at large in the *Border Laws*, P. 103. By article sixth, all Wardens and Keepers are discharged from seeking reparation of injuries, in the ancient hostile mode of riding, or causing to ride, in warlike manner against the opposite march, and that under the highest penalty, unless authorized by a warrant

to the Lord Treasurer, desiring instructions about the mode of keeping this noble hostage. "I understand," saith he, "that the gentleman is "wise and valiant, but somewhat haughty here, and resolute; I would "pray your Lordship, that I may have directions whether he may not "go with his keeper, in my company, to sermons; and whether he "may not sometimes dine with the Council, as the last hostages did; "and thirdly, whether he may sometimes be brought to sitting to the "Common Hall, where he may see how careful her Majesty is that the "poorest subject in her kingdom may have their right, and that her peo- "ple seek remedy by law, and not by avenging themselves. Perhaps it "may do him good as long as he liveth."—*Strype's Annals, ad annum*, 1597. It would appear, from this letter, that the treatment of the hostages was liberal, though one can hardly suppress a smile at the zeal of the good Bishop for the conversion of the Scottish Chieftain to a more christian mode of thinking than was common among the borderers of that day. The date is February 25. 1597, which is somewhat difficult to reconcile with those given by the Scottish historians. Another letter follows, stating, that Sir ROBERT, having been used to open air, prayed for more liberty for his health's sake, "offering his word, "which it is said he doth chiefly regard, that he would be true pri- "soner."—*Strype, Ibid.*

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under the hand of his Sovereign. The mention of the word *Keeper* alludes obviously to the above-mentioned reprisals made by BUCCLEUCH, in the capacity of Keeper of Liddesdale.

This Ballad is preserved, by tradition, on the West Borders, but much mangled by reciters; so that some conjectural emendations have been absolutely necessary to render it intelligible. In particular, the *Eden* has been substituted for the *Eske*, in Verse 3. P. 131. the latter name being inconsistent with geography.

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KINMONT WILLIE.

O have ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroop?
How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
On Hairibee to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twenty men,
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
Wi' eight score in his companie.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back,
They guarded him fivesome on each side,
And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.

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They led him thro' the Liddel-rack,
And also thro' the Carlisle sands,
They brought him to Carlisle castell,
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

—" My hands are tied, but my tongue is free!
And whae will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the border law,
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?"—

—" Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set ye free:
Before ye cross my castle yate,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."—

—" Fear na ye that, my Lord," quo' Willie:
" By the faith o' my bodie, Lord Scroop," he said,
" I never yet lodged in a hostelrie *,
But I paid my lawing † before I gaed."—

Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,
In Branksome Ha' where that he lay,
That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of night and day.

* *Hostelrie*---Inn. † *Lawing*---Reckoning.

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He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He garr'd the red wine spring on hie—
—" Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
" But avenged of Lord Scroop I'll be !

" O is my basnet* a widow's curch†?
Or my lance a wand of the willow tree?
Or my arm a ladyes lilye hand,
That an English Lord should lightly‡ me!

" And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of border tide?
And forgotten that the bauld Bacleuch
Is Keeper here on the Scottish side?

" And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear?
And forgotten that the bauld Bacleuch
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

" O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle Castell high,
Tho' it were builded of marble stone.

* *Basnet*---Helmet. † *Curch*---Coif. ‡ *Lightly*---Set light by.

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"I would set that castell in a low*,
And sloken it with English blood!
There's nevir a man in Cumberland,
Should ken where Carlisle Castell stood.

"But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be;
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!"—

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot call'd,
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch,
With spur on heel and splent† on spauld,
And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five, before them a',
Wi' hunting horns and bugles bright;
And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,
Like Warden's men arrayed for fight;

* *Low*---Flame.

† *Splent on spauld*---Armour on shoulder.

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And five and five, like a mason gang,
That carried the ladders lang and hie;
And five and five, like broken men;
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

And as we cross'd the bateable land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde?

—"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "Come tell to me!"—
—"We go to hunt an English stag
Has trespassed on the Scots countrie."—

—"Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "Come tell me true!"—
—"We go to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."—

—"Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi' a' your ladders lang and hie?"—
—"We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee."—

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—" Where be ye gaun, ye broken men ?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, " Come tell to me!"—
—Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word o' lear had he.

—" Why trespass ye on the English side ?
Row-footed outlaws, stand !" quo' he,—
The ne'er a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance thro' his fause bodie.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross'd;
The water was great and meikle of spait,
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reach'd the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie ;
And there the Laird garr'd leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw ;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castel wa'.

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We crept on knees and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa';
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell
To mount the first, before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
—"Had there not been peace between our lands,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!"

"Now sound out, trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;
"Lets waken Lord Scroope, right merrilie!"—
Then loud the Warden's trumpets blew—
"*O whae dare meddle wi' me**?"—

Then speedilie to work we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole thro' a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castel ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and speir;
It was but twenty Scots and ten,
That put a thousand in sic a stear!

* The name of a Border Tune.

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Wi' coulters, and wi' fore-hammers,
We garr'd the bars bang merrilie,
Untill we cam to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we cam to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
—"O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?"—

—"O I sleep saft* and I wake aft,
It's lang since sleeping was fleyed† frae me!
Gie my service back to my wyfe and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that speer for me."—

Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale—
—"Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

"Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!" he cried—
—"I'll pay you for my lodging maill‡,
When first we meet on the border side."—

* *Saft*---Light. † *Fleyed*---Frightened. ‡ *Maill*---Rent.

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Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's airns play'd clang!

—"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I have ridden horse baith wild and wood,
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

"And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I've pricked a horse out oure the furs*,
But since the day I backed a steed,
I nevir wore sic cumbrous spurs!"—

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men, in horse and foot,
Cam wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turned to Eden water,
Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them thro' the stream.

Furs—Furrows.

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He turned him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he—
—" If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me !"—

. .

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane ;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When thro' the water they had gane.

—" He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be ;
I wad na have ridden that wan water,
For a' the gowd in Christentie."—

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NOTES

ON

KINMONT WILLIE.

On Hairibee to hang him up?—P. 126. Verse 1.
Hairibee is the place of execution at Carlisle.

And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.—P. 126. Verse 3.
The Liddel-rack is a ford on the Liddel.

And so they reached the Woodhouselee.—P. 130. Verse 1.
Woodhouselee. A house on the border belonging to Buccleuch.

* * * * * * * * *

The SALKELDES, or Salkeldes, were a powerful family in Cumberland, possessing, among other manors, that of Corby, before it came into the possession of the HOWARDS in the beginning of the seventeenth century. A strange stratagem was practised by an outlaw, called JOCK GRAME of the Peartree, upon Mr SALKELDE, Sheriff of Cumberland, who is probably the person alluded to in the ballad, as the fact is stated to have happened late in ELIZABETH's time. The brother of this freebooter was lying in Carlisle jail for execution, when JOCK of the Peartree came riding past the gate of Corby Castle. A child of the Sheriff was playing before the door, to whom the outlaw gave an apple, saying, "Master, will you ride?" The boy willingly consenting, GRAME took him up before him, carried him into Scotland, and would never part with him till he had his brother safe from the gallows. There is no historical ground for supposing either that SALKELDE, or any one else, lost his life in the raid of Carlisle.

In the list of Border Clans, 1597, *Will of Kinmonth*, with *Kyrstie Armestrange*, and *John Skynbanke*, are mentioned as leaders of a band of ARMSTRONGS, called *Sandeis Barnes*, inhabiting the Debateable Land. The ballad itself has never before been published.

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DICK O' THE COW.

This ballad, and the two which immediately follow it in the collection, were published, 1784, in the *Hawick Museum*, a provincial miscellany, to which they were communicated by JOHN ELLIOT, Esq. of Reidheugh, a gentleman well skilled in the antiquities of the western border, and to whose friendly assistance the Editor is indebted for many valuable communications.

These ballads are connected with each other, and appear to have been composed by the same author. The actors seem to have flourished while THOMAS Lord SCROOP, of Bolton, was Warden of the West Marches of England, and Governor of Carlisle Castle, which offices he acquired upon the death of his father, about 1590, and retained it till the union of the Crowns.

Dick of the Cow, from the privileged insolence which he assumes, seems to have been Lord SCROOP's jester.

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In the preliminary dissertation, the reader will find the border custom of assuming *noms de guerre* particularly noticed. It is exemplified in the following ballad, where one ARMSTRONG is called the *Laird's Jock*, (i. e. the Laird's son Jock), another *Fair Johnie*, a third *Billie Willie*, (brother Willie), &c. The *Laird's Jock*, son to the Laird of Mangerton, appears as one of the men of name in Liddesdale, in the list of Border Clans, 1597.

Dick of the Cow is erroneously supposed to have been the same with one RICARDUS COLDALL, de Plumpton, a knight and celebrated warrior, who died in 1462, as appears from his epitaph in the church of Penrith.—*Nicolson's History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, VOL. 2. P. 408.

This ballad is very popular in Liddesdale, and the reciter always adds at the conclusion, that poor *Dickie's* cautious removal to Burgh under Stanemore, did not save him from the clutches of the ARMSTRONGS; for that, having fallen into their power several years after this exploit, he was put to an inhuman death.

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DICK O' THE COW.

Now Liddesdale has layen lang in,
  There is nae riding there at a';
The horses are grown sae lither fat,
  They downa stur out o' the sta'.

Fair Johnie Armstrang to Willie did say—
  " Billie, a riding we will gae;
England and us have been lang at feid,
  Ablins we'll light on some bootie."—

Then they are come on to Hutton Ha';
  They rade that proper place about;
But the Laird he was the wiser man,
  For he had left nae gear without.

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For he had left nae gear to steal,
Except sax sheep upon a lee:
Quo' Johnie—" I'd rather in England die,
Ere thir sax sheep gae to Liddesdale wi' me."—

—" But how ca' they the man we last met,
Billie, as we cam ower the know?"—
—" That same he is an innocent fule,
And men they call him Dick o' the Cow."—

—" That fule has three as good ky of his ain,
As there are in a' Cumberland, billie," quo' he:—
—" Betide me life, betide me death,
These ky shall go to Liddesdale wi' me."—

Then they have come on to the poor fule's house,
And they hae broken his wa's sae wide;
They have loosed out Dick o' the Cow's three ky,
And ta'en three co'erlets frae his wife's bed.

Then on the morn when the day was light,
The shouts and cries rase loud and hie:
—" O had thy tongue, my wife," he says,
And o' thy crying let me be!

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"O had thy tongue, my wife," he says,
And o' thy crying let me be;
And ay where thou hast lost ae cow,
In gude suith I shall bring thee three."—

Now Dickie's gane to the gude Lord Scroop,
And I wat a dreirie fule was he;
—"Now had thy tongue, my fule," he says,
"For I may not stand to jest wi' thee."—

—"Shame fa' your jesting, my Lord!" quo' Dickie,
"For nae sic jesting grees wi' me;
Liddesdale's been in my house last night,
And they hae awa my three ky frae me.

"But I may nae langer in Cumberland dwell,
To be your puir fule and your leal,
Unless you gi' me leave, my Lord,
To gae to Liddesdale and steal."—

—"I gi' thee leave! my fule," he says—
"Thou speakest against my honour and me;
Unless thou gi' me thy trowth and thy hand,
Thou'lt steal frae nane but whae sta' frae thee."—

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—" There is my trowth and my right hand,
My head shall hang on Hairibee;
I'll ne'er cross Carlisle sands again,
If I steal frae a man but whae sta' frae me."—

Dickie's ta'en leave o' lord and master,
I wat a merry fule was he!
He's bought a bridle and a pair of new spurs,
And pack'd them up in his breek thie.

Then Dickie's come on to Pudding-burn house,
E'en as fast as he might drie;
Then Dickie's come on to Pudding-burn,
Where there were thirty Armstrangs and three.

—" O what's this come o' me now?" quo' Dickie;
" What mickle wae is this?" quo' he:
" For here is but ae innocent fule,
And there are thirty Armstrangs and three!"—

Yet he has come up to the fair ha' board,
Sae weil he's become his courtesie!
—" Weil may ye be, my gude Laird's Jock!
But the deil bless a' your cumpanie.

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" I'm come to plain o' your man, fair Johnie Armstrang,
And syne o' his billie Willie," quo' he;
How they've been in my house last night,
And they hae ta'en my three ky frae me."—

—" Ha!" quo' fair Johnie Armstrang, " we will him hang."—
—" Na," quo' Willie, " we'll him slae."—
Than up and spak another young Armstrang,
—" We'el gie him his batts* and let him gae."—

But up and spak the gude Laird's Jock,
The best falla in a' the cumpanie;
—" Sit down thy ways a little while, Dickie,
And a piece o' thy ain cow's hough I'll gie ye."—

But Dickie's heart it grew sae grit,
That the ne'er a bit o't he dought to eat—
Then was he aware of an auld peat house,
Where a' the night he thought for to sleep.

Then Dickie was ware of an auld peat house,
Where a' the night he thought for to lye—
And a' the prayers the pure fule prayed
Were, " I wish I had amends for my gude three ky!"—

* *Gie him his batts*---Dismiss him with a beating.

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It was then the use of Pudding-burn house,
And the house o' Mangerton, all haill,
Them that cam na at the first ca',
Gat nae mair meat till the neist meal.

The lads that hungry and weary were,
Abune the door-head they threw the key;
Dickie he took gude notice o' that,
Says—" There will be a bootie for me."—

Then Dickie has into the stable gane,
Where there stood thirty horses and three;
He has tied them a' wi' St Mary's knot,
A' these horses but barely three.

He has tied them a' wi' St Mary's knot,
A' these horses but barely three;
He's loupen on ane, ta'en another in hand,
And away as fast as he can hie.

But on the morn, when the day grew light,
The shouts and cries raise loud and hie—
—" Ah! whae has done this?" quo' the gude Laird's Jock,
" Tell me the truth and the verity."—

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" Whae has done this deed?" quo' the gude Laird's Jock;
—" See that to me ye dinna lie!"—
—" Dickie has been in the stable last night,
And has ta'en my brother's horse and mine frae me."—

—" Ye wad ne'er be tald," quo' the gude Laird's Jock;
Have ye not found my tales fu' leil?
Ye ne'er wad out o' England bide,
Till crooked, and blind, and a' would steal."—

—" But lend me thy bay," Fair Johnie can say,
" There's nae horse loose in the stable save he;
And I'll either fetch Dick o' the Cow again,
Or the day is come that he shall die."—

—" To lend thee my bay!" the Laird's Jock can say,
" He's baith worth gowd and gude monie;
Dick o' the Cow has awa twa horse,
I wish na thou may make him three."—

He has ta'en the Laird's jack on his back,
A twa handed sword to hang by his thie;
He has ta'en a steil cap on his head,
And galloped on to follow Dickie.

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Dickie was na a mile frae aff the town,
I wat a mile but barely three,
When he was o'erta'en by Fair Johnie Armstrang,
Hand for hand, on Cannobie lee.

—" Abide, abide, thou traitour thief!
The day is come that thou maun die."—
Then Dickie look't ower his left shoulder,
Said—" Johnie, hast thou nae mae in companie?—

" There is a preacher in our chapell,
And a' the live lang day teaches he:
When day is gane, and night is come,
There's ne'er ae word I mark but three.

" The first and second is—Faith and Conscience;
The third—Ne'er let a traitor free:
But, Johnie, what faith and conscience was thine
When thou took awa my three ky frae me?

" And when thou had ta'en awa my three ky,
Thou thought in thy heart thou wast not weil sped,
Till thou sent thy billie Willie ower the know,
To take thrie coverlets off my wife's bed!"—

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Then Johnie let a speir fa' laigh by his thie,
  Thought weil to hae slain the innocent, I trow;
But the powers above were mair than he,
  For he ran but the puir fule's jerkin through.

Together they ran, or ever they blan;
  This was Dickie the fule and he—
Dickie could na win at him wi' the blade o' the sword,
  But feld him wi' the plummet under the e'e.

Thus Dickie has feld Fair Johnie Armstrang,
  The prettiest man in the south country—
—" Gramercy!" then can Dickie say,
  " I had but twa horse, thou hast made me thrie!"—

He's tane the steil jack aff Johnie's back,
  The twa handed sword that hang low by his thie;
He's ta'en the steil cap aff his head—
  —" Johnie, I'll tell my master I met wi' thee."—

When Johnie wakened out o' his dream,
  I wat a dreirie man was he:
—" And is thou gane? Now, Dickie, than
  The shame and dule is left wi' me.

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" And is thou gane ? Now, Dickie, than
The deil gae in thy companie !
For if I should live these hundred years,
I ne'er shall fight wi' a fule after thee."—

Then Dickie's come hame to the gude Lord Scroope,
E'en as fast as he might hie—
—" Now, Dickie, I'll neither eat nor drink,
Till hie hanged thou shalt be."—

—" The shame speed the liars, my Lord!" quo' Dickie;
" This was na the promise ye made to me !
For I'd ne'er gane to Liddesdale to steal,
Had I not got my leave frae thee."—

—" But what garr'd thee steal the Laird's Jock's horse ?
And, limmer, what garr'd ye steal him ?" quo' he;
" For lang thou mightst in Cumberland dwelt,
Ere the Laird's Jock had stown frae thee."—

—" Indeed I wat ye lied, my Lord !
And e'en sae loud as I hear ye lie !
I wan the horse frae Fair Johnie Armstrang,
Hand to hand on Cannobie Lee."

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"There is the jack was on his back,
This twa handed sword hang laigh by his thie,
And there's the steil cap was on his head;
I brought a' these tokens to let thee see."—

—"If that be true thou to me tells,
(And I think thou dares na tell a lie,)
I'll gie thee fifteen punds for the horse,
Weil tald on thy cloak lap shall be.

"I'll gie thee ane o' my best milk ky,
To maintain thy wife and children thrie;
And that may be as gude, I think,
As ony twa o' thine wad be."—

—"The shame speed the liars, my Lord!" quo' Dickie;
"Trow ye ay to make a fule o' me?
I'll either hae twenty punds for the gude horse,
Or he's gae to Mortan fair wi' me."—

He's gien him twenty punds for the gude horse,
A' in goud and gude monie;
He's gien him ane o' his best milk ky,
To maintain his wife and children thrie.

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Then Dickie's come down thro' Carlisle toun,
E'en as fast as he could drie;
The first o' men that he met wi'
Was my Lord's brother, Bailiff Glozenburrie.

—"Weil be ye met, my gude Ralph Scroope!"—
—"Welcome, my brother's fule!" quo' he;
"Where didst thou get Fair Johnie Armstrang's horse?"—
—"Where did I get him? but steal him," quo' he.—

—"But wilt thou sell me the bonny horse?
And, billie, wilt thou sell him to me?" quo' he:—
—"Aye; if thoul't tell me the monie on my cloak lap:
For there's never ae penny I'll trust thee."—

—"I'll gie thee ten punds for the gude horse,
Weil tald on thy cloak lap they shall be;
And I'll gie thee ane o' the best milk ky,
To maintain thy wife and children three."—

"The shame speid the liars, my Lord!" quo' Dickie;
"Trow ye ay to make a fule o' me?
I'll either hae twenty punds for the gude horse,
Or he's gae to Mortan fair wi' me."—

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He's gien him twenty punds for the gude horse,
Baith in goud and gude monie;
He's gien him ane o' his best milk ky,
To maintain his wife and children thrie.

Then Dickie lap a loup fu' hie,
And I wat a loud laugh laughed he—
—"I wish the neck o' the third horse were broken,
If ony of the twa were better than he."—

Then Dickie's come hame to his wife again,
Judge ye how the poor fule had sped:
He has gien her twa score English punds,
For the thrie auld coverlets taen aff her bed.

—"And tak thee these twa as gude ky,
I trow as a' thy thrie might be;
And yet here is a white footed nagie,
I trow he'll carry baith thee and me.

"But I may nae langer in Cumberland bide,
The Armstrangs they would hang me hie."—
So Dickie's ta'en leave at lord and master,
And at Burgh under Stanmuir there dwells he,

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NOTES

ON

DICK O' THE COW.

Then Dickie's come on to Pudding-burn house.—P. 142. V. 3.

This was a house of strength held by the ARMSTRONGS. The ruins at present form a sheep-fold, on the farm of Readsmoss, belonging to the Duke of BUCCLEUCH.

He has tied them a' wi' St Mary's knot.—P. 144. V. 4.

Hamstringing a horse is termed, in the border dialect, *tying him with St Mary's Knot*. *Dickie* used this cruel expedient to prevent a pursuit. It appears from the narration, that the horses, left unhurt, belonged to *Fair Johnie Armstrang*, his *brother Willie*, and the *Laird's Jock*, of which *Dickie* carried off two, and left that of the *Laird's Jock*, probably out of gratitude for the protection he had afforded him on his arrival.

Hand for hand, on Cannobie Lee.—P. 146. V. 1.

A rising ground near Cannobie, on the borders of Liddesdale.

Ere the Laird's Jock had stoun frae thee.—P. 148. V. 4.

The commendation of the *Laird's Jock's* honesty, seems but indifferently founded; for in July, 1586, a bill was fouled against him, *Dick of Dryup*, and others, by the Deputy of Bewcastle, at a Warden meeting, for 400 head of cattle taken in open forray from the Drysike in Bewcastle; and in September 1587, another complaint appears at the instance of one ANDREW RUTLEDGE of the Nook, against the *Laird's Jock*, and his accomplices, for 50 kine and oxen, besides furniture, to the amount of 100 merks sterling. See BELL's MS. as quoted in the *His-*

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tory of Cumberland and Westmoreland. In Sir RICHARD MAITLAND'S poem against the thieves of Liddesdale, he thus commemorates the *Laird's Jock.*

They spuilye puir men of thair pakis,
They leif them nocht on bed nor bakis;
Baith hen and cok,
With reil and rok,
The *Lairdis Jock*
All with him takis.

Those who plundered Dick had been bred up under an expert teacher.

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JOCK O' THE SIDE.

The subject of this ballad, being a common event in those troublesome and disorderly times, became a favourite theme of the ballad makers. There are in this collection no fewer than three poems on the rescue of prisoners, the incidents in which nearly resemble each other, though the poetical description is so different that the Editor did not think himself at liberty to reject any one of them as borrowed from the others. As, however, there are several verses which in recitation are common to all these three songs, the Editor, to prevent unnecessary and disagreeable repetition, has used the freedom of appropriating them to that in which they seem to have the best poetic effect.

The reality of this story rests solely upon the foundation of tradition. *Jock o' the Side* seems to have been nephew to the Laird of Mangertoun, cousin to the

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Laird's Jock, one of his deliverers, and probably brother to *Chrystie of the Syde*, mentioned in the list of Border Clans, 1597. Like the *Laird's Jock*, he also is commemorated by Sir RICHARD MAITLAND.—See the *Introduction*.

He is weil kend, Johne of the Syde,
A greater theif did never ryde;
He never tyris
For to brek byris,
Our muir and myris
Ouir gude ane guide.

The Land Serjeant mentioned in this ballad, and also in that of *Hobbie Noble*, was an officer under the Warden, to whom was committed the apprehending of delinquents, and the care of the public peace.

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JOCK O' THE SIDE.

Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid,
  But I wat they had better hae staid at hame;
For Michael o' Winfield he is dead,
  And Jock o' the Side is prisoner ta'en.

For Mangerton house Lady Downie has gane,
  Her coats she has kilted up to her knee;
And down the water wi' speed she rins,
  While tears in spaits* fa' fast frae her e'e.

Then up and spoke our gude auld Lord—
  —"What news? what news, sister Downie, to me?"—
—"Bad news, bad news, my Lord Mangerton;
  Michael is killed, and they hae ta'en my son Johnie."—

* *Spaits*---Torrents.

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—" Ne'er feir, sister Downie," quo' Mangerton ;
—" I have yokes of ousen, eighty and three ;
My barns, my byres, and my faulds a' weil fill'd,
And I'll part wi' them a' ere Johnie shall die.

" Three men I'll send to set him free,
A' harneist wi' the best o' steil ;
The English louns may hear, and drie
The weight o' their braid swords to feel.

" The Laird's Jock ane, the Laird's Wat twa,
O Hobbie Noble, thou ane maun be!
Thy coat is blue, thou hast been true,
Since England banish'd thee to me."—

Now Hobbie was an English man,
In Bewcastle dale was bred and born :
But his misdeeds they were so great,
They banished him ne'er to return.

Lord Mangerton them orders gave,
—" Your horses the wrang way maun be shod ;
Like gentlemen ye mauna seim,
But look like corn caugers* ga'en the road.

* *Caugers.*—Carriers.

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" Your armour gude ye mauna shaw,
  Nor yet appear like men o' weir ;
As country lads be a' array'd,
  Wi' branks and brecham* on each mare."—

Sae now their horses are the wrang way shod,
  And Hobbie has mounted his grey sae fine ;
Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse, behind,
  And on they rode for the water of Tyne.

At the Cholerford they all light down,
  And there, wi' the help of the light o' the moon,
A tree they cut, wi' fifteen nogs on each side,
  To climb up the wa' of Newcastle toun.

But when they cam to Newcastle toun,
  And were alighted at the wa',
They fand their trie three ells ower laigh,
  They fand their stick baith short and sma'.

Then up and spak the Laird's ain Jock,
  —" There's naething for't ; the gates we maun force."—
But when they cam the gate untill,
  A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.

* *Branks and Brecham*---Halter and Cart-collar.

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His neck in twa the Armstrang's wrang,
Wi' fute or hand he ne'er play'd pa!
His life and his keys at anes they hae ta'en,
And cast the body ahind the wa'.

Now sune they reach Newcastle jail,
And to the prisoner thus they call—
—" Sleeps thou, wakes thou, Jock o' the Side,
Or art thou weary of thy thrall?"—

Jock answers thus, wi' dulefu' tone,
—" Aft, aft, I wake—I seldom sleep:
But whae's this kens my name sae weil,
And thus to mese* my waes does seik?"—

Then out and spak the gude Laird's Jock,
—" Now fear ye na, my billie," quo' he;
" For here are the Laird's Jock, the Laird's Wat,
And Hobbie Noble come to set thee free."—

—" Now had thy tongue, my gude Laird's Jock,
For ever alas! this canna be;
For if a' Liddesdale was here the night,
The morn's the day that I maun die.

* *Mese.*—Soothe.

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" Full fifteen stane o' Spanish iron,
They hae laid a' right sair on me ;
Wi' locks and keys I am fast bound
Into this dungeon dark and dreirie."—

—" Fear ye na' that," quo' the Laird's Jock ;
" A faint heart ne'er wan a fair ladie ;
Work thou within, we'll work without,
And I'll be sworn we'll set thee free."—

The first strong door that they cam at,
They loosed it without a key ;
The next chain'd door that they cam at,
They garr'd it a' to flinders flee.

The prisoner now upon his back,
The Laird's Jock has gotten up fu' hie ;
And down the stair, him, irons and a',
Wi' nae sma' speid and joy, brings he.

—" Now Jock, my man," quo' Hobbie Noble,
" Some o' his weight ye may lay on me."—
—" I wat weil no!" quo' the Laird's ain Jock,
" I count him lighter than a flee."—

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Sae out at the gates they a' are gane,
The prisoner's set on horseback hie;
And now wi' speid they've ta'en the gate,
While ilk ane jokes fu' wantonlie:

—"O Jock! sae winsomely's ye ride,
Wi' baith your feet upon ae side;
Sae well ye're harneist, and sae trigg,
In troth ye sit like ony bride!"—

The night, tho' wat, they did na mind,
But hied them on fu' merrilie,
Until they cam to Cholerford brae*,
Where the water ran like mountains hie.

But when they cam to Cholerford,
There they met with an auld man;
Says—"Honest man, will the water ride?
Tell us in haste, if that ye can."—

—"I wat weel no," quo' the gude auld man;
"I hae lived here threty years and thrie,
And I ne'er yet saw the Tyne sae big,
Nor running anes sae like a sea."—

* *Cholerford brae.*—A ford upon the Tyne above Hexham.

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Then out and spak the Laird's saft Wat,
The greatest coward in the companie—
—" Now halt, now halt, we need na try't;
The day is come we a' maun die!"—

—" Puir faint hearted thief!" cried the Laird's ain Jock,
" There'l nae man die but him that's fie* ;
I'll guide ye a' right safely thro';
Lift ye the pris'ner on ahint me."—

Wi' that the water they hae ta'en,
By anes and twa's they a' swam thro';
—" Here are we a' safe," quo the Laird's Jock,
" And puir faint Wat, what think ye now?"—

They scarce the other brae had won,
When twenty men they saw pursue;
Frae Newcastle toun they had been sent,
A' English lads baith stout and true.

But when the Land-serjeant the water saw,
—" It winna ride, my lads," says he;
Then cried aloud—" The prisoner take,
But leave the fetters, I pray, to me."—

* *Fie.*—Predestined.

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—" I wat weil no," quo' the Laird's Jock ;
" I'll keep them a' ; shoon to my mare they'll be :
My gude bay mare—for I am sure
She has bought them a' right dear frae thee."—

Sae now they are on to Liddesdale,
E'en as fast as they could them hie ;
The prisoner is brought to's ain fire-side,
And there o's airns they mak him free.

—" Now Jock, my billie," quo' a' the three,
" The day is com'd thou was to die ;
But thou's as weil at thy ain ingle side
Now sitting, I think, 'twixt thee and me."—

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HOBBIE NOBLE.

We have seen the hero of this ballad act a distinguished part in the deliverance of *Jock o' the Side*, and are now to learn the ungrateful return which the ARMSTRONGS made him for his faithful services*. HALBERT,

* The original Editor of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, has noticed the perfidy of this clan in another instance; the delivery of the banished Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND into the hands of the Scottish Regent, by *Hector of Harelaw*, an ARMSTRONG, with whom he had taken refuge.—*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, V. 1. P. 283. This *Hector of Harelaw* seems to have been an Englishman, or under English assurance; for he is one of those against whom bills were exhibited by the Scottish Commissioners to the Lord Bishop of CARLISLE.—*Introduction to the History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, P. 81. In the list of Borderers, 1597, *Hector of Harelaw*, with the GRIEFS and CUTS of Harelaw, also figures as an inhabitant of the Debateable Land. It would appear from a spirited invective in the Maitland MS. against the Regent, and those who delivered up the unfortunate Earl to ELIZABETH, that *Hector* had been guilty of this treachery, to redeem the pledge which had been exacted from him for his peaceable demeanour. The poet says, that

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or HOBBIE NOBLE, appears to have been one of those numerous English outlaws, who, being forced to fly their own country, had established themselves on the Scottish borders. As *Hobbie* continued his depredations upon the English, they bribed some of his hosts, the ARMSTRONGS, to decoy him into England, under pretence of a predatory expedition. He was there delivered by his treacherous companions into the hands of the officers of justice, by whom he was conducted to Carlisle, and executed next morning. The Laird of Mangerton, with whom *Hobbie* was in high favour, is said to have taken a severe revenge upon the traitors who betrayed him. The principal contriver of the scheme, called here *Sim o' the Maynes*, fled into England from the resentment of his chief; but experienced there the common fate of a traitor, being himself executed at Carlisle, about two months after *Hobbie's* death. Such is at least the tradition of Liddesdale.

the perfidy of MORTON and LOCHLEVEN, was worse than even that of—

> —the traitour Eckie of Harelaw,
> That says he sould him to redeem his pledge;
> Your deed is war, as all the world does know—
> You nothing can but covatice alledge.
>
> *Pinkerton's Maitland Poems*, V. 2. P. 220.

Eckie is the contraction of *Hector* among the vulgar.

These little memoranda may serve still farther to illustrate the beautiful ballads upon that subject, published in the *Reliques*.

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Sim o' the Maynes appears among the ARMSTRONGS of Whitauch, in Liddesdale, in the list of clans so often alluded to.

Kershope-burn, where *Hobbie* met his treacherous companions, falls into the Liddel from the English side, at a place called Turnersholm, where, according to tradition, turneys and games of chivalry were often solemnized. The Mains was anciently a border-keep, near Castletoun, on the north side of the Liddel, but is now totally demolished.

Askerton is an old castle, now ruinous, situated in the wilds of Cumberland, about 17 miles north-east of Carlisle, amidst that mountainous and desolate tract of country, bordering upon Liddesdale, emphatically termed the Waste of Bewcastle. Conscouthart Green, and Rodrichaugh, and the Foulbogshiel, are the names of places in the same wilds, through which the Scottish plunderers generally made their raids upon England.

Willeva and Speir-Edom are small districts in Bewcastle dale, through which also the Hartlie-burn takes its course.

Of the castle of Mangertoun, so often mentioned in these ballads, there are very few vestiges. It was situated on the banks of the Liddel, below Castletoun. In

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the wall of a neighbouring mill, which has been entirely built from the ruins of the tower, there is a remarkable stone, bearing the arms of the Lairds of MANGERTOUN, and a long broad sword, with the figures 1583, probably the date of building or repairing the castle. On each side of the shield are the letters, S. A. and E. E. standing probably for SIMON ARMSTRONG, and ELIZABETH ELLIOT. Such is the only memorial of the Laird of MANGERTOUN, except those rude ballads which the Editor now offers to the public.

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HOBBIE NOBLE.

Foul fa' the breast first treason bred in!
That Liddesdale may safely say:
For in it there was baith meat and drink,
And corn unto our geldings gay.

And we were a' stout hearted men,
As England she might often say;
But now, we may turn our backs and flee,
Since brave Noble is sold away.

Now Hobbie was an Englishman,
And born into Bewcastle dale;
But his misdeeds they were sae great,
They banished him to Liddesdale.

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At Kershope foot the tryst was set,
Kershope of the lily lee;
And there was traitor Sim o' the Mains,
And with him a private companie.

Then Hobbie has graithed his body fair,
Baith wi' the iron and wi' the steil,
And he has ta'en out his fringed grey,
And there brave Hobbie he rade him weel.

Then Hobbie is down the water gane,
E'en as fast as he could hie;
Tho' a' should hae bursten and broken their hearts,
Frae that riding tryst he wad na be.

—"Weel be ye met, my feres* five!
And now, what is your will wi' me?"—
Then they cried a' wi' ae consent,
—"Thou'rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me.—

—"Wilt thou with us into England ride,
And thy safe warrand we will be?
If we get a horse worth a hundred pound,
Upon his back thou sune shalt be."—

* *Feres.*—Companions.

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—" I dare not by day into England ride ;
The Land Serjeant has me at feid :
And I know not what evil may betide,
For Peter of Whitfield his brother is dead.

" And Anton Shiel he loves not me,
For I gat twa drifts o' his sheep ;
The great Earl of Whitfield* loves me not,
For nae geer frae me he e'er could keep.

" But will ye stay till the day gae down—
Until the night come o'er the grund ?
And I'll be a guide worth ony twa,
That may in Liddesdale be found.

" Tho' the night be black as pick and tar,
I'll guide ye o'er yon hills sae hie ;
And bring ye a' in safety back,
If ye'll be true and follow me."—

He has guided them o'er moss and muir,
O'er hill and hope and mony a down ;
Until they cam to the Foulbogshiel,
And there, brave Noble, he lighted down.

* *Earl of Whitfield.*—The Editor does not know who is here meant.

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But word is gane to the Land Serjeant,
In Askerton where that he lay—
—"The deer that ye hae hunted sae lang,
Is seen into the waste this day."—

—"Then Hobbie Noble is that deer!
I wat he carries the style fu' hie;
Aft has he driven our bluidhounds back,
And set ourselves at little lee.

"Gar warn the bows of Hartlie-burn;
See they sharp their arrows on the wa':
Warn Willeva, and Speir Edom,
And see the morn they meet me a'.

"Gar meet me on the Rodric-haugh,
And see it be by break o' day;
And we will on to Conscouthart-green,
For there, I think, we'll get our prey."—

Then Hobbie Noble has dreimt a dreim,
In the Foulbogshiel where that he lay;
He dreimt his horse was aneath him shot,
And he himself got hard away.

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The cocks could craw, the day could daw,
And I wot so even fell down the rain;
Had Hobbie na waken'd at that time,
In the Foulbogshiel he had been ta'en or slain.

—" Awake, awake, my feres five!
I trow here makes a fu' ill day;
Yet the worst cloak o' this company,
I hope, shall cross the waste this day."—

Now Hobbie thought the gates were clear;
But ever alas! it was na sae:
They were beset by cruel men and keen,
That away brave Hobbie might na gae.

—" Yet follow me, my feres five,
And see ye keip of me guid ray;
And the worst cloak of this company
Even yet may cross the waste this day."—

But the Land Serjeant's men came Hobbie befor,
The traitor Sim came Hobbie behin',
So had Noble been wight as Wallace was,
Away, alas! he might na win.

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Then Hobbie had but a laddie's sword;
But he did mair than a laddie's deed:
For that sword had clear'd Conscouthart green,
Had it not broke o'er Jerswigham's head.

Then they hae ta'en brave Hobbie Noble,
Wi's ain bowstring they band him sae;
But his gentle heart was ne'er sae sair
As when his ain five bound him on the brae.

They hae ta'en him on for West Carlisle;
They asked him if he kend the way?
Tho' much he thought, yet little he said—
He knew the gate as weel as they.

They hae ta'en him up the Ricker-gate;
The wives they cast their windows wide:
And every wife to another can say,
—"That's the man loosed Jock o' the Side!"—

—"Fy on ye, women! why ca' ye me man?
For its nae man that I'm used like;
I am but like a forfoughen* hound,
Has been fighting in a dirty syke†."—

* *Forfoughen.*—Quite fatigued. † *Syke.*—Ditch.

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They hae had him up thro' Carlisle toun,
And set him by the chimney fire;
They gave brave Noble a loaf to eat,
And that was little his desire.

They gave him a wheat loaf to eat,
And after that a can of beer;
And they a' cried, with one consent,
—"Eat, brave Noble, and make gude cheir.

"Confess my Lord's horse, Hobbie," they said,
"And to-morrow in Carlisle thou's na die."—
—"How can I confess them," Hobbie says,
"When I never saw them with my e'e?"—

Then Hobbie has sworn a fu' great aith,
Bi the day that he was gotten and born,
He never had ony thing o' my Lord's,
That either eat him grass or corn.

—"Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton!
For I think again I'll ne'er thee see:
I wad hae betrayed nae lad alive,
For a' the goud o' Christentie.

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" And fare thee weel, sweet Liddesdale!
Baith the hie land and the law;
Keep ye weel frae the traitor Mains!
For goud and geir he'll sell ye a'.

" Yet wad I rather be ca'd Hobbie Noble,
In Carlisle where he suffers for his fau't—
Than I'd be ca'd the traitor Mains,
That eats and drinks o' the meal and maut."—

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NOTE

ON

HOBBIE NOBLE.

Aft has he driven our bluidhounds back.—P. 171. V. 2.

" The Russet bloodhound wont, near Annand's stream,
" To trace the sly thief with avenging foot,
" Close as an evil concience still at hand."

Our Ancient Statutes inform us, that the blood-hound, or sluith-hound, (so called from its quality of tracing the slot, or track, of men and animals) was early used in the pursuit and detection of Marauders. *Nullus perturbet, aut impediat canem trassantem aut homines trassantes cum ipso ad sequendum latrones.—Regiam Majestatem, Lib. 4tus Cap.* 32. And so late as 1616, there was an order from the King's Commissioners for the Northern counties, that a certain number of slough hounds should be maintained in every district of Cumberland, bordering upon Scotland. The breed of this sagacious animal, which could trace the human foot-step with the most unerring accuracy, is now nearly extinct.

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ARCHIE OF CA' FIELD.

It may perhaps be thought that, from the near resemblance which this ballad bears to Kinmont Willie, *and* Jock o' the Side, *the Editor might have dispensed with inserting it in this collection. But although the incidents in these three ballads are almost the same, yet there is considerable variety in the language; and each contains minute particulars, highly characteristic of Border manners, which it is the object of this publication to illustrate. Ca'field, or Calfield, is a place in Wauchopdale, belonging of old to the* ARMSTRONGS. *In the account betwixt the English and Scottish marches,* Jock *and* Geordie of Ca'field, *there called Calfhill, are repeatedly marked as delinquents.* History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, VOL. 1. Introduction, P. 33. JOCKIE HALL, "*from the laigh Tiviotdale,*" *is perhaps* JOHN HALL *of Newbigging, mentioned in the list of Border Clans as one of the chief men of name residing on the middle marches in* 1597.

As I was walking mine alane,
It was by the dawning of the day;
I heard twa brithers make their mane,
And I listened weel to what they did say.

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The eldest to the youngest said,
—" O dear brither, how maun this be ?
There were three brithren of us born,
And ane of us is condemned to die."—

—" O chuse ye out a hundred men,
A hundred men baith leal and free;
And we'll awa' to Dumfries toun,
And set our billy* Archie free.—"

—" A hundred men you cannot get,
A hundred men baith leal and free:
For some of them wad turn a-back,
And other some but work for fee.

" But chuse ye out eleven men,
And we oûrselves thirteen will be;
And we'll awa to Dumfries toun,
And borrow bonnie billy Archie."—

There was horsing, horsing in haste,
And there was marching on the lee;
Until they cam to Murraywhate
And they lighted there right speedilie.

* Billy---*Brother.*

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—" A smith ! a smith !" Dickie he cries,
" A smith ! a smith ! right speedilie;
To turn back the caukers of our horses' shoon;
For its unkensome* we wad be."—

There was horsing, horsing in haste,
And there was marching upon the lee;
Until they cam to Dumfries port,
And they lighted there right speedilie.

—" There's six of us will hold the horse,
And other six will watchmen be:
But wha's the man, amang ye a',
Will gae to the Tolbooth door wi' me?"—

O up then spak him Jockie Hall,
(Frae the laigh Tiviotdale was he;)
—" If it should cost my life this very night,
I'll gae to the Tolbooth door wi' thee."—

—" Be of gude cheir ! now, Archie, lad;
Be of gude cheir ! now, dear billie;
Work thou within, and we without,
And the morn thou'se dine at Ca'field wi' me.

* *Unkensome.*---Unknown.

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O Jockie Hall stepped to the door;
And he bended low back his knee;
And he made the bolts the door hang on,
Loup frae the wa' right wantonlie.

He took the prisoner on his back,
And down the Tolbooth stair cam he;
The gray colt stood ready at the door,
I wot a foot ne'er stirred he.

They laid the links out owre his neck,
And that was his gold twist to be*;
And they cam down thro' Dumfries toun
And wow but they cam speedily.

There was horsing, horsing in haste,
And there was marching upon the lee;
Until they cam to the Murraywhate,
And they lighted there right speedily.

—"A smith! a smith!" then Dickie he cries;
"A smith! a smith! right speedily;
To file the irons frae my dear brither,
For forward, forward we wad be."—

* The *Gold Twist* means the small gilded chains drawn across the chest of a war-horse, as a part of his caparaison.

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They had na filed a shackle of iron,
A shackle of iron but barely thrie,
When out and spak young Simon brave—
—" O dinna ye see what I do see ?"

" Lo ! yonder comes Lieutenant Gordon,
Wi' a hundred men in his companie."—
—" O woes is me !" quo' Archie then,
" For I am the prisoner, and I maun die !"—

O there was mounting, mounting in haste,
And there was marching upon the lee ;
Until they cam to Annan water,
And it was flowing like the sea.

—" The gude grey colt is but four year old,
And he can amble like the wind ;
But when he comes to the belly deep,
He lays himself down upon the ground.

" But I have a mare, they ca' her Meg—
And she's the best in Christentie ;
Set ye the prisoner me behind,
There will nae man die but him that's fie."—

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Now they did swim that wan water,
And wow but they swam bonilie!
Until they cam to the other side,
And they wrang their cloathes right drunkily.

—"Come thro', come thro', Lieutenant Gordon;
Come thro' and drink some wine wi' me;
For there is an ale-house here hard by,
And it shall not cost thee ae penny."—

—"Throw me my irons," quo' Lieutenant Gordon;
"I wot they cost me dear aneugh."—
—"The shame a ma," quo' Jockie Ha';
"They'll be gude shackles to my pleugh."—

—"Come thro', come thro', Lieutenant Gordon;
Come thro' and drink some wine wi' me;
Yestreen was I your prisoner,
But now this morning am I free."

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ARMSTRONG'S GOODNIGHT.

The following verses are said to have been composed by one of the ARMSTRONGS, *executed for the murder of* Sir JOHN CARMICHAEL *of Edrom, Warden of the Middle Marches.* *(See P.* 105.*)* *The tune is popular in Scotland, but whether these are the original words will admit of some doubt.*

This night is my departing night,
For here nae langer must I stay;
There's neither friend nor foe o' mine
But wishes me away.

What I have done thro' lack of wit,
I never, never, can recall;
I hope ye're a' my friends as yet,
Goodnight, and joy be with you all!

* * * * * * *

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THE FRAY OF SUPORT.

AN ANCIENT BORDER GATHERING SONG.

FROM TRADITION.

Of all the Border ditties which have fallen into the Editor's hands, this is by far the most uncouth and savage. It is usually chaunted in a sort of wild recitative, except the burden, which swells into a long varied howl, not unlike to a view hollo'. The words, and the very great irregularity of the stanza (if it deserves the name), sufficiently point out its intention and origin. An English woman residing in Suport, near the foot of the Kershope, having been plundered in the night by a band of the Scottish moss troopers, is supposed to convoke her servants and friends for the pursuit, or *Hot Trod*, upbraiding them, at the same time, in homely phrase, for their negligence and security. The *Hot Trod* was followed by the persons who had lost goods, with bloodhounds

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and horns, to raise the country to help. They also used to carry a burning wisp of straw at a spear head, and to raise a cry similar to the Indian war-hoop. It appears from articles made by the Wardens of the English marches, September 12th, in 6th of Edward VI. that all, on this cry being raised, were obliged to follow the fray, or chace, under pain of death. With these explanations the general purport of the ballad may be easily discovered, though particular passages have become inexplicable, probably through corruptions introduced by reciters. The present copy is corrected from four copies which differed widely from each other.

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THE FRAY OF SUPORT.

Sleep'ry Sim of the Lamb-hill,
And Snoring Jock of Suport-mill,
Ye are baith right het and fou';—
But my wae wakens na you.
Last night I saw a sorry sight—
Nought left me, o' four and twenty gude ousen and ky,
My weel ridden gelding, and a white quey,
But a toom byre and a wide,
And the twelve nogs* on ilka side.

Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'
My gear's a' gane.

Weel may ye ken
Last night I was right scarce o' men:

* *Nogs.*---Stakes.

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But Toppet Hob o' the Mains had guesten'd in my house
by chance;
I set him to wear the fore-door wi' the speir, while I kept
the back door wi' the lance;
But they hae run him thro' the thick o' the thie, and
broke his knee-pan,
And the mergh* o' his shin bane has run down on his
spur leather whang—
He's lame while he lives, and where e'er he may gang.

Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'
My gear's a' gane.

But Peenye, my gude son, is out at the Hagbut-head,
His e'en glittering for anger like a fierye gleed;
Crying—" Mak sure the nooks
" Of Maky's-muir-crooks;
" For the wily Scot takes by nooks, hooks, and crooks.
" Gin we meet a' together in a-head the morn,
" We'll be merry men."—

Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'
My gear's a' gane.

There's doughty Cuddy in the Heugh-head,
Thou was aye gude at a' need:
With thy brock-skin bag at thy belt,

* Mergh---*Marrow.*

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Ay ready to mak a puir man help.
Thou maun awa' out to the Calf-craigs,
(Where anes ye lost your ain twa naigs)
And there toom thy brock-skin bag.

Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'
My gear's a' ta'en.

Doughty Dan o' the Houlet Hirst,
Thou was aye gude at a birst:
Gude wi' a bow, and better wi' a speir,
The bauldest march-man that e'er followed gear;
Come thou here.

Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'
My gear's a' gane.

Rise, ye Carle Coopers, frae making o' kirns and tubs,
In the Nicol forest woods.
Your craft has na left the value of an oak rod—
But if you had had ony fear o' God,
Last night ye had na slept sae sound,
And let my gear be a' ta'en.

Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'
My gear's a' gane.

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Ah! lads, we'll fang them a' in a net,
For I hae a' the fords o' Liddel set—
The Dunkin, and the Door-loup,
The Willie-ford, and the Water-slack,
The Black-rack, and the Trout-dub o' Liddel;
There stands John Forster wi' five men at his back,
Wi' bufft coat and cap of steil:
Boo! ca' at them e'en, Jock;
That ford's sicker I wat weil.

Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'
My gear's a' ta'en.

Hoo! hoo! gar raise the Reid Souter, and Ringan's Wat,
Wi' a brod elshin and a wicker;
I wat weil they'll mak a ford sicker.
Sae whether they be Elliots or Armstrangs
Or rough riding Scots, or rude Johnstons,
Or whether they be frae the Tarras or Ewsdale,
They maun turn and fight, or try the deeps o' Liddel.

Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'
My gear's a' gane.

—" Ah! but they will play ye another jigg,
For they will out at the big rig,

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And thro' at Fargy Grame's gap."—
—" But I hae another wile for that:
For I hae little Will, and stalwart Wat,
And lang Aicky, in the Souter moor,
Wi' his sleuth dog sits in his watch right sure;
Shou'd the dog gie a bark,
He'll be out in his sark,
And die or won.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'
My gear's a' gane.

Ha! boys—I see a party appearing—wha's yon?
Methinks it's the Captain of Bewcastle, and Jephtha's John,
Coming down by the foul steps of Catlowdie's loan—
They'll mak a' sicker, come which way they will.
Ha lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'
My gear's a' ta'en.

Captain Musgrave, and a' his band,
Are coming down by the Siller-strand,
And the muckle town-bell o' Carlisle is rung:
My gear was a' weel won,
And before it's carried o'er the border, mony a man's gae down.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'
My gear's a' gane.

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NOTES

ON

THE FRAY OF SUPORT.

And there toom thy Brock-skin bag.—P. 188. Verse 1.

The *Badger-skin Pouch* was used for carrying ammunition.

In the Nicol Forest Woods.—P. 188. Verse 3.

A wood in Cumberland, in which Suport is situated.

For I hae a' the fords o' Liddel set.—P. 189. Verse 1.

Watching fords was a ready mode of intercepting the marauders; the names of the most noted fords upon the Liddel are recited in this verse.

And thro' at Fargy Grame's gap—P 190. Verse 1.

Fergus Grame of Sowport, as one of the chief men of that clan, became security to Lord Scroope for the good behaviour of his friends and dependants, 8th January 1602.---*Introduction to History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, P. 111.

Wi' his sleuth dog sits in his watch right sure.—P. 190. V. 1.

The centinels who by the March laws were planted upon the Border each night, had usually sleuth dogs, or bloodhounds, along with them. —See *Nicolson's Border Laws*, and *Lord Wharton's regulations, in the 6th of Edward VI.*

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Of the bloodhound we have said something in the Notes on HOBBIE NOBLE; but we may, in addition, refer to the following poetical description of the qualities and uses of that singular animal.

——————————— upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow winding thro' the vale, the seat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To lasting leagues the haughty rivals awed,
There dwelt a pilfering race: well train'd and skill'd
In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
Their only substance, feuds and war their sport.
Not more expert in every fraudful art
The arch felon was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,
In vain the sheltering of the covering rock,
In vain the sooty cloud, and ruddy flames
That issued from his mouth; for soon he paid
His forfeit life: a debt how justly due
To wronged Alcides, and avenging Heaven!

Veil'd in the shades of night, they ford the stream;
Then, prowling far and near, whate'er they seize
Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are safe,
Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong barr'd doors
Secure the favourite horse. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
A thousand thronging curses burst their way.
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads; then, with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers.
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low bending, plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried;
Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick, his snuffling nose, his active tail,
Attest his joy: then, with deep opening mouth

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That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
The audacious felon! foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the listening crowd
Applaud his reasonings. O'er the watery ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten tracks, with men and beast distain'd,
Unerring he pursues; till, at the cot
Arrived, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquisitely delicate his sense!

Methinks it's the Captain of Bewcastle, &c.—Coming down the foul steps of Catlowdie's loan.—P. 190. V. 2.

According to the late Glenriddell's notes on this ballad, the office of Captain of Bewcastle was held by the Chief of the Nixons.

Catlowdie is a small village in Cumberland, near the junction of the Esk and Liddel.

Captain Musgrave and a' his band.—P. 190. V. 3.

This was probably the famous Captain Jack Musgrave who had charge of the watch, along the Cryssop, or Kershope, as appears from the order of the watches appointed by Lord WHARTON, when Deputy Warden General, in 6th of Edward VI.

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LORD MAXWELL'S GOODNIGHT.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

This beautiful ballad is published from a copy in GLENRIDDELL'S MS. with some slight variations from tradition. It alludes to one of the most remarkable feuds upon the west marches.

A. D. 1585, John, Lord MAXWELL, or, as he styled himself, Earl of MORTON, having quarrelled with the Earl of ARRAN, reigning favourite of JAMES VI. and fallen of course under the displeasure of the court, was denounced rebel. A commission was also given to the Laird of JOHNSTONE, then Warden of the west marches, to pursue and apprehend the ancient rival and enemy of his house. Two bands of mercenaries, commanded by Captains CRANSTOUN and LAMMIE, who were sent from Edinburgh to support JOHNSTONE, were attacked and cut to pieces at Crawford-muir, by ROBERT MAXWELL,

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natural brother to the chieftain.* In a subsequent conflict, JOHNSTONE himself was defeated and made prisoner, and is said to have died of grief at the disgrace which he sustained.—See *Spottiswoode* and *Johnstone's histories, ad annum*, 1585.

By one of the revolutions common in those days, MAXWELL was soon after restored to the King's favour, in his turn, and obtained the wardenry of the west marches. A bond of alliance was subscribed by him, and by Sir JAMES JOHNSTONE, and for some time the two clans lived in harmony. In the year 1593, however, the hereditary feud was revived on the following occasion. A band of marauders, of the clan JOHNSTONE, drove a prey of cattle from the lands belonging to the Lairds of Crichton, Sanquhar, and Drumlanrig; and defeated with slaughter the pursuers who attempted to rescue their property.—[*See the following ballad and introduction.*] The injured parties being apprehensive that MAXWELL would not cordially embrace their cause, on account of his late

* It is devoutly to be wished that this LAMMIE (who was killed in the skirmish) may have been the same miscreant, who, in the day of Queen MARY's distress, "Hes Ensigne being of quhyt taffitae, had "painted one it ye creuell murther of King HENREY, and layed down be-"fore her Majestie, at quhat time she presented herself as prisoner to ye "Lordis."—*Birrell's Diary, June* 15. 1567. It would be some satisfaction to know that the grey hairs of this worthy personage did not go down to the grave in peace.

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reconciliation with the JOHNSTONES, endeavoured to overcome his reluctance, by offering to enter into bonds of manrent, and so to become his followers and liegemen; he, on the other hand, granting to them a bond of maintenance, or protection, by which he bound himself, in usual form, to maintain their quarrel against all mortals, saving his loyalty. Thus, the most powerful and respectable families in Dumfries-shire became for a time the vassals of Lord MAXWELL. This secret alliance was discovered to Sir JAMES JOHNSTONE by the Laird of CUMMERTREES, one of his own clan, though a retainer to MAXWELL. CUMMERTREES even contrived to possess himself of the bonds of manrent, which he delivered to his chief. The petty warfare betwixt the rival Barons was instantly renewed. BUCCLEUCH, a near relation of JOHNSTONE, came to his assistance with his clan, "the most renowned freebooters, (says a historian,) the fiercest and bravest warriors, among the border tribes*." With BUCCLEUCH also came the ELLIOTS, ARMSTRONGS, and GRÆMES. Thus reinforced, JOHNSTONE surprised and cut to pieces a party of the MAXWELLS, stationed at Lochmaben. On the other hand, Lord MAXWELL, armed with the royal authority, and numbering among his followers all the Barons of Nithesdale, displayed his banner as the King's Lieutenant, and invaded Annandale

* *Inter accolas latrociniis famosos Scotos Buccleuchi clientas---fortissimos tribulium et ferocissimos.---Johnstoni Historia, Ed. Amstel*, P. 182.

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at the head of 2000 men. In those days, however, the royal auspices seem to have carried as little good fortune as effective strength with them. A desperate conflict, still renowned in tradition, took place at the Dryffe sands, not far from Lockerby, in which JOHNSTONE, although inferior in numbers, partly by his own conduct, partly by the valour of his allies, gained a decisive victory. Lord MAXWELL, a tall man, and heavily armed, was struck from his horse in the flight, and cruelly slain, after the hand which he stretched out for quarter had been severed from his body. Many of his followers were slain in the battle. The Barons of Lag, Closeburn, and Drumlanrig, escaped by the fleetness of their horses, a circumstance alluded to in the following ballad.

This fatal battle was followed by a long feud, attended with all the circumstances of horror proper to a barbarous age. JOHNSTONE, in his diffuse manner, describes it thus. "*Ab eo die ultro citroque in Anandia et Nithia magnis utriusque regionis jacturis certatum. Cædes, incendia, rapinæ, et nefanda facinora; liberi in maternis gremiis trucidati; mariti in conspectu conjugum suarum, incensæ villæ lamentabiles ubique querimoniæ et horribiles armorum fremitus.*"—*Johnstoni Historia. Ed. Amstæl.* P. 182.

John, Lord MAXWELL, with whose *Goodnight* the reader is here presented, was son to him who fell at

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the battle of Dryffe sands, and is said to have early vowed the deepest revenge for his father's death. Such indeed was the fiery and untameable spirit of the man, that neither the threats nor entreaties of the King himself could make him lay aside his vindictive purpose, although JOHNSTONE, the object of his resentment, had not only reconciled himself to the court, but even obtained the wardenry of the middle marches, in room of Sir JOHN CARMICHAEL, murdered by the ARMSTRONGS. Lord MAXWELL was therefore prohibited to approach the border counties; and having, in contempt of that mandate, excited new disturbances, he was confined in the castle of Edinburgh. From this fortress, however, he contrived to make his escape; and, having repaired to Dumfries-shire, he sought an amicable interview with JOHNSTONE, under pretence of a wish to accommodate their differences. Sir ROBERT MAXWELL, of Orchardstane, (mentioned in the ballad, verse 1st.) who was married to a sister of Sir JAMES JOHNSTONE, persuaded his brother in law to accede to MAXWELL's proposal. The two chieftains met, each with a single attendant, at a place called Achmanhill, 6th April, 1608. A quarrel arising betwixt the two gentlemen who attended them, (CHARLES MAXWELL, brother to the Laird of Kirkhouse, and JOHNSTONE of Lockerby) and a pistol being discharged, Sir JAMES turned his horse to separate the combatants; at which instant Lord MAXWELL shot him through the back with a brace of bullets,

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of which wound he died on the spot, after having for some time gallantly defended himself against MAXWELL, who endeavoured to strike him with his sword. "A fact (saith Spottiswoode) detested by all honest men, and the gentleman's misfortune severely lamented, for he was a man full of wisdom and courage."—*Spottiswoode, Edition 1677, pages 467, 504. Johnstoni Historia, Ed. Amstæl.* P. 254. 283. 449.

Lord MAXWELL, the murderer, made his escape to France; but, having ventured to return to Scotland, he was apprehended lurking in the wilds of Caithness, and brought to trial at Edinburgh. The Royal authority was now much strengthened by the union of the crowns, and JAMES employed it in staunching the feuds of the nobility, with a firmness which was no attribute of his general character. But in the best actions of that Monarch, there seems to have been an unfortunate tincture of that meanness, so visible on the present occasion. Lord MAXWELL was indicted for the murder of JOHNSTONE; but this was combined with a charge of *fire-raising*, which, according to the ancient Scottish law, if perpetrated by a landed man, constituted a species of treason, and inferred forfeiture. Thus, the noble purpose of public justice was sullied by being united with that of enriching some needy favourite. John, Lord MAXWELL, was condemned, and beheaded 21st May, 1613. Sir GIDEON MURRAY, Treasurer Depute, had a great share

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of his forfeiture, but the attainder was afterwards reversed, and the honors and estate were conferred upon the brother of the deceased.—*Laing's History of Scotland*, V. 1. P. 62.—*Johnstoni Historia*, P. 493.

The lady, mentioned in the ballad, was sister to the Marquis of HAMILTON, and, according to the historian, JOHNSTONE, had little reason to regret being separated from her husband, whose harsh treatment finally occasioned her death. But JOHNSTONE appears not to be altogether untinctured with the prejudices of his clan; and is probably in this instance guilty of exaggeration, as the active share, taken by the Marquis of HAMILTON in favour of MAXWELL, is a circumstance inconsistent with such a report.

Thus was finally ended, by a salutary example of severity, the "foul debate" betwixt the MAXWELLS and JOHNSTONES, in the course of which each family lost two chieftains; one dying of a broken heart, one in the field of battle, one by assassination, and one by the sword of the executioner.

It seems reasonable to believe that the following ballad must have been written before the death of Lord MAXWELL, in 1613; otherwise there would have been some allusion to that event. It must therefore have been composed betwixt 1608 and that period.

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LORD MAXWELL'S GOODNIGHT.

"Adieu! Madame, my mother dear,
But and my sisters three;
Adieu! fair Robert of Orchardstane,
My heart is wae for thee.
Adieu! the lilye and the rose,
The primrose fair to see;
Adieu! my ladye, and only joy,
For I may not stay with thee.

"Though I hae slain the Lord Johnstone,
What care I for their feid?
My noble mind their wrath disdains:—
He was my father's deid.
Both night and day I laboured oft
Of him avenged to be;
But now I've got what lang I sought,
And I may not stay with thee.

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"Adieu! Drumlanrig, false wert aye,
And Closeburn in a band;
The laird of Lag, frae my father that fled,
When the Johnstone struck aff his hand.
They were three brethren in a band—
Joy may they never see!
Their treacherous art, and cowardly heart,
Has twin'd my love and me.

"Adieu! Dumfries, my proper place,
But and Carlaverock fair!
Adieu! my castle of the Thrieve,
Wi' a' my buildings there:
Adieu! Lochmaben's gates sae fair,
The Langholm-holm where birks there be;
Adieu! my ladye, and only joy,
For, trust me, I may not stay wi' thee.

"Adieu! fair Eskdale up and down,
Where my puir friends do dwell;
The Bangisters* will ding them down,
And will them sair compell.
But I'll avenge their feid mysell,
When I come o'er the sea;
Adieu! my ladye, and only joy,
For I may not stay wi' thee."—

* *Bangisters.*---The prevailing party.

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—" Lord of the land!"—that ladye said,
" O wad ye go wi' me,
Unto my brother's stately tower,
Where safest ye may be!
There Hamiltons and Douglas baith,
Shall rise to succour thee."—
—" Thanks for thy kindness, fair my dame,
But I may not stay wi' thee."—

Then he tuik aff a gay gold ring,
Thereat hang signets three;
—" Hae take thee that, mine ain dear thing,
And still hae mind o' me;
But, if thou take another Lord,
Ere I come ower the sea—
His life is but a three days lease,
Tho' I may not stay wi' thee."—

The wind was fair, the ship was clear,
That good Lord went away;
And most part of his friends were there,
To give him a fair convey.
They drank the wine, they did na spair,
Even in that gude Lord's sight—
Sae now he's o'er the floods sae gray,
And Lord Maxwell has ta'en his Goodnight.

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NOTES

ON

LORD MAXWELL'S GOODNIGHT.

Adieu! Drumlanrig, &c.—P. 202. V. 1.

The reader will perceive, from the Introduction, what connection the bond, subscribed by DOUGLAS of Drumlanrig, KIRKPATRICK of Closeburn, and GRIERSON of Lagg, had with the death of Lord MAXWELL's father. For the satisfaction of those who may be curious as to the form of these bonds, I have transcribed a letter of manrent, from a MS. collection of upwards of twenty deeds of that nature, copied from the originals by the late JOHN SYME, Esq. writer to the signet; for the use of which, with many other favours of a similar nature, I am indebted to Dr ROBERT ANDERSON of Edinburgh. The bond is granted by THOMAS KIRKPATRICK of Closeburn, to ROBERT, Lord MAXWELL, father of him who was slain at the battle of the Dryffe Sands.

BOND OF MANRENT.

"Be it kend till all men be thir present lettres, me THOMAS KIRKPATRIK of Closburn, to be bundin and oblist, and, be ye tenor heirof, bindis and oblissis me be ye faith and treuth of my body, in manrent and service to ane nobill and mychty Lord, ROBERT Lord MAXWELL, induring all ye dayis of my life; and byndis and oblissis me, as said is, to be leill and trew man and servand to ye said ROBERT Lord MAXWELL, my master, and sall nowthir heir nor se his skaith, but sall lat ye samyn at my uter power, an warn him yerof. And I sall conceill it yat ye said Lord schawis to me, and sall gif him agane ye best leil and trew counsale yat I can, quhen he ony askis at me; and yat I sall ryde with my kin,

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freyndis, servandis, and allies, yat will do for me, or to gang with ye said Lord; and do to him æfauld, trew, and thankful service, and æfauld playne part with ye said Lord, my maister, in all and sindry his actionis, causis, querellis, leful and honest, movit, or to be movit be him, or aganis him, baith in peace and weir, contrair or aganis all yae yat leiffes or de may (my allegeant to owr Soveran Lady ye Quenis Grace, her tutor and governor, allanerly except). And yir my lettres of Manrent, for all the dayis of my life foresaid to indure, all dissimulations, fraud, or gyle, secludit and away put. In witness &c."---The deed is signed at Edinburgh, 3d February, 1542.

In the collection from which this extract is made, there are bonds of a similar nature granted to Lord MAXWELL, by DOUGLAS of Drumlanrig, ancestor of the Duke of QUEENSBERRY; by Crichton Lord SANQUHAR, ancestor of the Earls of DUMFRIES, and many of his kindred; by STUART of Castlemilk; by STUART of Garlies, ancestor of the Earls of GALLOWAY; by MURRAY of Cockpool, ancestor of the Murrays, Lords ANNANDALE; by GRIERSON of Lagg, GORDON of Lochmaben, and many other of the most ancient and respectable Barons in the South West of Scotland, binding themselves, in the most submissive terms, to become the liegemen and the vassals of the house of MAXWELL; a circumstance which must highly excite our idea of the power of that family. Nay, even the rival chieftain, JOHNSTONE of Johnstone, seems at one time to have come under a similar obligation to MAXWELL, by a bond, dated 11th February, 1528, in which reference is made to the counter obligation of the patron, in these words: "Forasmeikle as the said Lord has oblist him to supple, manteine, and defend me, in ye peaciabill brouking and joysing of all my lands, rentis, &c. and to take my aefald, leill and trew part, in all my good actionis causis and quarles, leifull and honest, aganes all deedlie, his allegeance to owr Soveraigne Lord the King allanerly excepted, as at mair length is contained in his lettres of maintenance maid to me yerupon; yerfore, &c." he proceeds to bind himself as liegeman to the MAXWELL.

I cannot dismiss the subject without observing, that, in the dangerous times of Queen MARY, when most of these bonds are dated, many Barons, for the sake of maintaining unanimity and good order, may have

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chosen to enroll themselves among the clients of Lord MAXWELL, then Warden of the Border, from which, at a less turbulent period, personal considerations would have deterred them.

Adieu! my castle of the Thrieve.—P. 202. V. 2.

This fortress is situated in the Stewartry of Kircudbright, upon an island about 20 acres in extent, formed by the river Dee. The walls are very thick and strong, and bear the marks of great antiquity. It was a royal castle, but the keeping of it, agreeable to the feudal practice, was granted by charter, or sometimes by a more temporary and precarious right, to different powerful families, together with lands for their good service in maintaining and defending the place. This office of heritable keeper remained with the Nithesdale family (chief of the MAXWELLS) till their forfeiture, 1715. The garrison seems to have been victualled upon feudal principles; for each parish in the Stewartry was burdened with the yearly payment of a *Lardner Mart Cow, i. e.* a cow fit for being killed and salted at Martinmas, for winter provisions. The right of levying these cattle was retained by the Nithesdale family when they sold the cattle and estate, in 1704, and they did not cease to exercise it till their attainder.

This same castle of the Thrieve was, A. D. 1451-2, the scene of an outrageous and cruel insult upon the royal authority. The fortress was then held by WILLIAM VIII. Earl of DOUGLAS, who in fact possessed a more unlimited authority over the southern districts of Scotland than the reigning Monarch. The Earl had on some pretence seized and imprisoned a Baron, called MACLELLAN, Tutor of BOMBIE, whom he threatened to bring to trial, by his power of hereditary jurisdiction. The uncle of this gentleman, Sir PATRICK GRAY of Foulis, who commanded the body guard of JAMES II. obtained from that Prince a warrant, requiring from Earl DOUGLAS the body of the prisoner. When GRAY appeared, the Earl instantly suspected his errand. "You have not dined;" said he, without suffering him to open his commission: "it is ill talking between a full man and a fasting." While GRAY was at meat, the unfortunate prisoner was, by DOUGLAS's command, led forth to the court-yard and beheaded. When the repast was finished, the King's letter was

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presented and opened. "Sir Patrick," says DOUGLAS, leading GRAY to the court, "right glad had I been to honor the King's messenger; but you have come too late. Yonder lies your sister's son without the head: you are welcome to his dead body." GRAY, having mounted his horse, turned to the Earl, and expressed his wrath in a deadly oath, that he would requite the injury with DOUGLAS's heart's blood. "To horse!" cried the haughty Baron, and the messenger of his Prince was pursued till within a few miles of Edinburgh. GRAY, howevever, had an opportunity of keeping his vow; for being upon guard in the King's antichamber at Stirling, when JAMES, incensed at the insolence of the Earl, struck him with his dagger, Sir PATRICK rushed in, and dispatched him with a pole-axe.---See *Pitscottie's History.---Godscroft &c.*

And most part of his friends were there.—P. 203. V. 3.

The ancestor of the present Mr MAXWELL of Broomholm, is particularly mentioned in *Glenriddell's* MS. as having attended his chieftain in his distress, and as having received a grant of lands, in reward of this manifestation of attachment.

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THE LADS OF WAMPHRAY.

The reader will find, prefixed to the foregoing ballad, an account of the noted feud betwixt the families of MAXWELL and JOHNSTONE. The following song celebrates the skirmish, in 1593, betwixt the JOHNSTONES and CRICHTONS, which led to the revival of the ancient quarrel betwixt JOHNSTONE and MAXWELL, and finally to the battle of Dryffe Sands, in which the latter lost his life. Wamphray is the name of a parish in Annandale. Lethenhall was the abode of JOHNSTONE of Wamphray, and continued to be so till of late years. WILLIAM JOHNSTONE of Wamphray, called the *Galliard*, was a noted freebooter. A place near the head of Tiviotdale retains the name of the *Galliard's Faulds*, (folds) being a valley where he used to secrete and divide his spoil, with his Liddesdale and Eskdale associates. His *nom de guerre* seems to have been derived from the dance called *The*

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Galliard. The word is still used in Scotland to express an active, gay, dissipated character*. *Willie of the Kirk-hill*, nephew to the Galliard, and his avenger, was also a noted border robber. Previous to the battle of Dryffe Sands, so often mentioned, tradition reports, that MAXWELL had offered a *ten-pound-land* to any of his party, who should bring him the head or hand of the laird of JOHNSTONE. This being reported to his antagonist, he answered he had not a *ten-pound-land* to offer, but would give a *five-merk-land* to the man who should that day cut off the head or hand of Lord MAXWELL. *Willie of the Kirk-hill*, mounted upon a young gray horse, rushed upon the enemy, and earned the reward, by striking down their unfortunate chieftain, and cutting off his right hand.

Leverhay, Stefenbiggin, Girth-head, &c. are all situated in the parish of Wamphray. The Biddes-burn, where the skirmish took place betwixt the JOHNSTONES and their pursuers, is a rivulet which takes its course among the mountains on the confines of Nithesdale and Annandale. The Wellpath is a pass by which the JOHNSTONES were retreating to their fastnesses in Annan-

* CLEVELAND applies the phrase in a very different manner, in treating of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, 1644.

> And Selden is a *Galliard* by himself;
> And wel might be; there's more divines in him,
> Than in all this their Jewish Sanhedrim.

SKELTON, in his railing poem against JAMES IV. terms him *Sr Styr Galyard.*

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dale. Ricklaw-holm is a place upon the Evan water, which falls into the Annan, below Moffat. Wamphray-gate was in these days an ale-house. With these local explanations, it is hoped the following ballad will be easily understood.

From a pedigree in the appeal case of Sir JAMES JOHNSTONE of Westeraw, claiming the honours and titles of Annandale, it appears that the JOHNSTONES of Wamphray were descended from JAMES, sixth son of the sixth Baron of JOHNSTONE. The male line became extinct in 1657.

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THE LADS OF WAMPHRAY.

'Twixt Girth-head and the Langwood end,
Lived the Galliard, and the Galliard's men;
But and the lads of Leverhay,
That drove the Crichton's gear away.

It is the lads of Lethenha',
The greatest rogues amang them a':
But and the lads of Stefenbiggin,
They broke the house in at the riggin.

The lads of Fingland, and Hellbeck-hill,
They were never for good but aye for ill;
'Twixt the Staywood-bush and Langside-hill,
They stealed the broked cow and the branded bull.

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It is the lads of the Girth-head,
The deil's in them for pride and greed;
For the Galliard, and the gay Galliard's men,
They ne'er saw a horse but they made it their ain.

The Galliard to Nithside is gane,
To steal Sim Crichton's winsome dun;
The Galliard is unto the stable gane,
But instead of the dun, the blind he has ta'en.

—" Now Simmy, Simmy of the Side,
Come out and see a Johnstone ride!
Here's the bonniest horse in a' Nithside,
And a gentle Johnstone aboon his hide."—

Simmy Crichton's mounted then,
And Crichtons has raised mony a ane;
The Galliard trowed his horse had been wight,
But the Crichtons beat him out o' sight.

As soon as the Galliard the Crichton saw,
Behind the saugh-bush he did draw;
And there the Crichtons the Galliard hae ta'en,
And nane wi' him but Willie alane.

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—" O Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,
And I'll never mair do a Crichton wrang!
O Simmy, Simmy, now let me be,
And a peck o' gowd I'll give to thee!

" O Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,
And my wife shall heap it with her hand."—
But the Crichton wad na let the Galliard be,
But they hanged him hie upon a tree.

O think then Willie he was right wae,
When he saw his uncle guided sae;
—" But if ever I live Wamphray to see,
My uncle's death avenged shall be."—

Back to Wamphray he is gane,
And riders has raised mony a ane;
Saying—" My lads, if ye'll be true,
Ye shall a' be clad in the noble blue."—

Back to Nithisdale they have gane,
And awa' the Crichton's nowt hae ta'en;
But when they cam to the Wellpath-head,
The Crichtons bade them 'light and lead.

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And when they cam to the Biddess burn,
The Crichtons bade them stand and turn;
And when they cam to the Biddess strand,
The Crichtons they were hard at hand.

But when they cam to the Biddess law,
The Johnstones bade them stand and draw;
—" We've done nae ill, we'll thole nae wrang,
But back to Wamphray we will gang."—

And out spoke Willy o' the Kirkhill,
—" Of fighting, lads, ye'se hae your fill."—
And from his horse Willie he lap,
And a burnished brand in his hand he gat.

Out through the Crichtons Willie he ran,
And dang them down baith horse and man;
O but the Johnstones were wondrous rude,
When the Biddess burn ran three days blood!

—" Now, Sirs, we hae done a noble deed;
We have revenged the Galliard's bleid:
For every finger of the Galliard's hand,
I vow this day I've killed a man."—

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As they cam in at Evan-head,
At Ricklaw-holm they spread abread;
—" Drive on, my lads! it will be late;
We'll hae a pint at Wamphray gate."—

For where'er I gang, or e'er I ride,
The Lads of Wamphray are on my side;
And of a' the lads that I do ken,
A Wamphray lad's the king of men.

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THE LAIRD OF LAMINTON.

There are two copies of this ballad in Mr HERD'S *MS. in one of which the bride's name is* KATHERINE JAFFREY, *and the unlucky bridegroom is called the Laird of* LOCHINTON, "*out frae the English border.*"—*The Editor has been unable to discover whether the story is founded in fact.*

There came the laird of Laminton
Out frae the north countrie,
To court a gallant gay ladye;
And in presents entered he.

He neither spared for gowd nor gear,
For she was a weel fared may;
And when he gat her friends' consent,
He set the wedding day.

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She sent to the laird of Lauderdale,
Gin he wad come to see;
And he has sent word back again,
Weel answered she suld be.

And he has sent a messenger,
Right quickly through the land;
And raised mony an armed man,
To be at his command.

The bride looked out at a high window,
Beheld baith dale and down;
And she was aware of her first true love,
With riders mony a one.

She scoffed him, and scorned him,
Upon her wedding day;
And said—" It was the fairy court
To see him in array!

—" O come ye here to fight, young Lord,
Or come ye here to play?
Or come ye here to drink good wine,
Upon the wedding day?"—

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—" I come na here to fight," he said,
" I come na here to play;
I'll but lead a dance wi' the bonny bride,
And mount and go my way."—

It is a glass of the blood-red wine,
Was filled up them between;
And aye she drank to Lauderdale,
Wha her true love had been.

He's ta'en her by the milk white hand,
And by the grass green sleeve;
He's mounted her hie behind himsell,
At her kinsmen spear'd na leave.

Then whingers flew frae gentles' sides,
And swords flew frae the shea's,
And red and rosy was the blood
Ran down the lily braes.

The blood ran down by Cowden bank,
And down by Cowden brae;
And, sighing, said the bonny bride—
—" O waes me for foul play!"—

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My blessing on your heart, sweet thing:
Wae to your willfu' will:
There's mony a gallant gentleman
Whae's blude ye have garr'd to spill.

Now a' you that be norland men,
And that be norland born,
Come never south to seek a wife,
For they will gie you the scorn.

They'll haik ye up, and settle ye bye,
Till on your wedding day;
Then gie ye frogs instead of fish,
And play ye foul foul play.

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THE LAIRD OF OCHILTRIE.

This ballad has often been published, and therefore would not have been inserted in this collection, had not the anecdote, upon which it is obviously founded, hitherto escaped the notice of Editors. The circumstance is interesting, and may teach us to afford some degree of credit to poetical tradition, even when we cannot immediately ascertain its foundation in historical fact.

In the year 1592, FRANCIS STUART, Earl of BOTHWELL, was agitating his frantic and ill-concerted attempts against the person of JAMES VI. whom he endeavoured to surprise in the palace of Falkland. Through the emulation and private rancour of the courtiers, he found adherents even about the King's person; among whom, it seems, was the hero of our ballad, whose history is thus narrated by SPOTTISWOODE.

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" At the same time, JOHN WEYMIS, younger of Bogie, " gentleman of his Majesty's chamber, and in great fa- " vour both with the King and Queen, was discovered to " have the like dealing with BOTHWELL; and, being " committed to the keeping of the guard, escaped by the " policy of one of the Dutch maids, with whom he enter- " tained a secret love. The gentlewoman, named Mis- " tress MARGARET TWINSLACE, coming one night, " whilst the King and Queen were in bed, to his keepers, " shewed that the King called for the prisoner, to ask of " him some question. The keepers, suspecting nothing, " for they knew her to be the principal maid in the cham- " ber, conveighed him to the door of the bed chamber; " and, making a stay without, as they were commanded, " the gentlewoman did let him down at a window, by a " cord that she had prepared. The keepers, waiting up- " on his return, stayed there till the morning, and there " found themselves deceived. This, with the manner of " the escape, ministered great occasion of laughter; and, " not many days after, the King being pacified by the " Queen's means, he was pardoned, and took to wife the " gentlewoman, who had in this sort hazarded her credit " for his safety."—*Spottiswoode*, P. 390.

It will readily be allowed that this court anecdote has been the foundation of the ballad. How the title of the hero came to be changed from *Bogie* to *Ochiltrie* does not now appear.

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THE LAIRD OF OCHILTRIE.

O listen, gude people, to my tale,
Listen to what I tell to thee;
The King has ta'en a puir prisoner,
The wanton laird of Ochiltrie.

When news cam to our guidly queen,
She sicht, and said right mournfullie—
—" O what will cum of lady Margaret,
Wha bears sic luve to Ochiltrie !"—

Lady Margaret tore her yallow hair,
When as the queen tald hir the saim:
—" I wis that I had ne'er been born,
Nor never had known Ochiltrie's naim."—

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—" Fie na," quoth the queen, " that maunna be;
Fie na, that maunna be :
I'll find ye out a better way
To save the lyfe of Ochiltrie."—

The queen she trippet up the stair,
And lowly knelt upon her knee :—
—" The first boon which I cum to crave
Is the lyfe of gentle Ochiltrie."—

—" O if ye had asked me castels and towirs,
I wad hae gin them two or thrie :
But a' the monie in fair Scotland
Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie."—

The queen she trippet down the stair,
And down she gaed right mournfullie—
—" It's a' the monie in fair Scotland
Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie."—

Lady Margaret tore her yallow hair,
When as the queen tald hir the saim;
—" I'll take a knife and end my lyfe,
And be in the grave as soon as him."—

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—" Ah na! fie na!" quoth the queen,
—" Fie na! fie na! this maunna be;
I'll set ye on a better way
To loose and set him free."—

The queen she slippet up the stair,
And she gaid up richt privatly,
And she has stoun the prison-keys,
And gane and set Ochiltrie frie.

And she's gien him a purse of gowd,
And another of whyt monie,
She's gien him twa pistols by's side,
Saying to him,—" Shute when ye win frie."—

And when he cam to the queen's window,
Whaten a joyfou shute gae he!
—" Peace be to our royal queen,
And peace be in her companie!"—

" O whaten a voice is that?" quoth the king;
" Whaten a voice is that?" quoth he:
" Whaten a voice is that?" quoth the king;
" I think its the voice of Ochiltrie."—

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—" Call to me a' my jailours,
Call them by thirtie and by thrie;
Whairfor the morn, at twelve a clock,
Its hangit shall they ilk ane be."—

—" O didna ye send your keyis to us?
Ye sent them be thirtie and by thrie;
And wi' them sent a strait command,
To set at large young Ochiltrie."—

—" Ah na! fie na!" quoth the queen,
—" Fie, my dear luve! this maunna be:
And if ye're gawn to hang theim a',
Indeed ye maun begin wi' me."—

The tane was shippit at the pier of Leith,
The ither at the Queensferrie;
And now the lady has gotten hir luve,
The winsom laird of Ochiltrie.

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A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE.

This is a sort of charm, sung by the lower ranks of Roman Catholics, in some parts of the north of England, while watching a dead body previous to interment. The tune is doleful and monotonous, and, joined to the mysterious import of the words, has a solemn effect. The word *sleet*, in the chorus, seems to be corrupted from *selt*, or salt, a quantity of which, in compliance with a popular superstition, is frequently placed on the breast of a corpse.

The mythologic ideas of the dirge are common to various creeds. The Mahometan believes, that, in advancing to the final judgement seat, he must traverse a bar of red-hot iron, stretched across a bottomless gulph. The good works of each true believer, assuming a substantial form, will then interpose betwixt his feet and this "*Bridge*

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of Dread;" but the wicked, having no such protection, must fall headlong into the abyss.—*D'Herbelot, Bibliotheque Orientale.*

Passages, similar to this dirge, are also to be found in *Lady Culross's Dream,* as quoted in the 2d Dissertation, prefixed by Mr PINKERTON to his *Select Scottish Ballads,* 2 Vols. The dreamer journeys towards heaven, accompanied and assisted by a celestial guide.

Through dreadful dens, which made my heart aghast,
He bare me up when I began to tire.
Sometimes we clamb o'er craggy mountains high,
And sometimes stayd on uglie braes of sand:
They were so stay that wonder was to see,
But, when I feard, he held me by the hand.
Through great deserts we wandered on our way—
Forward we passed on narrow bridge of trie,
O'er waters great, which hediously did roar.

Again she supposes herself suspended over an infernal gulph.

Ere I was ware, one gripped me at the last,
And held me high above a flaming fire.
The fire was great; the heat did pierce me sore,
My faith grew weak, my grip was very small;
I trembled fast, my fear grew more and more.

A horrible picture of the same kind, dictated probably by the author's unhappy state of mind, is to be found in BROOKE's *Fool of Quality.* The dreamer, a ruined fe-

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male, is suspended over the gulph of perdition by a single hair, which is severed by a demon, who, in the form of her seducer, springs upwards from the flames.

The Russian funeral service, without any allegorical imagery, expresses the sentiment of the dirge in language alike simple and noble.

"Hast thou pitied the afflicted, O man? In death shalt thou be pitied. Hast thou consoled the orphan? The orphan will deliver thee. Hast thou clothed the naked? The naked will procure thee protection."—*Richardson's Anecdotes of Russia.*

But the most minute description of the *Brig o' Dread* occurs in the *Legend of Sir Owain*, No. XL. in the MS. collection of Romances, W. 4. 1. Advocate's Library, Edinburgh, though its position is not the same as in the dirge, which may excite a suspicion that the order of the stanzas in the latter has been transposed. Sir OWAIN, a Northumbrian Knight, after many frightful adventures in St Patrick's Purgatory, at last arrives at the bridge, which, in the legend, is placed betwixt purgatory and paradise.

The fendes han the knizt ynome,
To a stinkand water thai ben ycome,
He no seize neuer er non swiche;

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It stank fouler than ani hounde,
And mani mile it was to the grounde,
And was as swart as piche.

And Owain seize ther ouer ligge
A swithe strong naru brigge:
The fendes seyd tho—
—"Lo! Sir Knizt, sestow this?
This is the brigge of Paradis,
Here ouer thou most go.

"And we the schul with stones prowe,
And the winde the schul ouer blow,
And wirche the ful wo;
Thou no schalt for all this unduerd,
Bot gif thou falle a midwerd,
To our fewes* mo.

"And when thou art adown yfalle,
Than schal com our felawes alle,
And with her hokes the hede;
We schul the teche a newe play:
Thou hast serued ous mani a day,
And into helle the lede."—

Owain biheld the brigge smert,
The water ther under blac and swert,
And sore him gan to drede:
For of othing he tok zeme,
Neuer mote, in sonne beme,
Thicker than the fendes zede.

The brigge was as heize as a tour,
And as scharpe as a rasour,
And naru it was also;
And the water that ther ran under,
Brend o' lizting and of thonder,
That thouzt him michel wo.

* *Fewes*---probably contracted for fellows.

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Ther nis no clerk may write with ynke,
No no man no may bithink,
No no maister deuine;
That is ymade forsothe ywis,
Under the brigge of Paradis,
Haluendel the pine.

So the dominical ous telle,
Ther is the pure entrae of helle,
Sein Poule berth witnesse;
Whoso falleth of the brigge adown,
Of him nis no redempcioun,
Noither more no lesse.

The fendes seyd to the knizt tho,
—" Ouer this brigge mizt thou nowzt go,
For noneskines nede;
Fle peril sorwe and wo,
And to that stede ther thou com fro,
Wel fair we schul the lede."—

Owain anon be gan bithenche,
Fram hou mani of the fendes wrenche,
God him saued hadde;
He sett his fot opon the brigge,
No feld he no scharpe egge,
No nothing him no drad.

When the fendes yseize tho,
That he was more than half ygo,
Loude thai gun to crie—
—" Allas! allas! that he was born!
This ich knizt we have forlorn
Out of our baylie."—

The author of the *Legend of Sir Owain*, though a zealous catholick, has embraced in the fullest extent the Talmu-

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dic doctrine of an earthly paradise, distinct from the celestial abode of the just, and serving as a place of initiation, preparatory to perfect bliss, and to the beatific vision. See the Rabbi MENASSE BEN ISRAEL, in a treatise called *Nishmath Chajim*, i. e. The Breath of Life.

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A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle;
Fire and sleet, and candle lighte
And Christe receive thye saule.

When thou from hence awaye art paste,
Every nighte and alle;
To Whinny-muir thou comest at laste;
And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Every nighte and alle;
Sit thee down, and put them on;
And Christe receive thye saule.

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If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gavest nane,
Every night and alle;
The whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thye saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou mayst passe,
Every nighte and alle;
To Brigg o' Dread thou comest at laste;
And Christe receive thye saule.

* * * * * * * * * * *

(A Stanza wanting)

From Brigg o' Dread when thou mayst passe,
Every night and alle;
To Purgatory fire thou comest at laste;
And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
Every night and alle;
The fire shall never make thee shrinke;
And Christe receive thye saule.

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If meate or drinke thou never gavest nane,
Every night and alle:
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thye saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle;
Fire and sleet, and candle lighte,
And Christe receive thye saule.

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THE SOUTERS OF SELKIRK.

This little lyric piece, with those which immediately follow in the collection, relates to the fatal battle of Flodden, in which the flower of the Scottish nobility fell around their Sovereign, JAMES IV.

The ancient and received tradition of the burgh of Selkirk affirms, that the citizens of that town distinguished themselves by their gallantry on that disastrous occasion. Eighty in number, and headed by their town clerk, they joined their monarch on his entrance into England. JAMES, pleased with the appearance of this gallant troop, knighted the leader, WILLIAM BRYDONE, upon the field of battle, from which few of the men of Selkirk were destined to return. They distinguished themselves in the conflict, and were almost all slain. The few survivors, on their return home, found, by the side of Lady-Wood Edge, the corpse of a female, wife to one of their fallen comrades, with a child sucking at her breast. In memory of this latter event, continues the tradition, the present arms of the burgh bear, a female, holding

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a child in her arms, and seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the Scottish Lion; in the back ground a wood.

A learned antiquary, whose judgement and accuracy claim respect, has made some observations upon the probability of this tradition, which the editor shall take the liberty of quoting, as an introduction to what he has to offer upon the same subject. And, if he shall have the misfortune to differ from the learned gentleman, he will at least lay candidly before the public the grounds of his opinion.

"That the Souters of Selkirk should, in 1513, amount "to four score fighting men, is a circumstance utterly "incredible. It is scarcely to be supposed that all the "shoemakers in Scotland could have produced such an "army, at a period when shoes must have been still less "worn than they are at present. Dr JOHNSON, indeed, "was told at Aberdeen, that the people learned the art "of making shoes from CROMWELL's soldiers.—"The "numbers," he adds, "that go barefoot, are still sufficient "to show that shoes may be spared: they are not yet con-"sidered as necessaries of life; for tall boys, not other-"ways meanly dressed, run without them in the streets; "and, in the islands, the sons of gentlemen pass several "of their first years with naked feet."—*(Journey to the "Western Islands*, p. 55.) Away, then, with the fable of "the Souters of Selkirk. Mr TYTLER, though he men-

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" tions it as the subject of a song, or ballad, does not " re-
" member ever to have seen the original genuine words,"—
" as he obligingly acknowledged in a letter to the editor.
" Mr ROBERTSON, however, who gives the statistical
" account of the parish of Selkirk, seems to know some-
" thing more of the matter.—" Some" says he, " have
" *very falsely* attributed to this event (the battle of Flow-
" den), that song,

" Up with the Souters of Selkirk,
" And down with the Earl of Hume."

" There was no Earl of HUME" he adds," at that time,
" nor was this song composed till long after. It arose
" from a bet betwixt the PHILLIPHAUGH and HUME
" families; the souters (or shoemakers) of Selkirk, a-
" gainst the men of Hume, at a match of football, in
" which the souters of Selkirk completely gained, and af-
" terwards perpetuated, their victory in that song."—This
" is decisive; and so much for Scotish tradition."—NOTE
to *Historical Essay on Scotish Song*, prefixed to *Scotish Songs* in 2 VOLS. 1794.

It is proper to remark, that the passage of Mr ROBERTSON's statistical account, above quoted, does not relate to the authenticity of the tradition, but to the origin of the song, which is obviously a separate and distinct question. The entire passage in the statistical ac-

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count (of which a part only is quoted in the essay) runs thus.

" Here, too, the inhabitants of the town of Selkirk, " who breathed the manly spirit of real freedom, justly " merit particular attention. Of one hundred citizens " who followed the fortunes of JAMES IV. on the plains " of Flowden, a few returned, loaded with the spoils ta- " ken from the enemy. Some of these trophies still sur- " vive the rust of time, and the effects of negligence. " The desperate valour of the citizens of Selkirk, which, " on that fatal day, was eminently conspicuous to both " armies, produced very opposite effects. The im- " placable resentment of the English reduced their de- " fenceless town to ashes, while their grateful sovereign " (JAMES V.) shewed his sense of their valour by a grant " of an extensive portion of the Forest, the trees for re- " building their houses, and the property as the reward " of their heroism."—A note is added by Mr ROBERT- SON.—" A standard, the appearance of which bespeaks " its antiquity, is still carried annually (on the day of " riding their common) by the Corporation of Weavers, " by a member of which it was taken from the English " in the field of Flowden. It may be added, that the " sword of WILLIAM BRYDONE, the town clerk, who " led the citizens to the battle, (and who is said to have " been knighted for his valour) is still in the possession of

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"JOHN BRYDONE, a citizen of Selkirk, his lineal des-
"cendent."—An additional note contains the passage quoted in the *Essay on Scotish Song*.

If the testimony of Mr ROBERTSON is to be received as decisive of the question, the learned author of the essay will surely admit, upon re-perusal, that the passage in the statistical account contains the most positive and unequivocal declaration of his belief in the tradition.

Neither does the story itself, upon close examination, contain any thing inconsistent with probability. The towns upon the border, and especially Selkirk and Jedburgh, were inhabited by a race of citizens, who, from the necessity of their situation, and from the nature of their possessions, (held by burgage tenure) were inured to the use of arms. Selkirk was a county town, and a royal burgh; and, when the array of the kingdom, amounting to no less than 100,000 warriors, was marshalled by the royal command, 80 men seems no unreasonable proportion from a place of consequence, lying so very near to the scene of action.

Neither is it necessary to suppose, literally, that the men of Selkirk were all *Souters*. This appellation was obviously bestowed on them, because it was the trade most generally practised in the town, and therefore passed into a general epithet. Even the existence of such a

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craft, however, is accounted improbable by the learned essayist, who seems hardly to allow that the Scottish nation was, at that period, acquainted with the art of "accommodating their feet with shoes." And here he attacks us with our own weapons, and wields the tradition of Aberdeen against that of Selkirk. We shall not stop to enquire, in what respect CROMWELL'S regiment of missionary coblers deserves, in point of probability, to take precedence of the souters of Selkirk. But, allowing that all the shoemakers in England, with *Praise the Lord Barebones* at their head, had generously combined to instruct the men of Aberdeen in the arts of psalmody and cobling, it by no means bears upon the present question. If instruction was at all necessary, it must have been in teaching the natives how to make *shoes*, properly so called, in opposition to *brogues*. For there were cordiners in Aberdeen long before CROMWELL'S visit, and several fell in the battle of the Bridge of Dee, as appears from *Spalding's History of the troubles in Scotland*, VOL. 2. p. 240. Now, the "single soaled shoon," made by the souters of Selkirk, were a sort of brogues with a single thin soal; the purchaser himself performing the further operation of sewing on another, of thick leather. The rude and imperfect state of this manufacture sufficiently evinces the antiquity of the craft. Thus, the profession of the citizens of Selkirk, instead of invalidating, confirms the traditional account of their valour.

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The total devastation of this unfortunate burgh, after the fatal battle of Flodden, is ascertained by the charters under which the corporation hold their privileges. The first of these is granted by JAMES V. and is dated 4. March, 1535-6. The narrative, or inductive clause of the deed, is in these words: "*Sciatis quia nos conside-* "*rantes et intelligentes quod Carte Evidencie et litere ve-* "*teris fundacionis et infeofamenti burgi nostri de Selkirk* "*et libertatum ejusdem burgensibus et communitati ipsius* "*per nobilissimos progenitores nostros quorum animabus* "*propicietur Deus dat. et concess. per guerrarum assultus* "*pestem combustionem et alias pro majore parte vastantur* "*et distruuntur unde mercantiarum usus inter ipsos bur-* "*genses cessavit in eorum magnam lesionem ac reipublice* "*et libertatis Burgi nostri antedict. destruccionem et pre-* "*judicium ac ingens nobis dampnum penes nostras Custumas* "*et firmas burgales et eodem nobis debit. si subitum in* "*eisdem remedium minime habitum fuerit NOS igitur pic-* "*tati et justicia moti ac pro policia et edificiis infra reg-* "*num nostrum habend. de novo infeodamus, &c.*" The charter proceeds, in common form, to erect anew the town of Selkirk into a royal burgh, with all the privileges annexed to such corporations. This mark of royal favour was confirmed by a second charter, executed by the same monarch after he had attained the age of majority, and dated April 8. 1538. This deed of confirmation first narrates the charter, which has been already quoted, and then proceeds to men-

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tion other grants, which had been conferred upon the burgh during the minority of JAMES V. and which are thus expressed. " We for the gude trew and thank-
" ful service done and to be done to ws be owre lovittis
" the baillies burgesses and communite of our burgh
" of Selkirk and for certaine otheris resonable causis
" and considerationis moving ws be the tennor hereof
" grantis and gevis license to yame and yair successors
" to ryfe out breke and teil zeirlie ane thousand* acres
" of yair common landis of owre said burgh in quhat
" part yairof yai pleis for polecy strengthing and big-
" ging of ye samyn for ye wele of ws and of liegis repair-
" and yairto and defence aganis owre auld innemyis of
" Ingland and other wayis and will and grantis yat yai
" sall nocht be callit accusit nor incur ony danger or
" skaith yairthrow in yair personis landis nor gudis in
" ony wise in time cuming NOCHTWITHSTANDING o-
" ny owre actis or statutis maid or to be maid in ye
" contrar in ony panys contenit tharein anent ye quhilkis

* It is probable that Mr ROBERTSON had not seen this deed, when he wrote his statistical account of the parish of Selkirk; for it appears, that, instead of a grant of lands, the privilege granted to the community was a right of tilling one thousand acres of those which already belonged to the burgh. Hence it follows, that, previous to the field of Flodden, the town must have been possessed of a spacious domain, to which a thousand acres in tillage might bear a due proportion. This circumstance ascertains the antiquity and power of the burgh; for, had this large tract of land been granted during the minority of JAMES V. the donation, to be effectual, must have been included in the charters of confirmation.

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" we dispens with yame be thir owre lettres with powar
" to yame to occupy ye saidis landis with yare awne
" gudis or to set yame to tennentis as yai sall think maist
" expedient for ye wele of our said burgh, with frei ische
" and entri and with all and sindry utheris commoditeis
" freedomes asiamentis and rychtuis pertinentis quhatsum-
" ever pertenyng or yat rychtuisly may pertene yairto
" perpetualy in tyme cuming frielie quietlie wele and in
" peace but ony revocatioun or agane calling quhatsum-
" ever GEVIN under owre signet and subscrivit with owre
" hand at Striveling ye twenty day of Junii The zere of
" God ane thousand five hundreth and thretty six zeris
" and of our regne the twenti thre zere." Here follows an-
other grant. " WE UNDERSTANDING yat owre burgh of
" Selkirk and inhabitantis yair of CONTINUALIE SEN
" YE FIELD OF FLODOUNE hes been oppressiit heriit and
" owre runin be theves and traitors quhairthrow ye hant
" of merchandice has cessit amangis yame of langtyme
" bygane and yai heriit yairthrow and we defraudit of
" owre custumis and dewites THAIRFOR and for divers
" utheris resonable causis and considerationes moving us
" be ye tenor heirof of our kinglie power fre motive and
" autorite ryall grantis and gevis to yame and yair suc-
" cessors ane fair day begynand at ye feist of ye Con-
" ception of owre lady next to cum aftere ye day of ye
" date hereof and be ye octavis of ye sammyn perpetu-
" aly in tyme cuming To be usit and exercit be yame als

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" frelie in tyme cuming as ony uther fair is usit or exer-
" cit be ony otheris owre burrowis within owre realme
" payand zeirlie custumis and doweiteis aucht and wont
" as effeiris frelie quetlie wele and in pece but ony revo-
" cation obstakill Impediment or agane calling quhatsu-
" mever subscrivet with owre hand and gevin under owre
" Signet at KIRKCALDY ye secund day of September
" The zere of God ane thousand five hundreth and threty
" sex zeris and of our regne ye twenty three zeir." The charter of confirmation, in which all these deeds and letters of donation are engrossed, proceeds to ratify and confirm them in the most ample manner. The testing clause, as it is termed in law language, is in these words. " *In*
" *cujus rei Testimonium huic presente carte nostre confirma-*
" *tionis magnum sigillum nostrum apponi precepimus* TES-
" TIBUS *Reverendissimo reverendisque in Christo Patribus*
" *Gawine Archiepisco Glasguen. Cancellario nostro Geor-*
" *gio Episcope Dunkelden. Henrico Episcopo Candide Case*
" *nostreque Capelle regie Strivilengen. dilectus nostris con-*
" *sanguineis Jacobo Moravie comite &c Archibaldo Comite*
" *de Ergile Domino Campbell et Lorne Magistro Hospicii*
" *nostri Hugone Comite de Eglinton Domino Montgomery*
" *Malcolmo Domino Flemyng magno Camerario nostro Ve-*
" *nerabilibus in Christo Patribus Patricio Priore Ecclesie*
" *Metropolitane Sanctiandree Alexandro Abbate Monaste-*
" *rii nostri de Cambuskynneth delectis familiaribus nostris*
" *Thoma Erskin de Brecchin Secretario nostro Jacobo*

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" Colville de Estwemis compotorum nostrorum rotulatore " et nostre cancellarie directore militibus et Magistro Ja- " cobo Foulis de Colintoun nostrorum rotulorum Registri " et Concilii clerico apud Edinburgh octavo die mensis " Aprilis Anno Domini millesimo quingentesimo trigesimo " octavo et regni nostri vicesimo quinto."

From these extracts, which are accurately copied from the original charters*, it may be safely concluded, 1st. that Selkirk was a place of importance before it was ruined by the English, and 2d. " that the voice of merchants had ceased in her streets" in consequence of the fatal field of Flodden. But further, it seems reasonable to infer, that so many marks of royal favour, granted within so short a time of each other, evince the gratitude, as well as the compassion, of the monarch, and were intended to reward the valour, as well as to relieve the distress, of the men of Selkirk. Thus, every circumstance of the written evidence, as far as it goes, tallies with the oral tradition of the inhabitants; and therefore, though the latter may be exaggerated, it surely cannot be dismissed as entirely void of foundation. That WILLIAM BRYDONE actually enjoyed the honour of knighthood, is ascertained by many of the deeds, in which his name appears as a notary public. JOHN BRYDONE, lineal descendant of the gallant town clerk, is still alive,

* The charters are preserved in the charter book of the burgh.

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and possessed of the reliques mentioned by Mr ROBERTSON. The old man, though in an inferior station of life, receives considerable attention from his fellow citizens, and claims no small merit to himself on account of his brave ancestor.

Thus far concerning the tradition of the exploits of the men of Selkirk, at Flodden field. Whether the following verses do, or do not, bear any allusion to that event, is a separate and less interesting question. The opinion of Mr ROBERTSON, referring them to a different origin, has been already mentioned; but his authority, though highly respectable, is not absolutely decisive of the question.

The late Mr PLUMMER, sheriff depute of the county of Selkirk, a faithful and accurate antiquary, entertained a very opposite opinion. He has thus expressed himself, upon the subject, in the course of his literary correspondence with Mr HERD.

"Of the *souters of Selkirk*, I never heard any words "but the following verse:

"Up with the Sutors of Selkirk,
And down wi' the Earl of Home;
And up wi' a' the bra' lads
That sew the single soled shoon."

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" It is evident that these words cannot be so ancient " as to come near the time when the battle was fought; " as Lord HOME was not created an Earl till near a cen- " tury after that period.

" Our clergyman, in the statistical account, volume " II. page 48, note, says, that these words were compo- " sed upon a match at football between the PHILIP- " HAUGH and HOME families.—I was five years at school " at Selkirk, have lived all my days within two miles of " that town, and never once heard a tradition of this im- " aginary contest till I saw it in print.

" Although the words are not very ancient, there is " every reason to believe that they allude to the battle " of Flodden, and to the different behaviour of the sou- " ters, and Lord HOME, upon that occasion. At election " dinners, &c. when the Selkirk folks begin to get *fou'* " (merry) they always call for music, and for that tune " in particular*. At such times I never heard a souter " hint at the football, but many times speak of the bat- " tle of Flodden."—*Letter from Mr Plummer to Mr Herd, 13th. January,* 1793.

* A singular custom is observed at conferring the freedom of the burgh. Four or five bristles, such as are used by shoemakers, are attached to the seal of the burgess ticket. These the new-made burgess must dip in his wine, and pass through his mouth, in token of respect for the souters of Selkirk. This ceremony is on no account dispensed with.

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The editor has taken every opportunity which his situation* has afforded him, to obtain information on this point, and has been enabled to recover two additional verses of the song.

The yellow and green, mentioned in the second verse, are the liveries of the house of HOME. When the Lord HOME came to attend the governor, ALBANY, his attendants were arrayed in Kendal green.—*Godscroft.*

* That the editor succeeded Mr PLUMMER in his office of Sheriff depute, and has himself the honour to be a souter of Selkirk, may perhaps form the best apology for the length of this dissertation.

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THE SOUTERS OF SELKIRK.

Up with the Souters of Selkirk,
And down wi' the Earl of Home;
And up wi' a' the braw lads,
That sew the single soaled shoon.

Fye upon yellow and yellow,
And fye upon yellow and green;
But up with the true-blue and scarlet,
And up wi' the single soaled sheen.

Up wi' the Souters of Selkirk,
For they are baith trusty and leal;
And up wi' the men of the Forest*,
And down with the Merse† to the deil.

* Selkirkshire, otherwise called Etterick Forest.

† Berwickshire, otherwise called the Merse.

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NOTES

ON

THE SOUTERS OF SELKIRK.

It is unnecessary here to enter into a formal refutation of the popular calumny, which taxed Lord HOME with being the murderer of his sovereign, and the cause of the defeat at Flodden. So far from exhibiting any marks of cowardice or disaffection, the division, headed by that unfortunate nobleman, was the only part of the Scottish army which was conducted with common prudence on that fatal day. This body formed the vanguard, and entirely routed the division of Sir EDMUND HOWARD, to which they were opposed; but the reserve of the English cavalry rendered it impossible for HOME, notwithwithstanding his success, to come to the aid of the King, who was irretrievably ruined by his own impetuosity of temper.—*Pinkerton's History, V. 2. p.* 105. The escape of JAMES from the field of battle has been long deservedly ranked with that of King Sebastian, and similar *speciosa miracula* with which the vulgar have been amused in all ages. Indeed, the Scottish nation were so very unwilling to admit any advantage on the English part, that they seem actually to have set up pretensions to the victory *. The same temper of mind led them eagerly to ascribe the loss of their monarch, and his army, to

* "Against the proud Scottles' clattering,
That never wyll leave theyr tratlying;
Wan they the field and lost their kynge?
They may wel say, fie on that winning!
Lo these fond sottes and tratlying Scottes,
How they are blind in their own minde,
And will not know their overthrow.
At Branxton moore they are so stowre,
So frantike mad, they say they had,
And wan the field with speare and shield:
That is as true as black is blue, &c.
Skelton Laureate, against the Scottes.

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any cause rather than to his own misconduct, and the superior military skill of the English. There can be no doubt that JAMES actually fell on the field of battle, the slaughter-place of his nobles.—*Pinkerton, ibid.* His dead body was interred in the monastery of Sheen, in Surrey, and STOWE mentions, with regard to it, the following degrading circumstances.

"After the battle, the bodie of the said King being found, was closed in lead, and conveyed from thence to London, and to the monasterie of Sheyne in Surry, where it remained for a time, in what order I am not certaine; but, since the dissolution of that house, in the reigne of EDWARD the sixt, HENRY GRAY, Duke of Norfolke, being lodged, and keeping house there, I have been shewed the same body, so lapped in lead, close to the head and bodie, throwne into a waste room amongst the old timber, lead, and other rubble. Since the which time, workmen there, for their foolish pleasure, hewed off his head; and LANCELOT YOUNG, master glazier to Queen ELIZABETH, feeling a sweit savour to come from thence, and seeing the same dried from all moisture, and yet the form remaining, with haire of the head, and beard red, brought it to London to his house in Woodstreet, where for a time he kept it for its sweetness, but in the end caused the sexton of that church (St Michael's, Woodstreet) to bury it amongst other bones taken out of their charnell."—*Stowe's Survey of London, p.* 539.

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ODE

ON VISITING FLODDEN.

BY J. LEYDEN.

Green Flodden! on thy blood-stained head
Descend no rain nor vernal dew;
But still, thou charnel of the dead,
May whitening bones thy surface strew!
Soon as I tread thy rush-clad vale,
Wild fancy feels the clasping mail;
The rancour of a thousand years
Glows in my breast; again I burn
To see the bannered pomp of war return,
And mark, beneath the moon, the silver light of spears.

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Lo! bursting from their common tomb,
The spirits of the ancient dead
Dimly streak the parted gloom,
With awful faces, ghastly red;
As once, around their martial king,
They closed the death-devoted ring,
With dauntless hearts, unknown to yield;
In slow procession round the pile
Of heaving corses, moves each shadowy file,
And chaunts, in solemn strain, the dirge of Flodden field.

What youth, of graceful form and mien,
Foremost leads the spectred brave?
While o'er his mantle's folds of green
His amber locks redundant wave?
When slow returns the fated day
That viewed their chieftain's long array,
Wild to the harp's deep, plaintive string,
The virgins raise the funeral strain,
From Ord's black mountain to the northern main,
And mourn the emerald hue which paints the vest of spring.

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Alas! that Scotish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scotish bard should wake the string,
The triumph of our foes to tell!
Yet Teviot's sons, with high disdain,
Have kindled at the thrilling strain
That mourned their martial fathers' bier;
And, at the sacred font, the priest
Thro' ages left the master hand unblest,
To urge, with keener aim, the blood-encrusted spear.

Red Flodden! when thy plaintive strain,
In early youth, rose soft and sweet,
My life-blood, thro' each throbbing vein,
With wild tumultuous passion beat.
And oft, in fancied might, I trode
The spear-strewn path to Fame's abode,
Encircled with a sanguine flood;
And thought I heard the mingling hum,
When, croaking hoarse, the birds of carrion come
Afar, on rustling wing, to feast on English blood.

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Rude border chiefs, of mighty name,
And iron soul, who sternly tore
The blossoms from the tree of fame,
And purpled deep their tints with gore,
Rush from brown ruins, scarred with age,
That frown o'er haunted Hermitage;
Where, long by spells mysterious bound,
They pace their round with lifeless smile,
And shake, with restless foot, the guilty pile,
Till sink the mouldering towers beneath the burdened ground.

Shades of the dead! on Alfer's plain
Who scorned with backward step to move,
But, struggling mid the hills of slain,
Against the Sacred Standard strove;
Amid the lanes of war I trace
Each broad claymore and ponderous mace:
Where'er the surge of arms is tost,
Your glittering spears, in close array,
Sweep, like the spider's filmy web, away
The flower of Norman pride, and England's victor host.

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But distant fleets each warrior ghost,
With surly sounds that murmur far;
Such sounds were heard when Syria's host
Roll'd from the walls of proud Samàr.
Around my solitary head
Gleam the blue lightnings of the dead,
While murmur low the shadowy band—
" Lament no more the warrior's doom:
" Blood! blood alone, should dew the hero's tomb,
" Who falls, mid circling spears, to save his native land."

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NOTES

ON

THE ODE TO FLODDEN FIELD.

And mourn the emerald hue which paints the vest of spring.—P. 253, Verse 2.

Under the vigorous administration of JAMES IV. the young Earl of CAITHNESS incurred the penalty of outlawry and forfeiture, for revenging an ancient feud. On the evening preceding the battle of Flodden, accompanied by 300 young warriors, arrayed in green, he presented himself before the king, and submitted to his mercy. This mark of attachment was so agreeable to that warlike prince, that he granted an immunity to the Earl and all his followers. The parchment, on which this immunity was inscribed, is said to be still preserved in the archives of the Earls of CAITHNESS, and is marked with the drum-strings, having been cut out of a drum-head, as no other parchment could be found in the army. The Earl, and his gallant band, perished to a man in the battle of Flodden; since which period, it has been reckoned unlucky in Caithness *to wear green*, or *cross the Ord on a Monday*, the day of the week on which the chieftain advanced into Sutherland.

Thro' ages left the better hand unblest, &c.—P. 254, Verse 1.

In the border counties of Scotland, it was formerly customary, when any rancorous enmity subsisted between two clans, to leave the right hand of male children unchristened, that it might deal the more deadly, or, according to the popular phrase, "unhallowed" blows, to their enemies. By this superstitious rite they were devoted to bear the family feud, or enmity. The same practice subsisted in Ireland.

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Till sink the mouldering towers beneath the burdened ground.—P. 255, Verse 1.

Popular superstition in Scotland still retains so formidable an idea of the *guilt of blood*, that those ancient edifices, or castles, where enormous crimes have been committed, are supposed to sink gradually into the ground.

Against the Sacred Standard strove, &c.—P. 255, Verse 2.

The fatal battle of the Standard was fought on Cowton Moor, near Northallerton, (A. S. Ealfertun) in Yorkshire, 1138. DAVID I. commanded the Scotish army. He was opposed by THURSTON, Archbishop of YORK, who, to animate his followers, had recourse to the impressions of religious enthusiasm. The mast of a ship was fitted into the perch of a four wheeled carriage; on its top was placed a little casket, containing a consecrated host. It also contained the banner of St Cuthbert, round which were displayed those of St Peter of York, St John of Beverly, and St Wilfred of Rippon. This was the English standard, and was stationed in the center of the army. Prince HENRY, son of DAVID, at the head of the men of arms chiefly from Cumberland and Teviotdale, charged, broke, and completely dispersed the center; but unfortunately was not supported by the other divisions of the Scotish army. The expression of ALDRED, (p. 345) describing this encounter, is more spirited than the general tenor of Monkish historians;—"*Ipsa globi australis parte, instar cassis aranee dissipata*"—that division of the phalanx was dispersed like a cobweb.

END

OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.—INTRODUCTION.

P. xix. note, 3d line from bottom, for "A romance now unknown," read "*The romance of Sir Eger, Sir Grime, and Sir Graysteel.*"

P. xxxv. line 3, for "Herriot," read "*Herries.*"

Page 21, line 1, for "Finnies," read "*Tinnies.*"
73, last line, for "his," read "*this.*"
108, line 14, for "Dalzell's," read "*Dalyell's.*"
125, line 1, for "his," read "*their.*"
137, last line save two, dele "*it.*"
206, line 18, for "cattle," read "*castle.*"
245, note, for "charter book," read "*charter chest.*"

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